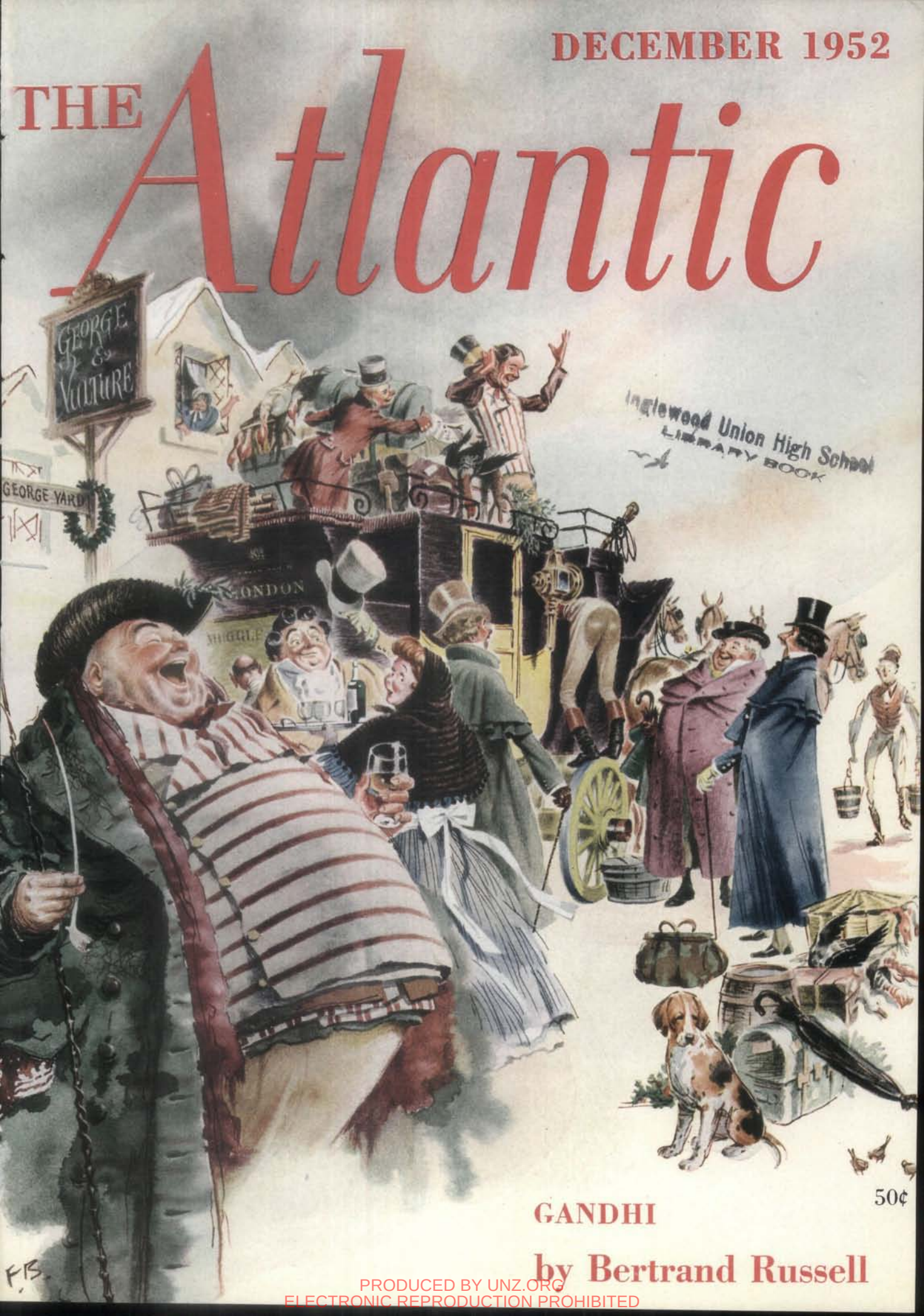
DECEMBER 1952

THE Atlantic



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ATLANTIC

Ninety-four years of continuous publication

VOLUME 190 1952 NUMBER 6

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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, December, 1952, Vol. 190, No. 6. Published monthly. Publication Office, 10 Ferry Street, Concord, N.H. Editorial and General Offices, 8 Arlington St., Boston 16, Mass 50 cents a copy, $6.00 a year. Unsolicited manuscripts should be accompanied by return postage. Entered as second-class matter July 15, 1918, at the Post Office at Concord, N.H., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Printed in the U.S.A., by Rumford Press, Concord, N.H. Copyright 1952, by The Atlantic Monthly Company All rights, including translation into other languages, reserved by the Publisher in the United States, Great Britain, Mexico, and all countries participating in the International Copyright Convention and the Pan-American Copyright Convention.

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Our terrible thirst

ANXIOUS city planners are sitting up nights biting their pencils over this:

We use 1,100 gallons of water per person a day in the United States.

Not even an enemy bomb could stifle the growth of our communities as effectively as a water shortage. Our homes, our health, our industries, our standard of living all depend on plenty of clean, fresh water.

2

Why should there be a shortage when water equal to 25 times our need falls from the skies every year?

Unhappily, the rain doesn't always fall where we need it most. Our reservoirs, many of them, were built with no expectation that our cities might double or triple in size. Cities have always been understandably reluctant to buy equipment enough to anticipate the needs of people and industries yet unborn.

Water pollution is no less a cause than population and industrial growth. 75% of our communities get their water from lakes and streams. Many of these communities are in the position of the Ancient Mariner, with water, water everywhere but not a drop to drink—until it has been treated.

3

The picture isn't all black, even though there is no quick national solution. Since the problem differs in each community, it is being attacked where it has to be attacked, at the community level.

Any community will act *after* it has had an emergency. It takes an enlightened community to build *before* the pinch.

Shortly after World War II, General Electric began an educational program to assist communities to estimate their future needs and plan the equipment needed. This was a logical step, since the effort was in the field we know best, the application of electric power.

Two motion pictures have been prepared by General Electric in collaboration with the U.S. Public Health Service. "Clean Waters," a twenty-five-minute picture, has been shown to almost 2,000,000 people. A new movie, "Pipeline to the Clouds," has already had over one thousand showings.

Today, with the aid of giant electric motors, water is pumped hundreds of miles to cities and farms. (Example: The city of Los Angeles is getting most of its needed water from watersheds 300 miles away.)

As for water pollution, cities find the answer in sewage-treatment plants, which release rivers, streams, and lakes to their original uses. The nation has over 30 times as many such plants as in 1910. The Public Health Service estimates a third more are needed.

Together, communities and private industry have found new water sources, built tunnels and aqueducts. It is hard to write a definition of the American way. But these hand-in-hand accomplishments of the American Waterworks Association, the U.S. Public Health Service and industry are a good example.

NOTE: Interested city committees or city officials who wish showings of the motion pictures mentioned, please address correspondence to General Electric Company, Section 6A, Schenectady 5, N. Y.

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THE ATLANTIC REPORT
on the World today

Washington

AMONG the problems awaiting President Eisenhower upon his inaugural on January 20 will be a substantial reorganization in the military hierarchy. In addition to the civilian secretaryships which will be vacant in the Department of Defense, the terms of three top military officials will expire soon after he takes over. Moreover, the structure of the Joint Chiefs of Staff itself is in line for an overhauling.

Despite General Eisenhower's long friendship with most of the Pentagon "brass," the re-establishment of mutual confidence will not be easy. Military men are trained, of course, to follow orders and avoid politics. Nonetheless, many of the top officers in the Pentagon, including the Joint Chiefs of Staff, were distressed over some of Ike's campaign talk. They did not like his apparent repudiation of universal military training after he had long supported it, and they resented some of his discussion of the Korean war.

General Omar N. Bradley, the chairman of the Joint Chiefs, served as an army group commander under Eisenhower in Europe, and the two have remained close. Yet at one point General Bradley considered issuing a statement to place the Korean war in perspective. He decided against it on the advice of associates who felt that this surely would have injected the military into politics and might have "thrown" the election.

What bothered the military men particularly was Eisenhower's vague promises to end the fighting. They are not nearly so sanguine about a decisive conclusion, or over the possibility of using more South Korean troops, as Eisenhower seemed to be. Actually, as Stevenson pointed out, South Korean troops for some months have been holding a substantial portion of the line. When the renewed heavy ground fighting broke out in October, there were five South Korean divisions in the line, with five more in reserve. This total of ten compares with seven American divisions and one British Commonwealth division in Korea.

Almost from the beginning the United States has been training Republic of Korea troops, or ROKs, as they are called. Each enlisted man receives eight weeks of training before joining a combat unit, and some 750 men complete their basic training each day. It takes more time to train officers. Recently, however, President Rhee withdrew his objection to the staffing of ten additional ROK divisions with American officers when the enlisted men are available.

The fighting ROKs

American Army men have a profound respect for the fighting ability of the ROKs. Equipped with American weapons, they have proved themselves tenacious and courageous. Some of the ROK divisions have had two years or more of combat experience — more than most of the men in the American divisions because of our rotation policy.

It does not follow, however, that South Korea has the manpower resources to take over all of the ground fighting. Contrary to the estimates of two million potential ROK troops, officials here believe that the maximum is about one million men. Health conditions, age factors, and the devastation of the country all combine to limit potential recruitment.

The plan is for the ROKs to assume progressively more of the responsibility as they are able to do so.

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When talk turns to important new books...

do you hear yourself saying:

"I'm sorry, I never got around to reading that"

How membership in the Book-of-the-Month Club keeps you from missing the new books you are most anxious to read

A SELF-CHECK ON YOUR RECENT READING HABITS

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- The Caine Mutiny—Herman Wouk..... ☐
- Giant—Edna Ferber ..... ☐
- The Silver Chalice—Thomas B. Costain.. ☐
- Witness—Whittaker Chambers ..... ☐
- Matador—Barnaby Conrad ..... ☐
- The Sea Around Us—Rachel L. Carson... ☐
- The Houses in Between—Howard Spring. ☐
- Beyond the High Himalayas —William O. Douglas ☐
- The Cruel Sea—Nicholas Monsarrat..... ☐
- Gods, Graves and Scholars—C. W. Ceram ☐
- The New Yorker 25th Anniversary Album ☐
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THE SELF-CHECK you have made may reveal a sobering fact: the *extreme degree* to which you have allowed the irritating busyness of your life to keep you from the books you promise yourself to read.

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YOU BUY WHAT YOU PLEASE: As to the Book-of-the-Month, you buy it only when you want it. You receive a full and careful report about it *in advance of its publication.* If you judge it is a book you would enjoy, you let it come. If not, you send back a form (always provided) specifying some other book you may want. Or you may simply say: "Send me nothing."

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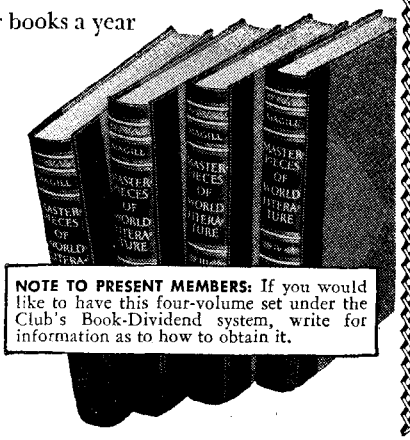

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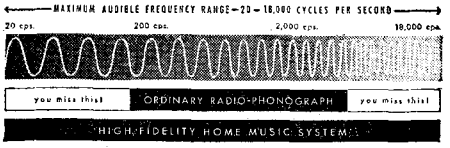
"You *can* afford a High Fidelity Radio-Phonograph"

No. 2 in a series by Deems Taylor, composer, author, and America's most famous music commentator

I imagine that like many, many other music lovers, you have heard of built-in High Fidelity music systems, and have thought, a little wistfully, what a luxury it would be to own one. As a matter of fact, you *can* enjoy this remarkable new kind of sound reproduction in your own home—and at a cost that might actually be less than what you paid for your present radio-phonograph. And here's why: You buy only the parts that play the music, then install them simply or elaborately, according to your tastes and what you can afford.

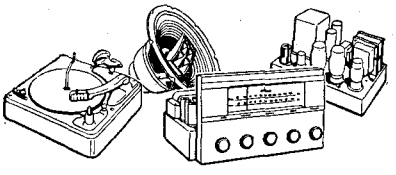
Why High Fidelity means distinctly better listening



Recent developments in FM broadcasting and recording techniques have made music available with a realism and tonal quality that your ordinary radio-phonograph simply is not equipped to reproduce. To enjoy these life-like, concert hall qualities, you must have a High Fidelity set.

What is High Fidelity? It's the entire range of sound audible to the human ear, reproduced *without distortion* — unwanted noises and effects which were not part of the original music. Even the better conventional sets reproduce only about half the audible frequency range (see chart) — and may distort the music as much as 20 percent.

You'll need these ready-to-operate units

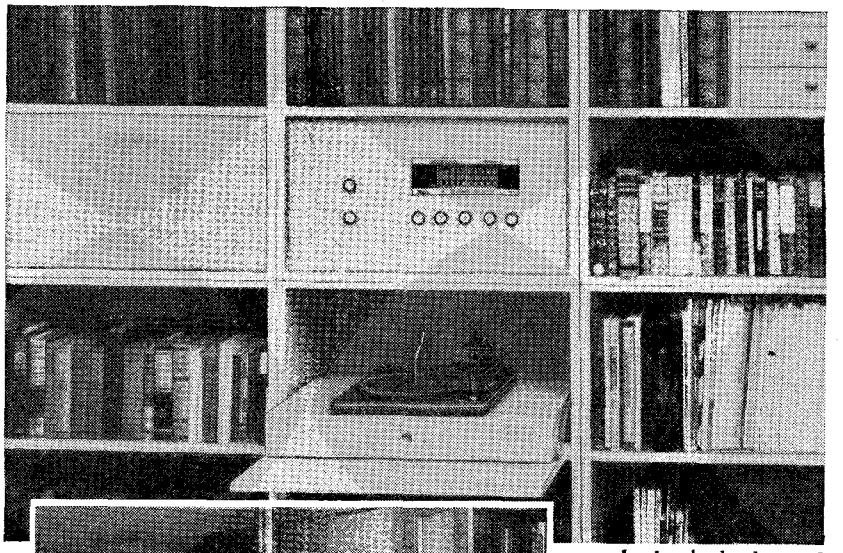


Instead of buying a complete console, in an expensive cabinet, you buy separate units to suit your needs—a *tuner* (front), an *amplifier* (right), *a speaker* and a *record player.*

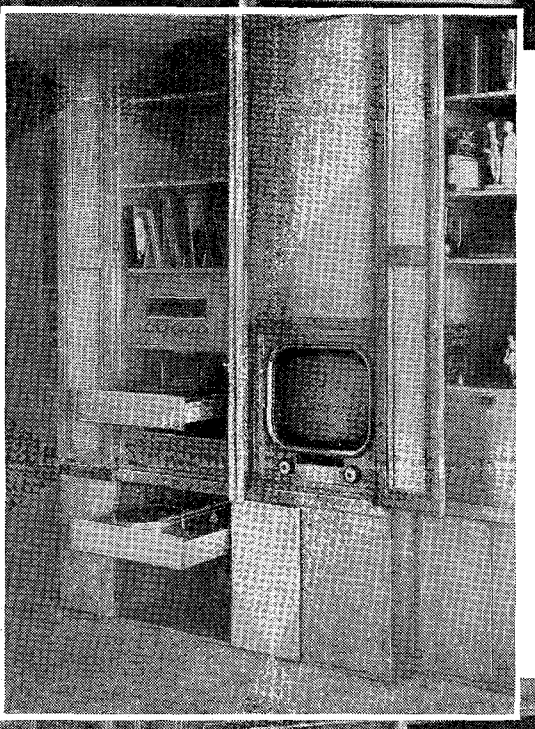
Simple to assemble as plugging in a lamp!

You need no special skill or special tools to assemble these ready-to-operate High Fidelity units. You merely plug in connecting cables —simple diagrams show you how. Still, if you prefer, the Supplier of your units will recommend a competent radio technician who will assemble and test them at moderate cost.

Looks are important

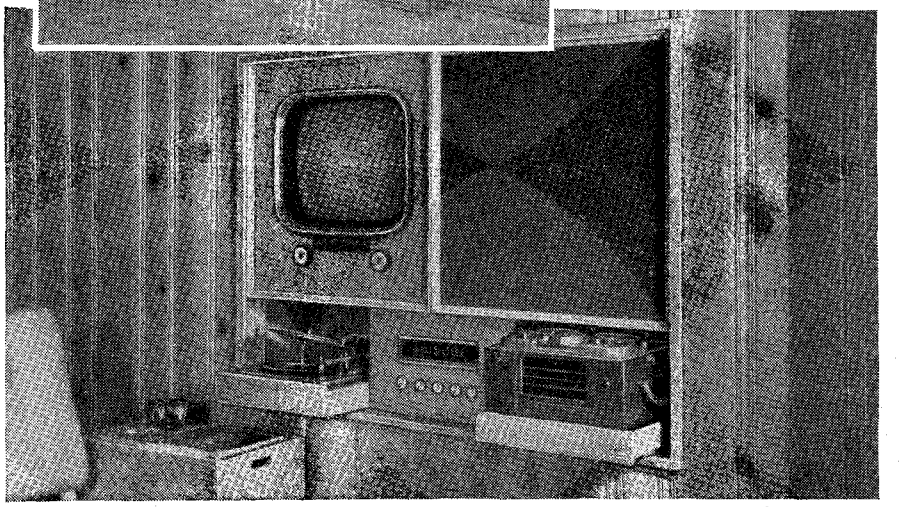


A simple bookcase installation of High Fidelity *units could cost less than* your present radio-phonograph. You can do the job yourself, without expensive cabinetry.



An existing cupboard or closet is an ideal place for your High Fidelity system, provides especially good speaker performance.

A wall of fine music need not be costly. A good solution for den or recreation room—saves space. Choose a wall with another room or closet behind it.



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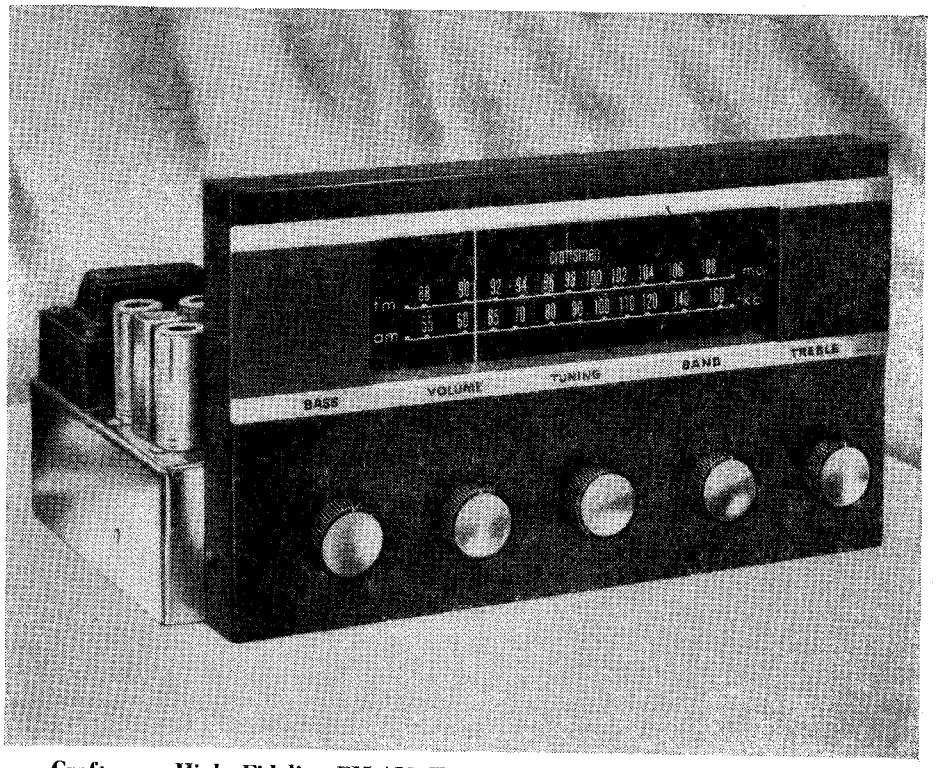

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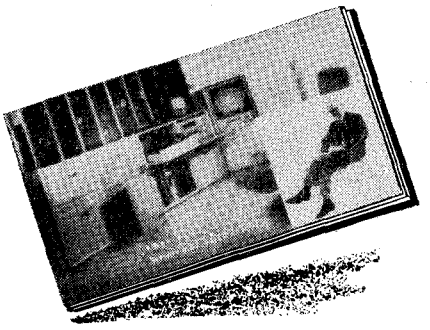

America's foremost music authority tells, in simple, non-technical language, what *High Fidelity* means to music lovers. Tells where to buy . . . how to choose units . . . how to assemble and install. Photographs of many typical home installations. See your Supplier or write to: The Radio Craftsmen, Inc., Dept. M-12, 4401 N. Ravenswood Ave., Chicago 40, Ill. Enclose 10c to cover handling and mailing.

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If there should be a truce the South Koreans would be expected to take over the entire defense of their country, with United Nations backing. If for some reason the Communist Chinese should withdraw, the South Koreans no doubt could take over the ground fighting, inasmuch as there reportedly are only two North Korean divisions in line and three in reserve.

Few Pentagon leaders believe, however, that it would be feasible to replace American troops with South Koreans in the fashion suggested by John Foster Dulles. They object to such proposals first on the practical ground that there simply are not enough trained ROK troops. Second, they believe that to transform the war into one of Asians against Asians would be to abnegate a responsibility of the United Nations.

The State and Defense Departments are actively soliciting more UN contingents for Korea, and there is no set formula that seven American divisions must remain there. The pressures against the Communists are likely to increase, in the form of heavier air attacks on North Korea as well as a tightening of the economic screws on China. Although the present plans call for no attack on Manchuria or China except as a last resort, there is discussion of the possible use of battlefield atomic weapons in North Korea if enemy concentrations justify them.

Military chiefs have confidence in the ability of General Mark Clark to maintain the sort of unremitting pressure that eventually will force a settlement, but there is little hope of an early truce. Meanwhile they are concerned lest the idea of easy withdrawal rebound. For all its ugly cost, the Korean war has provided the only real checkmate to Communist aggression. As such it is cheaper than either an expanded war or fighting what the military men call "brush fires" throughout Asia, especially in Japan.

Lovett and Defense

Many changes are impending in the complexion of leadership in the Department of Defense. It is traditional, of course, for all civilian secretaries to offer their resignations at the start of a new administration. Secretary of Defense Robert A. Lovett, a Republican, has made it plain that he intends to return to private life irrespective of any request for him to stay on.

Secretary Lovett and Under Secretary of Defense William C. Foster have made an effective team. Both are men of broad outlook and experience in business and government, and they have understood the necessary dovetailing of military policy with political policy. There has been the usual suspicion and distrust between the military and the State Department at lower levels, but relations at the top have been good.

When Lovett and Foster have made decisions, they have avoided the brashness of former Secretary of Defense Louis Johnson, who managed to give even his essentially good decisions a highhanded twist. As a result there is a cult of what amounts to Lovett-worship among the military officers.

Undoubtedly the most controversial agency under Lovett's direction has been the Munitions Board, which is charged with a wide variety of procurement and standardization functions. Pentagon officials admit privately that Chairman John D. Small has been inadequate for the job, though there has been hope that with clearer lines of authority he would pull things together.

The strong point, at the same time, has been the fiscal management of the Pentagon. This has been the responsibility of Assistant Secretary of Defense Wilfred J. McNeil, who doubles as comptroller. McNeil combines a deep understanding of industrial procurement problems with a knowledge of strategy and a pinchpenny attitude toward the public purse.

Brought in by the late Secretary Forrestal as an assistant, McNeil has been one of the real architects of practical unification. Even the departments that suffer most from McNeil's insistence on minute justification for every budgeted item have come to respect his knowledge and ability. He comes about as close as anyone in the Pentagon to the ideal nonpolitical public servant, and he has built a staff of unusually dedicated people.

Unquestionably Secretary Lovett had McNeil in mind when last summer he advocated the retention of a permanent secretariat at the assistant secretary level as a means of ensuring continuity in defense.

New Chiefs of Staff?

The terms of three of the four members of the Joint Chiefs of Staff also expire early in 1953, and there is intense speculation as to who will replace them. General Omar N. Bradley, who is completing his second appointment as chairman of the Joint Chiefs, has indicated on numerous occasions his wish to retire. General Joseph Lawton Collins, the Army chief of staff, also will complete his four-year tour of duty. General Hoyt S. Vandenberg, the Air

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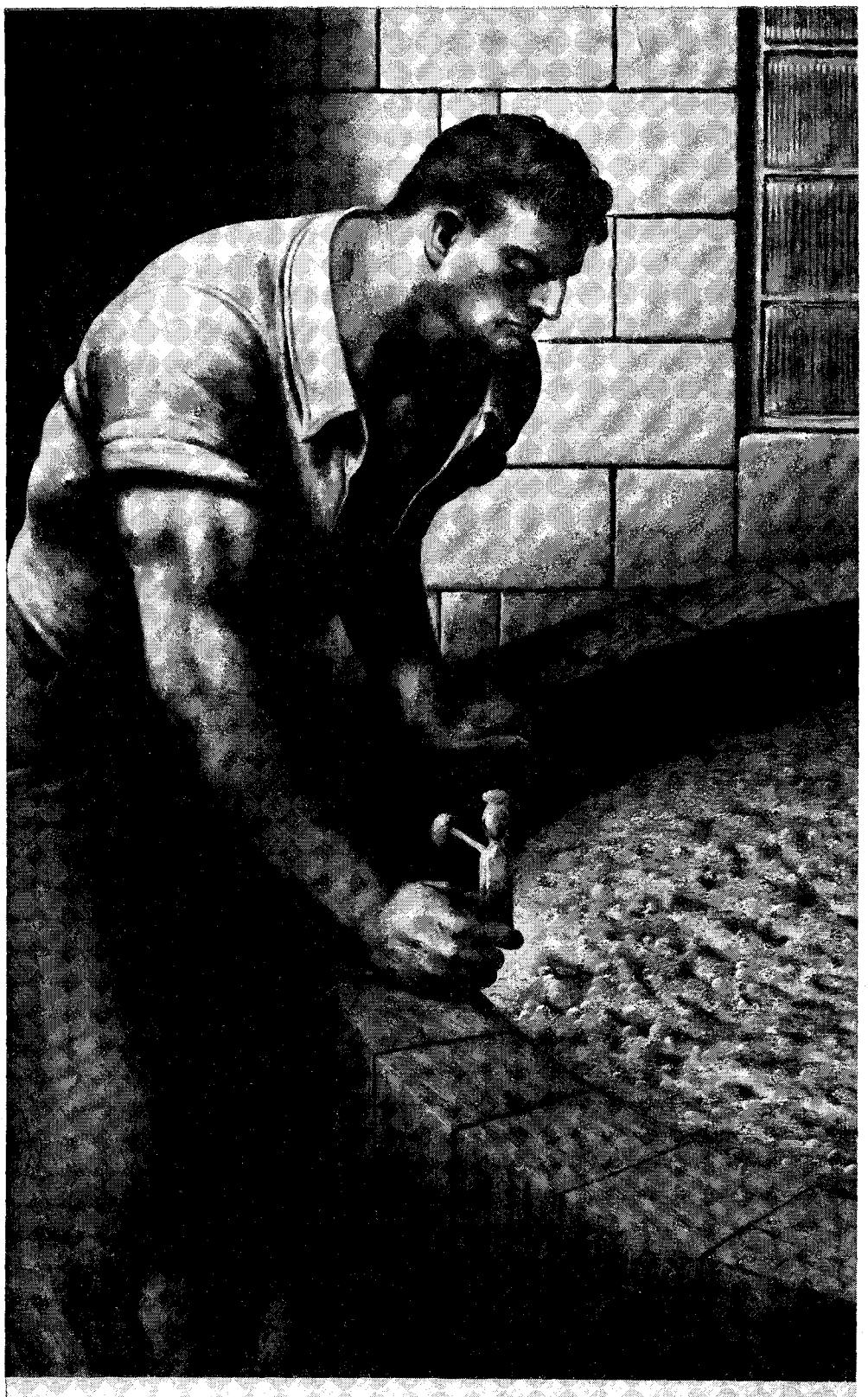

The yeast he guards is twice his age

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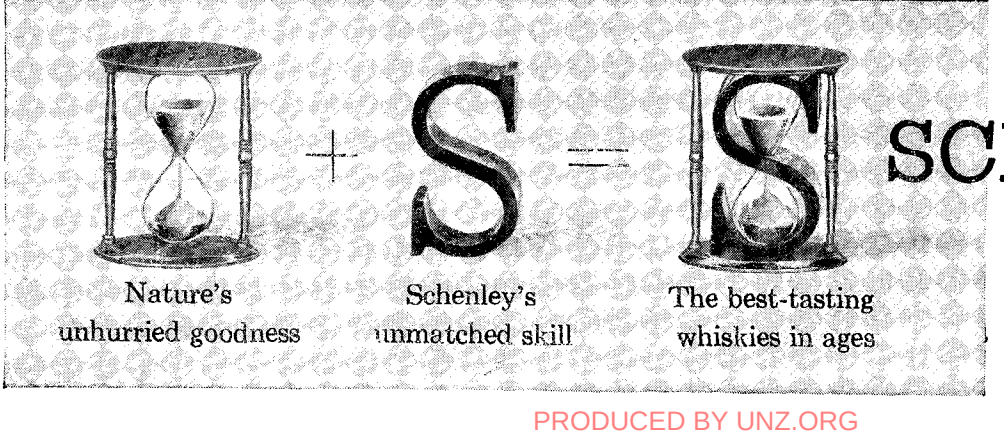
Schenley's use of the best yeast . . . the finest grains . . . the purest water . . . is part of the complete network of quality controls which guard Schenley whiskies from the time the grain is grown till, years later, the whiskey is in your glass.

Thus, Schenley makes certain that you get the utmost enjoyment in every drop of every drink. *Schenley Distillers, Inc., N. Y. C.* ©1952



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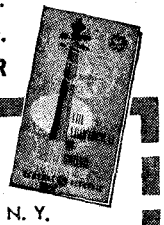

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

Force chief of staff, now on a fourteen-month extension of his earlier appointment, is recuperating from a serious operation and is anxious to be relieved of responsibility.

Two years ago there would have been no question of who was to succeed Bradley. The late Admiral Forrest P. Sherman exemplified, as few persons have, the senior military officer who could rise above the confines of his own service and visualize the needs of national defense as a whole. Sherman was a natural for the job also because of the unwritten rule of rotation among the services. His death left the field wide open.

General Collins probably would be receptive to the top appointment, and there could be many less felicitous choices. "Lightning Joe," whose largest previous command was a corps, has grown tremendously under broad responsibility. Apart from some tendency to indulge in futuristic statements, he has shown finesse in his treatment of Army problems. One of his praiseworthy concerns has been the behavior of American soldiers abroad. For all his qualities of leadership, however, Collins is regarded by the other two services as too much an Army man.

Admiral William M. Fechteler, the chief of naval operations, is also regarded as somewhat parochial. Fechteler has done a competent job in the Navy, but he lacks the geopolitical mind that a chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff ought to have. General Vandenberg, meanwhile, is counted out of the running because of his health. Hence the President will have to survey the field carefully for his new appointment.

Revamping the military setup

It is perhaps fortunate that the impending vacancies on the Joint Chiefs of Staff also may facilitate structural changes in the strategic planning organization. Dr. Vannevar Bush, a man widely respected in Washington for his military insight, has stated most forcefully the need for a stocktaking.

As head of the wartime Office of Scientific Research and Development and later as chairman of the Research and Development Board, he has been acutely aware of the shortcomings in military organization. His book, *Modern Arms and Free Men*, which was published in 1949, was intensely practical.

Dr. Bush believes that the JCS organization is unwieldy because, apart from the chairman, each of the chiefs must double in brass as the head of his individual service. Accordingly, Dr. Bush has recommended that the members of the JCS be relieved of command and administrative functions and be reconstituted simply as the senior military planning agency to advise the Secretary of Defense. His recommendations are being viewed seriously in the Pentagon, and some sort of legislative recommendation is likely soon after the new Congress convenes.

Such a reshuffling of responsibility is not a new suggestion. The advantages would be obvious. The Joint Chiefs would be freed of administrative worries and could concentrate on strategic problems. They would also, it is hoped, be less likely to be motivated by the interests of any one service and more inclined to see the broad picture.

True, the authority of the JCS members derives from their positions as heads of the individual services. It might be difficult for them to command the same respect if the formal tie were broken, though actually their deputies have taken the load of most administrative decisions.

Default in civilian leadership

Not all the troubles of the Joint Chiefs stem, however, from structural flaws. It has been impossible for such men as Lovett, Foster, and Air Force Secretary Thomas K. Finletter (who, in addition to being a competent administrator, is one of the most original thinkers in the Pentagon) to fend off requests from the White House for all sorts of quasi-political decisions by the Joint Chiefs. This default in civilian leadership outside the Department of Defense, and not an omission in the law, is responsible for the JCS becoming a sort of two-headed calf.

Members have been snowed under, moreover, by paper work. Some of this, perhaps, is the fault of the Joint Staff, the collection of approximately 200 officers of all services who work on so-called "staff papers." But in part, at least, it also results from a

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tendency in the Pentagon for civilian heads to buck decisions on all sorts of alien questions, such as personal matters, to the Joint Chiefs.

To be sure, the Joint Chiefs have suffered from indecision among themselves. General Bradley, though his own horizons have broadened immeasurably in office, has been more a moderator than a leader. It must be added, in his defense, that under the law the chairman of the Joint Chiefs does not have the power of decision.

The Navy in particular has always resisted propositions to give the chairman of the JCS a "vote" or to create a single chief of staff. "Vote," of course, is a misnomer, because the deliberations do not include voting. Rather, they consist of informal discussion and persuasion, with the decisions resting pretty much on the sense of the meeting.

Military indecision

It is nonetheless true that the Joint Chiefs have developed an ability to put things off. Some of the perennial harangue between the Air Force and the Navy over air power results from the failure of the JCS in the past to assign priorities between the services in plane procurement. Stronger leadership, with or without the power of decision, might help to compel more pointed conclusions.

It is entirely conceivable that the Joint Chiefs, relieved of extraneous pressures, would find strategic decisions easier. One of the hopes enunciated by General Eisenhower several years ago was that eventually unification would develop a corps of senior officers who had graduated from the partisanship of the individual services and whose allegiance would be to the military establishment as a whole. Exchanges between the services are developing this sort of allegiance in some measure among the younger generation of officers.

This much may be said with certainty. No legislative changes can make the Joint Chiefs of Staff a more effective organization unless the civilian leadership in Washington assumes its own proper responsibilities for political decisions. The remedying of this growing default in civilian leadership is one of the prime challenges to the new Administration.

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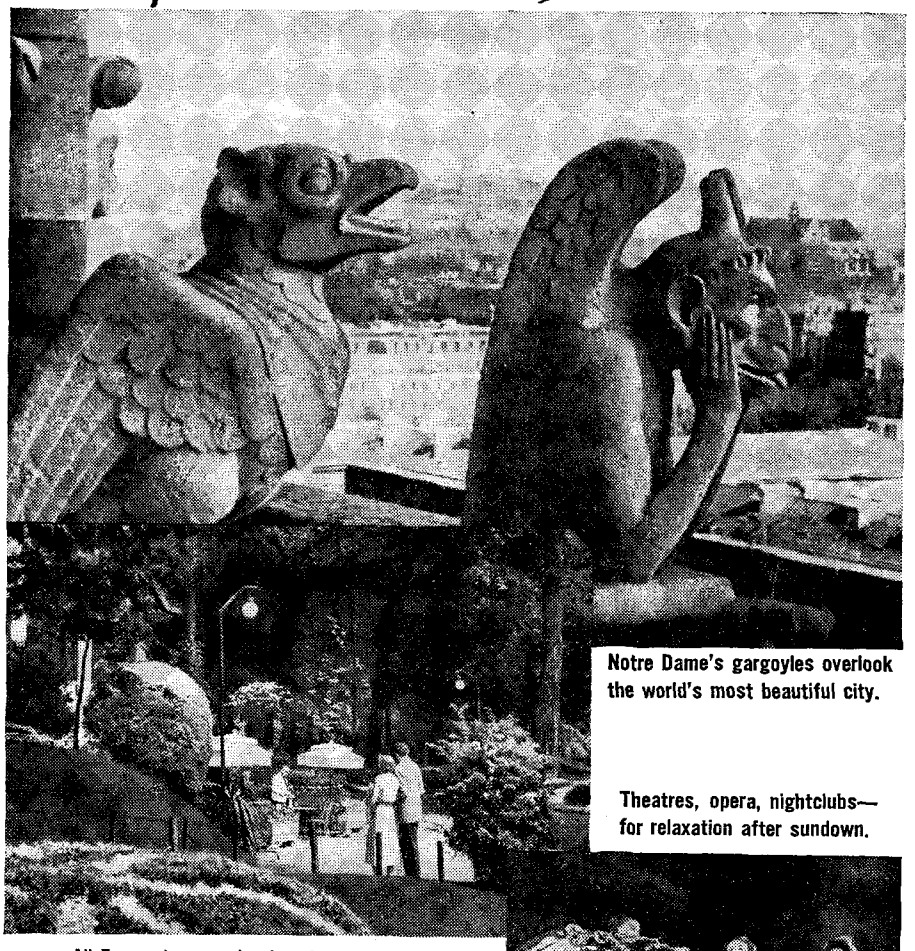

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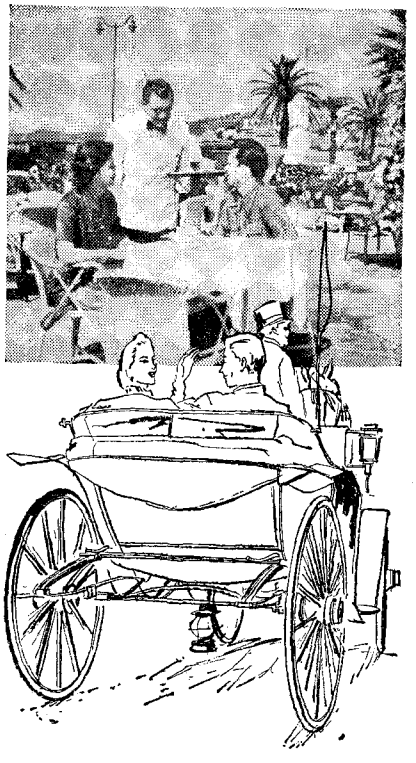

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Hong Kong

AMERICAN interest in Hong Kong is greater today than at any other time since 1842. Hong Kong is important for our relations with the British on most Asiatic questions, not only because the British recognize Peking and we do not, but also because Hong Kong is sensitive to all the economic winds that blow in Asia. Its economic future is affected by our economic policies in Japan, the Philippines, and Malaya, as well as by our embargo on trade with Communist China.

While the major structure of Anglo-American coöperation is firmly bedded in European and Asiatic treaty organizations, military commitments, and military enterprise, Hong Kong dramatizes major differences between the British and the American approach to both local and general situations.

The British prefer to think of Hong Kong as a sort of larger Rock of Gibraltar with shops on it. They would like to keep it so. While the British bring to the administration of the colony many of the finest things in their tradition — free speech, honest administration, impartial justice, and political sanctuary — they like to look upon the hopes, the ambitions, and the politics of Hong Kong's population as a purely administrative problem. Hong Kong is a free port with tax-free goods; it is a free market for the exchange of everything except ideas. The British like to think that the world needs Hong Kong and that, in administering and protecting it, they are doing a public-spirited service. They do not wish it to become a Western Berlin, an ideological front line for the free world. They feel that it is in exactly this direction that American policy is pushing them.

The United States is deeply involved in the Hong Kong situation because of our relations with the National Government of China now on Formosa. We are interested, in a way that the British are not, in reducing the friction among the non-Communist Chinese and in assisting the National Government in maintaining a certain dignity and prestige.

We are therefore concerned with the enormous problem of Chinese refugees in Hong Kong and Kowloon. At the minimum they represent a humanitarian problem. At the best they might be valuable assets for the free world. In any case, the problem can be handled only through the coöperation and permission of the British authorities in Hong Kong. Like many other countries, we are also concerned with intelligence about Communist China and find Hong Kong a valuable source. Once again, however, our activities are carried on under the British flag.

Few situations are more complex. The British, who have recognized Peking, have had to give up their assets in Communist China, send contingents to fight in Korea, give protection to Chinese Communist banks and businesses in Hong Kong, face American-backed Japanese economic competition, observe the embargo on trade with China, and at the same time care for more than a million anti-Communist Chinese refugees.

The Hong Kong refugees

Since the Communist conquest of mainland China, the British have admitted nearly one and a half million anti-Communist Chinese without discrimination, an act of generosity for which the British do not always receive sufficient credit. The refugees imposed upon the colony an economic burden which it was ill prepared to bear. It has done as much as could be expected by setting up refugee camps such as Rennie Mills, which takes care of 3000 persons. Although there are few refugees who are actually starving, there are hundreds of thousands living under intolerable conditions, and for these the situation is desperate indeed. Most of them have to crowd into the poorer living quarters or live as squatters in ramshackle huts.

The big influx has already occurred, but day after day there comes across the border, either openly or secretly, a steady trickle of refugees. Some are Catholic and Protestant missionaries, starved and tortured for months or years. The indignities imposed upon them have served the Communist purpose of making a mockery of Christianity and Western influence. Some are Chinese businessmen and scholars who have escaped at great risk to themselves and to the hostages they left behind.

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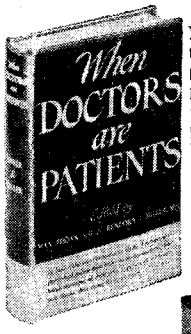

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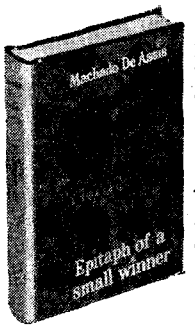

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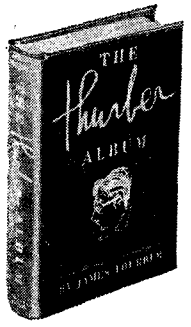

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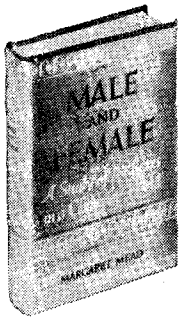

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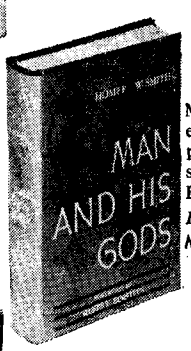

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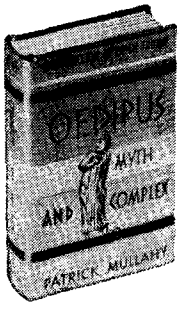

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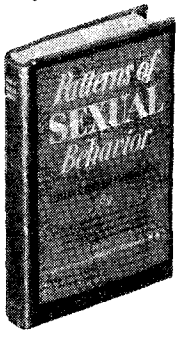

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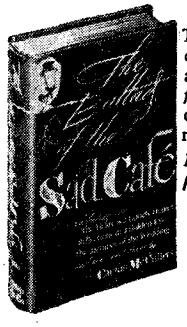

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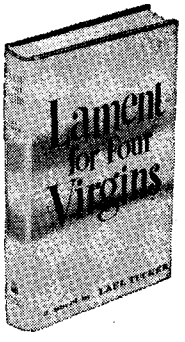

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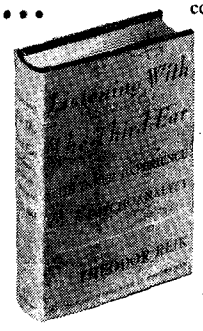

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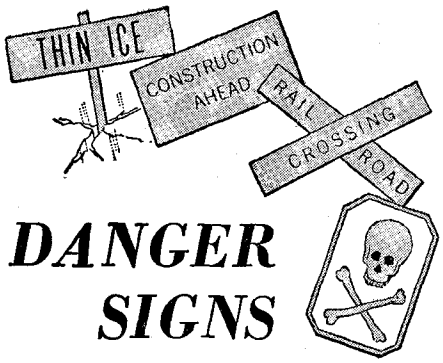

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There are in Hong Kong today some of the very best brains among the anti-Communist Chinese. Many of them are American-trained; nearly all of them are over twenty and many over thirty years of age. They stand for that very considerable element in Chinese leadership which could not be bribed or coerced into the Communist regime.

The Hong Kong refugees are of all sorts and come from every walk of life. There are militarists, businessmen, officials, prostitutes, students, politicians, professors, and a few professional exiles. Some have had personal experience with Communism, and some fled before the Communists took over. They are a generation torn and divided, separated from friends, parents, and children. Many are completely hopeless and despairing, although they retain the usual Chinese capacity to keep their dignity in the midst of poverty, disease, and war.

The hardiest among the refugees are planning for the future, gathering information, and writing pamphlets and books. They talk and act like men who know that they are in a backwater but who feel that they might be swept into the main stream of history at any moment.

Propaganda mill

The Hong Kong government permits the dissemination of propaganda and the publication of books, but it frowns upon political organization and prevents political action. It is therefore much easier for the Chinese to talk than to act, but the talk cannot be ignored. Hong Kong has played an important role in Chinese politics and thought before and may yet do so again.

The influence of Sun Yat-sen is still important. The revolutionary committee of the Kuomintang, after taking refuge in Hong Kong from the National Government, joined the Peking regime when Chiang Kai-shek was driven out, and its leader, Li Chi-sen, is now vice-chairman of the Peking government. Hong Kong is a place, therefore, where political ideas can be developed and political groups can survive.

Both Peking and Formosa are aware of the political potentialities of the Chinese in Hong Kong and react in their different ways. Peking carries on a tremendous amount of propaganda in Hong Kong through newspapers, magazines, and bookstores, where it makes available at low prices an endless flow of books and pamphlets. It is interesting that in spite of the enormous efforts the Communists have made in Hong Kong, the circulation of their newspapers has gone down. Their dull and earnest sheets with their repetitious falsehoods and distortions do not seem to be able to compete with a free press; they are designed for a captive audience.

The Communists also take advantage of the inability of the colony to handle so much destitution by trying to send in "comfort missions." With very little expenditure, they hope to turn the resentment and discontent of the destitute away from themselves, who are responsible for the situation, and towards the Hong Kong authorities. Their secret agents abound and keep up a reign of terror through selective assassination.

Formosa's fear of competition

Formosa is jealous of any political thinking and organization outside the control of the National Government and alternates between persuasion and repression. It is particularly worried about the possible emergence in Hong Kong of a new force. The National Government has good reason for such concern. It does not wish to have two centers of non-Communist Chinese resistance; and, more especially, it does not relish the idea of competing with political groups in Hong Kong for the leadership of the overseas Chinese.

We can afford to take a more impartial view of political trends among the Hong Kong Chinese than can Formosa. We are interested in political revival wherever it may occur among the free Chinese, and would rather take a chance on unity based on diversity than on conformity.

There is certainly no lack of diversity. In fact there are almost as many different Chinese parties as there are Chinese. Practically every group calls itself a third force. There is a high degree of rivalry between distinguished people, and a great reluctance to accept leadership and organization from any quarter. There are many, in fact, who are enjoying

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the luxury of political irresponsibility under the protection of the British.

At the same time, among the more responsible Chinese, there is agreement upon two major points — stated in the order of priority. One is that the Chinese Communists have sold China to the Russians and have therefore betrayed the basic drive of the revolution for national independence. The other is that the Communists have destroyed personal freedom, undermined traditional Chinese values, and set up a rigid political system based on one-party control.

It would be fair to turn these conclusions around and say that if there is any general agreement on political objectives among the many little groups, it would be to re-establish the political independence of China and to set up a constitutional government with a multiparty system.

Anti-Communists move to Japan

The future obviously lies with younger men, but older leaders such as Ku Meng-yu and Carsun Chang still carry weight. Ku Meng-yu is an old Kuomintang man, once associated with Wang Ching-wei, whom he repudiated when Wang became a Japanese puppet. He is more of a scholar than a professional politician.

Carsun Chang, a political scientist, has long been known as a man fighting for constitutional government and the rule of law. He played something of a role in the Marshall negotiations, when he had a reputation as a leader of the middle groups. He is one of the few open critics of the Kuomintang who can go in and out of Formosa. He has been recently in America seeking funds to establish a Chinese university in Japan to which he would hope to attract overseas Chinese.

Ku Meng-yu and other older Chinese leaders are already established in Japan. They represent some of the finest values in modern China, but it is still an open question as to how far their leadership will be acceptable. The move to Japan is probably the most significant political decision they have made. The atmosphere in Hong Kong is too restrictive, and other Asiatic countries are not hospitable.

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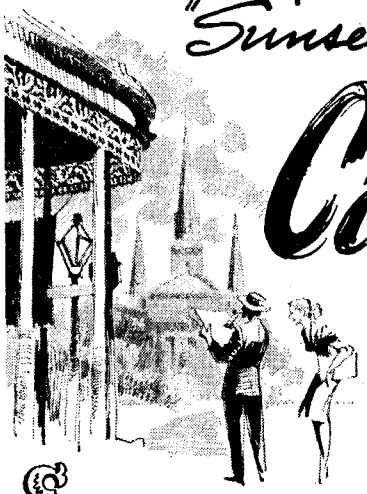

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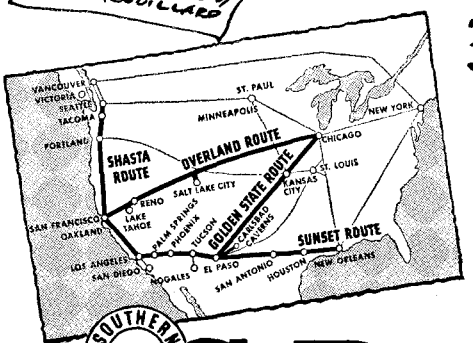

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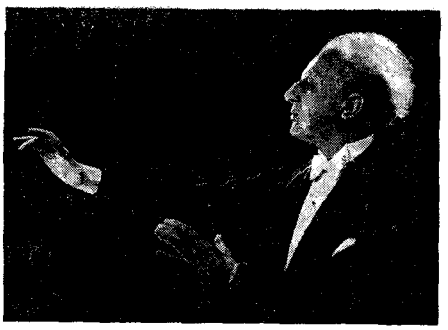

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thing concrete emerges from this vast political seminar among the free Chinese. In the meantime, however, there is a growing American interest in the refugees as a responsibility of the free world and as a potential political asset.

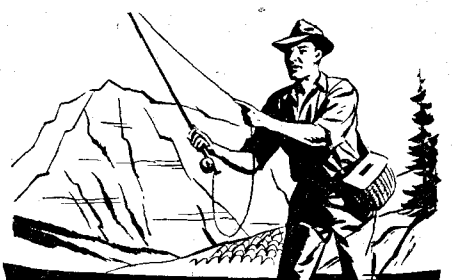
Resettling the refugees

Neglect of refugees from Communism in Asia stands out in sharp contrast with the measures we have taken in Europe. The hardening of American policy, since Korea, against any further extension of Communist power brings the non-Communist Chinese within the political confines of the free world. Some moves in the direction of handling this problem have been taken by the Committee to Aid Refugee Chinese Intellectuals, but to date matters are in the preparatory stage. Agreements have been made with the National Government to open the door in Formosa to refugees, and committees have been set up in Hong Kong and Taipei to handle the problem.

Other plans call for resettlement in other countries of Southeast Asia, schemes for employment in Hong Kong itself, and the sending of teams of outstanding Chinese leaders to lecture among the overseas Chinese. Some twenty thousand or more of the Chinese intelligentsia in Hong Kong have registered with the A.R.C.I. Committee and 50 per cent of this group is willing to go to Formosa — the first evidence we have had as to their feelings on this much-debated subject. With sufficient financial support it would be possible, at the present time, for 5000 or 6000 families to be resettled in Formosa.

Such measures, if carried out, will have a leavening effect on all non-Communist Chinese. If persuasive anti-Communist Chinese could be circulated among the overseas groups, with the blessing of Formosa, much could be done to block the influence of Peking, which is appealing to the young Chinese in Southeast Asia.

The problem of refugee Chinese in Hong Kong would still remain, for all these plans could not affect very large numbers; but it would not be so dangerous if political leaders emerge who are capable of welding together the many disparate elements among non-Communist Chinese and giving them a program for action.



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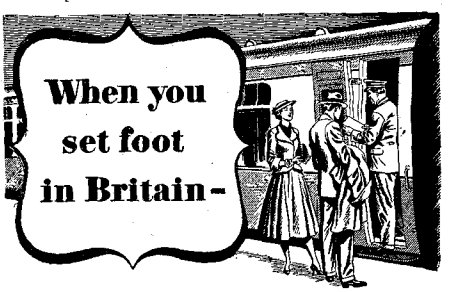

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The Middle East

THE emergence of a committee of young army officers as leaders of the new "third force" in Egypt confirms the hopeful trend toward the moderate Kemalist pattern of revolution in the Middle East. The possibility of such a trend was evident in Syria three years ago when the first of a series of army coups initiated the present liberal dictatorship there. The development of a similar movement in Egypt, under the leadership of the Palestinian war hero, General Mohammed Naguib, sets an even more forceful example among the Arab states.

The goals of the revolutionists in these states conform to long-recognized needs and aspirations of the peoples of the area: land reform, decentralization of government, purge of corruption from the bureaucracy, tax reform, and public education. But the methods of the reformers challenge the familiar Western stereotypes about "democracy" which have been applied so unthinkingly to the newly independent states of the Middle East.

It has been clear for some time to sympathetic observers that the parliamentary systems hastily adopted from the West, and in many respects alien to Moslem concepts, have generally operated only in the interests of the landholding class. By their control of the parliamentary mechanism this class effectively preserved a vestigial feudal system and prevented all social change.

In Egypt the current revolution stems directly from the army's defeat in 1949 in Palestine. From that bitter experience and the subsequent scandals connected with the profits made in defective war matériel, to which many front-line officers attribute their defeat, there developed a well-organized resistance against the palace and the Wafd government.

Unmistakable signs of discontent have been increasingly apparent for the last three years in the army. But former King Farouk chose to ignore them and to favor the less competent and often corrupt palace favorites in the high command. The final showdown came in July when a young officers' junta forced the king's abdication. Subsequent moves against the Wafd and all minor political parties showed that this junta has well-laid plans to clean up Egyptian political life.

In dealing with the Wafd, General Naguib realized that he had to convince its fervent supporters among the Egyptian peasantry that its nationalistic and progressive goals have been betrayed by the cupidity of the party's present leadership. Naguib did this by making a highly successful speaking tour of the Delta towns where Wafd power had been greatest.

From the demonstrations which accompanied this effort the military leadership gained the necessary public support to carry its purge order out even against the aged leader of the party, Mustafa Nahas, whose incompetent government had failed to solve any of the country's urgent economic and social problems and had brought it perilously close to anarchy during the riots of last January in Cairo.

The success of the present military regime will depend upon the extent to which it is able to bring down living costs, provide employment in new industry, improve health conditions, and increase the food supply for some of the poorest people in the world. A recent five-year study made by the Rockefeller Foundation at the request of the Egyptian government showed that the fellaheen have a standard of living below that of the peasants of India and China studied by the Foundation under similar circumstances. The most promising aspect of General Naguib's program is that it is directed at improving the standard of living of the Egyptian peasant.

Egypt's land reform

The most immediate political test ahead of the regime will come in January, 1953, when a new decree goes into effect taxing at five times the present rate landholdings in excess of 200 acres. The idea back of this drastic measure is to persuade large landholders to sell to smallholders directly without waiting for the government to take over the land and redistribute it. Land which is retained will be taken over gradually and compensation paid in

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A corollary program will encourage former landlords to invest in industry, and presumably there may be tax inducements offered to speed up development of local industries. Meanwhile the Egyptian Company Law of 1947, which limited foreigners to a 49 per cent interest in Egyptian companies, has been amended to allow them 51 per cent participation, and General Naguib has made it plain that Egypt will now welcome foreign investment on this basis. From all this it appears that the technical advisers have educated the military leaders in the realities of Egyptian economic life, which has been until now wholly and precariously dependent on the cotton crop.

The real importance of the proposed land reform program in Egypt lies in its potential political effects. For it is the political power which the large landowners have exercised over the village and the government which Egypt's New Dealers are determined to break.

On grounds of productive efficiency a case can be made for not breaking up the large estates and for merely taxing them more strictly, as former Premier Aly Maher wanted to do. But the catch in this, from the revolutionaries' point of view, was that it left Egypt at the mercy of the same class which has run it so badly for so long. It was on this crucial issue that General Naguib broke with Aly Maher in September and took over the premiership.

Egypt's new strong man

The purging of political parties of their corrupt elements has left some very large gaps in political leadership. General Naguib has incarcerated all potential opposition leaders. The Wafd appears finally to have been effectively split, with the younger, more progressive elements now in charge.

A significant military order has put offenses against the land reform law within the jurisdiction of military instead of civil courts, and the first victim of this summary justice has been sent to jail. It seems likely that in order to maintain its momentum and to accomplish any of the really urgent economic and social surgery needed to forestall anarchy, this revolution will have to continue to follow the Kemalist pattern of direct and forceful action.

The hazards which threaten such a course should be recognized by all who watch Egypt's new strong man hopefully as a symbol of reintegration in the Arab world. There is the obvious threat of personal danger to him from any number of disaffected elements. Admittedly Naguib is the spokesman for an executive committee of the army and there are seconds to carry on. But he has displayed political gifts rare among military men and he would be difficult to replace in the affections of the people.

There is the danger that extremist factions will attempt to swing the present government away from its moderate course. Here the fundamentalist influence of the Moslem Brotherhood cannot be discounted; nor can the threat of Communism in Egypt, if the present middle-class effort goes wrong.

The reorganization of agriculture into smaller units and the training of peasants to work within a coöperative framework will require skilled leadership and time. The prevalence of endemic diseases will plague the most zealous reform efforts in the villages, as will the long habit of inertia. There is also the need of financing food imports during the years it will take to reclaim arable land along the Nile.

There are already encouraging signs that, in dealing with the West, General Naguib will look ahead rather than backward. His chief interest admittedly will be in securing arms and aid in building up a modern defense force. While there will remain many snags to real agreement with Britain over protection of the Suez Canal, it is encouraging to note that this issue seems no longer to be indissolubly tied to the Sudan question. Similarly, in dealing with the Sudan, Naguib has shown a practical disposition to put first things first, such as the agreement with the Sudan on sharing and making better use of the Nile waters.

Arab resentment against Israel

The reappearance of a well-consolidated Arab-Asian bloc at the

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current session of the UN General Assembly and their demands vis-à-vis the Western powers demonstrate clearly the prevailing attitude among Arab leaders toward the West. It is plain that the Palestine issue is far from settled in their minds and that it will be used to embarrass the United States on many occasions.

Whatever resolutions and protests on this issue are debated at this session, it should be realized that there are certain basic demands which the UN has previously recognized as valid and which must be answered if the Arab attitude toward Israel is to change.

These demands are for compensation, even on a token scale, for the 880,000 dispossessed Arab refugees, and for at least some rectifications of the eastern border between Israel and Jordan.

For example, the fact that the farm lands of some 80,000 residents of border villages are now cut off from their houses in Jordan, depriving them of all sources of livelihood and making them economic if not actual refugees, leads to continuing border trouble. Some adjustments here in territory which Israel took by conquest, and where it would not be costly to Israel, would go far to relieve local tension on both sides of the armistice line.

Israel's gesture in unfreezing part of the bank balances of Arab refugees in Palestine banks will presumably help to counter Arab resentment over the reparations now to come to Israel from the Bonn government. But a greater recognition on Israel's part of the psychological necessity of further compensatory efforts, along the lines of existing UN resolutions, will have to precede any real peacemaking in Palestine.

Meanwhile the fact that mass immigration to Israel has ceased should relieve Arab anxieties about immediate Israeli need for expansion. In actual fact, expansion remains a political issue within Israel. There, even its enthusiastic protagonists must balance the advantages of further conquest against the disadvantages of violating both UN undertakings and the status quo explicitly guaranteed by the United States, Britain, and France.

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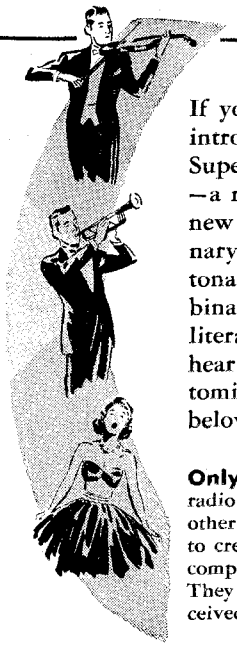

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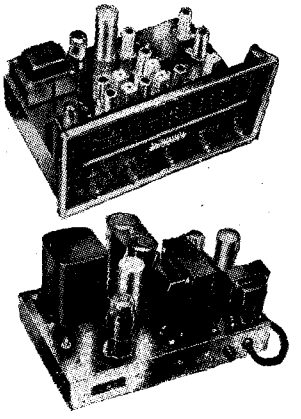

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ATLANTIC Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

The Schools Must Be Secular

SIR:

As a superintendent of schools, I wish to express to you my appreciation of the article "Public Schools Must Be Secular" by Henry H. Hill in the October *Atlantic*. Public education has an almost overwhelming task in the years which lie ahead. We greatly need the help of all agencies in interpreting the program of public education to our people. I confidently believe that the people, properly informed of educational needs, will supply the money to meet them when they have confidence in the competence and the integrity of local educational leadership.

OMER CARMICHAEL
Superintendent of Schools
Louisville, Ky.

SIR:

Henry H. Hill's propositions were pointed and logical. But the idea left is that the teaching of religion in public schools means that certain beliefs will be propagated in an attempt to spread one dogma or another. Because of this unfortunate but widespread misinterpretation, an extremely valuable and educational course of study must be sidetracked.

The fact is that the proposal for teaching religion in our public school system has merely the goal of familiarizing pupils with the divergent religions of the world. Surely no student who graduates from any school system can be considered "educated" if he doesn't know what the difference is between a Catholic and a Jew, or the difference between Buddhism and Christianity. The teaching of religion in our schools can be a very respectable course infringing on the rights of no religious group. Admittedly, some unscrupulous persons might seek to turn an objective study of religion into a sectarian appeal, but that same fear applies to such courses as political science and history, where doctrines alien to American ways may be propagandized. Yet we don't scratch them from our list of intellectual endeavors.

JAMES W. LENHOFF
Berkeley, Calif.

SIR:

May I record the lively appreciation which most of your readers must have felt when studying that fine article, "Public Schools Must Be Secular."

Bigotry, whether racial, religious, national, or political, is unworthy of a rational being. Our most cherished heritage, as Americans, is, and must always be, freedom of the mind; only intolerance is intolerable. Consequently, the whole argument presented in the Knights of Columbus advertisement in your columns is beside the point, and ignores the vital issue. We who are non-Catholics are not concerned with the Catholic faith as such, but only with its bearing on our secular life and our intellectual and spiritual freedom.

When La Civiltà Cattolica pontifically declares from Rome that "the Roman Catholic Church must demand the right of freedom for itself alone, because such a right can only be possessed by truth, never by error," and when Fathers Ryan and Boland, sponsored by Cardinal Spellman, publish the same quaint interpretation of democratic freedom, while denouncing our educational system as atheistic and immoral (they of course representing the only agency of God on earth), one may well hope that the free people of America will not readily be deceived.

J. LANDOR SCOTT
Santa Monica, Calif.

SIR:

Henry H. Hill's article has exposed a vast new area of my own ignorance to me. So many questions keep popping up in my mind that I can't resist asking you (or Henry H. Hill) some of the more basic ones.

Since teachers who were not members of Protestant, Catholic, or Jewish churches were automatically considered unfit to teach, how did Mr. Hill go about the business of informing them of that fact? Or did he? How did those poor ungodly souls get teaching credentials in the first place? Shouldn't the universities and colleges screen them out? Or convert them?

Then there is another set of questions which starts this way: Why may we identify church membership with goodness? What makes Mr. Hill so sure most good people are in the churches? Are all the people in the churches good people?

ETHEL B. HELLMAN
Oakland, Calif.

"Toscanini Records the Ninth"

SIR:

I have just finished reading John Conly's article "Toscanini Records the Ninth" (October *Atlantic*) and want to thank him for a most wonderful description of one of the most thrilling days of my life. You see, a friend of mine, James Burke, and I were with him all day on April 1.

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WE HAVE NOW TAKEN three of them (the original oils are in the possession of the Mark Twain Museum) and have created facsimiles which are four times larger than the plates in the published book. Each is twelve inches across by sixteen inches long! Each will be sold in the shops for $6.95; the set of three will be sold for $20.

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Or, if any of these books should not be of interest to you, you may choose substitutions out of a long list.

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Love letter to a Giant

Many people respect, hate or are awed by New York City.

Roger Angell, a HOLIDAY editor, has a brighter emotional regard for it; he loves the place and in this month's HOLIDAY he unabashedly tells why. We *think you'll like his observations.*

We also think you'll find this a penetrating guide to the city in its winter clothing and a help in enjoying New York, whether you are a visitor or one of those people who are too busy living there to see as much of it as they'd really like.

This is, of course, the second time HOLIDAY has produced a major valentine to New York. The first was E. B. White's memorable article, which appeared in April 1949, and which later became a Book-of-the-Month Club selection. We predict equally nice things for our current offering.

* * * * *

Other gift-wrapped features in the December HOLIDAY include a charming Christmas story by Ludwig Bemelmans; a nostalgic account of a visit home by Phil Stong; S. J. Perelman's portrait of Fred Allen; Havana by Hamilton Basso and the Monterey Peninsula by Herbert Warren Wind.

We are two students of Manhattan College who, after hearing the broadcast of the Ninth Symphony, walked up to the Maestro's house to see his car arrive and perhaps catch a glimpse of Mr. Toscanini and the others we thought would be with him. We were found on the veranda and given some champagne and a very kind invitation to come down to Carnegie Hall on the following Tuesday. This we did, cutting all our classes at school; and we returned at ten o'clock that night for the final touches.

We were thrilled just as Mr. Conly was; and I want to thank the *Atlantic* for a story which parallels our own excitement.

WILLIAM FICKINGER
Manhattan College
New York City

SIR:

In these days of injured pride and protest over the Russian habit of stealing credit for American inventions, it is a little disconcerting to see the *Atlantic* quite blatantly steal one for America.

In "Toscanini Records the Ninth," John M. Conly gives praise to Mr. Sarser as "co-inventor" of the Musician's Amplifier. Sarser is as gifted as Mr. Conly says, and the circuit used in the Musician's Amplifier certainly is one of the really important developments in the art of high-quality sound reproduction. But this circuit is an English one — the Williamson — of which Mr. Sarser has never pretended to be the inventor.

In Mr. Sarser's original article in *Audio Engineering* for November, 1949, he and his co-author, Mr. Sprinkle, showed which American output transformers and tubes most nearly met the specifications worked out by Mr. Williamson and thus made it simple for American enthusiasts to build the amplifier. It is interesting to note that surprising quantities of the English components are being imported for use in this circuit. However, Mr. Sarser and Mr. Sprinkle did not claim to be the inventors of the circuit.

ALLAN V. ATKINS
Jackson Heights, N.Y.

My error was in calling the Musician's Amplifier an invention, since neither its circuits nor the Williamson's, though ingenious, were basically new; both are in the public domain. Messrs. Sprinkle and Sarser's laudable effort was inspired by, but

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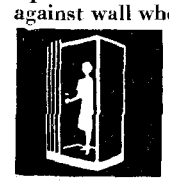

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not derived from, Mr. Williamson's equally laudable one.

—JOHN M. CONLY

I Personally—

SIR:

On reading the October *Atlantic* I was surprised and shocked at your publication of the would-be funny story by Dorothy Wyre regarding hunting in Germany. I assume that she was attached to the Army of Occupation, and am distressed that, in view of the shameful record of army officers and their wives living in rich luxury in the midst of a nation in want, you should have permitted your author to make fun of the people of a conquered country. It is no wonder that Americans are not popular in Europe.

JOHN E. TRACY
University of Michigan Law School
Ann Arbor, Mich.

SIR:

I hesitate to take issue with the author of the travel article in the October *Atlantic* (Sylvia Martin, "Three Months in the Sun") for fear that, when the facts are better known, some of the places she mentions will become so popular that they will be spoiled for the rest of us. But one of her statements should be corrected.

I refer to her assertion that visitors to the little island of Tobago "keep religiously indoors after sunset to frustrate the Anopheles mosquito." This used to be true, but has not been for the past three or four years. Malaria is no longer to be feared.

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R. B. HILL, M.D.
Coconut Grove, Fla.

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"The really significant division in this age," says BARBARA WARD, *"is no longer between Right and Left, or progressives and conservatives, or radicals and traditionalists. It is between those who, consciously or not, accept the new inhuman totalitarian order and those who do not." In the following article Miss Ward, a leading Roman Catholic and formerly the Foreign Editor of the London* Economist, *traces the trends in the Western world which have shattered the dreams of Marxists, Liberals, and Conservatives alike.*

THE ILLUSION OF POWER

by BARBARA WARD

IT MAY seem curious to call the nineteenth century an age of tremendous certainties. It witnessed controversies as personally tragic and institutionally far-reaching as the weakening of traditional Christianity before the onslaught of rationalism, Darwinism, and the higher criticism. Nor does it seem possible to put together in the same broad flood of confidence views of society as apparently opposite as those of the Marxists and of the Manchester school. But an age is marked not by those who fight the rearguard actions — which, on the whole, the Christians and the traditionalists did a century ago. The stamp of an epoch is given by those who look forward, and the remarkable proof of the underlying certainty of the nineteenth century is that the prophets, whether they were the liberal prophets of laissez faire or the Marxist prophets of the exact opposite, were more strongly united by certain underlying beliefs, prejudices, and indeed blindnesses than they were divided by their bitter quarrel over property and social organization.

Liberals and left-wing revolutionaries shared the same faith in a world which science would completely lay bare and in a species of history which moved inexorably from a less satisfactory past to a more satisfactory future. The content of this progress might be different but the sense of direction was identical. Even their quarrel over the ownership of property had a curious family resemblance. For the Marxists the good of society depended upon common ownership. For the liberals, the good of society and freedom itself depended upon private ownership. The form of their controversy thus excluded the possibility that decent social forms might not depend exclusively upon ownership at all. Behind their bitter dispute, they shared a profound materialism.

Even more remarkable than these shared beliefs were perhaps the shared indifferences. The "new thinkers" of last century shared the same kind of blind eye. It is true that the Communists foresaw all sorts of disasters so long as capitalism survived. Imperialisms, wars, depressions, dictatorships would follow in catastrophic flood. In this, the Communists had more prescience than the liberal reformers who expected a painlessly progressive future. But Marxist thought must be judged not only for its insights into society under private ownership but for its prophecies of society under public ownership, and here liberal and Marxist were significantly alike in what they ignored.

The liberal assumed that the working of economic laws, with the minimum of state intervention, would lead to a peaceful international division of labor, to harmony and plenty within society, and to a growing unity of humanity — to Tennyson's federation of the world and parliament of man. Equally Marx foresaw, once public economics had replaced private interest, the unity of mankind, the

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withering away of the state, and the reign of peace and brotherhood.

The profound issues which both systems virtually ignored were the nature of power, its effect on human personality, its congealing at the level of the nation-state, and the conflict or reconciliation of national and international interests. Equally both systems glossed over the relation of power to the kind of institutions industrialism was likely to create and to the kind of means of control — by radio, by rapid transport, by armament — which science was placing in the hands of institutions. Marx could recognize evils and dangers in a society based on private property, but his acuteness vanished in a rosy haze at the prospect of public ownership. The liberals hardly even recognized the dangers. The extraordinary sense of progress, of history thrusting forward from "precedent to precedent," of knowledge growing and mastery increasing, kept the eye of prophecy — liberal or Marxist — hard down on the single common track.

2

THIS peculiar fellowship in optimism is quite enough to explain the quality and the extent of the frustration that has overtaken so many men and women in the Western world during the last two or three decades. The liberal has seen his dream of progress shattered by disasters fully as horrible as the most avid Marxist could foretell. For a time, particularly in the thirties, some liberals took refuge from their broken dream by turning to Marxism — just as other liberals, the liberal businessmen of Europe, for instance, resorted instead to Fascism.

But the respite was brief, for Communist society has shown itself to be even more disastrous and repellent than the catastrophe-ridden world of the decade before the war. Not only has the vision of progress faded. It is precisely those potentialities of modern society to which progressive thought in the nineteenth century devoted almost no attention that now make a mockery of the earlier dream.

No one fully foresaw the mass state, the mass city, mass production, mass entertainment. No one foretold the sudden blowing up of the old market and seaport towns into monstrous "conurbations" packed as tight as ant heaps. The organization of factory life in factory towns, the coming of large-scale agriculture, the advent of total war — the significance of all these things lay below the horizon of confident nineteenth-century thought. Only a few prophets and seers — men of the stamp of a Thoreau or a Ruskin — could know by intuition to what belittling of man the coming of all these vastnesses might lead.

Institutions on such a scale were bound to pass beyond the capacity of ordinary individuals to control. The need to manipulate mass organizations called for new types of managerial technique. The civil servant, the executive director, the union leader, the party boss found that the threads of power were collecting in their hands. It was the power which in other contexts became the strangle hold on society of the Commissar and the secret police.

This concentration of power which now bears Burnham's title "the managerial revolution" can be understood by hindsight to be inseparable from the new techniques of industry and science. It was not foreseen and perhaps even we, with the evidence before us, can still be startled by at least one singular feature of our contemporary centralizing of authority. It has a phenomenally impersonal quality. Power has been seized in the past and tyranny is the oldest form of government. Such despots as Frederick Hohenstaufen even created bodies with a family likeness to the Black Shirts or the NKVD of modern times. But the brutality, the power, the flamboyance and display, were all intensely personal and the groups and organizations were subordinate to the astonishingly individual character of the prince or duke or *condottiere* they obeyed and served — or betrayed. The dictators of today are of a very different stamp. As Edmund Wilson has pointed out: "It is no age of authentic leaders in the departments of statesmanship or thought; Stalin and Hitler were produced by the swarm, in the manner of queen bees."

Confronted with these realities of a social order so alien to human personality and human freedom, men and women in this century have, not surprisingly, lost their sense of the old certainties. Science is known as both liberator and destroyer, the outcome depending upon the decisions of men to whose behavior science provides only the most unspecific clues. Trust in progress has undergone a similar modification. Progress in the sense of progression no one doubts, for society does not stand still. But the direction may be up or down. Perhaps one of the clearest statements of the changed attitude towards progress can be found in the *New Fabian Essays* recently published in Britain by members of the Fabian Society — the group that has long acted as the brains trust of the Labor Party. There Mr. R. H. S. Crossman writes: "So far from viewing history as a steady advance towards freedom, we should regard exploitation and slavery as the normal state of man and view the brief epochs of liberty as tremendous achievements." And in the same paragraph, Crossman throws overboard the basic materialism of so much earlier Socialist thinking when he says: "Social morals, freedom and equality do not grow by any law of economics or politics but only with the most careful cultivation." Material conditions cannot be relied on to produce the good life. Its achievement must depend upon the social conscience of an active minority, and this conscience will be dormant if

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reformers base their policy "on the materialist fallacy that material progress makes men either free or equal."

3

It is not only on the Left that the old dogmatisms have weakened. In Europe today there are only scattered remnants of the old crusading liberal faith. It is true that there has been a considerable revival of liberal economics since the war, with the old reliance on the market as an economic regulator and on competition. But this is not so much the revival of a philosophy as a revulsion against Nazi and Fascist — and Pétainist — state control, wartime economics, and socialist pressure. The remarkable point about the Liberal parties in Europe is their lack of philosophic principle and their dependence upon the Christian Conservative parties with which, in the main, they have formed coalitions. There is undoubtedly a good deal of hardheaded practical materialism in European business today. But it has no philosophical pretensions.

In fact, only in the United States does the old belief seem to survive that free enterprise is the source and not the product of free institutions. But this outlook cannot be accounted liberal in the nineteenth-century sense. A hundred years ago the liberals who demanded freedom for enterprise asked it as confidently for ideas, for education, for speech and publication. Confidence in progress and knowledge and scientific discovery accompanied the desire to limit government intervention in all spheres. Today, however, many of those who seek to limit state interference in business appear to welcome it in most other activities — particularly in the sphere of thought and education. In this they seem, therefore, to have taken on the old outlook of nineteenth-century conservatism with its deep distrust of popular enlightenment and its urgent drive for political conformity. The spirit is rather of Metternich than of Cobden or John Bright.

Perhaps the most obvious proof that the old dogmatisms are passing is in the reaction of both the Right and the Left, particularly in Europe, to what used to be the touchstone of politics — the question of state control of industry. The Socialist parties in Europe, in their last international manifesto, abandoned the aim of public ownership over the whole of the economy. Each issue, they decided, should be settled on its merits. In this, they were greatly influenced by the British Labor Party, whose second thoughts on nationalization are little short of revolutionary. The *avant-garde* of Labor thinking — the Fabians and the Socialist Union — both published statements last summer limiting the scope and importance of nationalization and attacking the notion that it is *the* central, essential fact of Socialist policy.

The important Labor parties of Scandinavia and Australasia have never put nationalization high on their programs. And the second thoughts in Britain are certain to have an effect in Asia. In such countries as India or Burma, state action will undoubtedly play a very large part in the future, since there is no large middle class of potential entrepreneurs upon whom free enterprise can be built up — another proof that free enterprise, far from creating freedom itself, can only exist under certain preexisting social and political conditions. But in the last eighteen months, both governments have underlined the need to coöperate with foreign enterprise, and in India the Minister of Commerce has even praised private British firms as models and pacesetters for local industry.

In spite of fervent affirmations to the contrary, supporters of free enterprise have also changed their ground. It is not simply that the established democracies of the free world fundamentally accept the idea of state-directed social welfare with all its ramifications. They believe, too, in state intervention to prevent catastrophic unemployment or to regulate the intricate problems of foreign trade.

It is also significant that the most conservative governments in Europe are those which are taking the lead in transferring Europe's iron and steel and coal — the whole basis of the economy — to a new type of public authority under the Schuman Plan. However much the old fight for and against the state may still haunt party platforms and programs, the substance of the disagreement has changed unrecognizably, the Right conceding the state more power, the Left withdrawing in alarm from excessive state control. The gap that remains is no more than experience, changing conditions, varying problems and pragmatic solutions can adjust. Dogma does not enter in.

Yet if all the landmarks — of certainty or dispute — have vanished, what is left? Are we reduced, as Matthew Arnold foresaw, to "a darkling plain . . . Where ignorant armies clash by night"? To a measure of darkness and confusion, we must be reconciled. It is the burden of the time. But there is more than that. If, eighty years ago, men of insight could sense the coming of disaster underneath the brilliant surface of their society, so today there seem to be signs of new thoughts stirring behind the implacable visage of this century. They are, in a sense, implicit in what has already been said about our disillusion and loss of certainty. Men lose faith and confidence because what has happened does not match with their ideals. But the ideals remain, as yardsticks, as judgments, and as clues to new lines of action and attack. It is where the disillusion is greatest that one may expect to trace the beginnings of a new approach.

The core of contemporary disillusion is the conspiracy of industrialism, nationalism, science, and mass communication to produce an inhuman order of society. Probably the really significant division

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in this age is no longer between Right and Left, or progressives and conservatives, or radicals and traditionalists. It is between those who, consciously or not, accept the new inhuman totalitarian order and those who do not.

This is by no means a straightforward division, for we know that the totalitarian order can be reached as well from the Right — via Nazism — as from the Left via Communism. We also know that men and indeed whole societies can fall into one type of totalitarianism by the very extremism of their resistance to another brand. Hitler's master card in the early thirties was anti-Communism. It is one of the most striking characteristics of so much anti-Communism today, particularly when conducted by ex-Communists, that it brings totalitarian energies, attitudes, and methods to the fight against totalitarianism. The literature written by many ex-Communists is full of such phrases as "total choice," "absolute crisis," and "historical necessity." It gives the nightmare impression of belonging to the thing it attacks.

Nor is this proneness to totalitarian infection simply a matter of ideology. There are men and women who are what one might call natural totalitarians — those whose passion for power and whose strength and ambition are satisfied, not repelled, by the opportunities for control and manipulation offered by modern mass organization and means of communication. In business, in trade union activity, within the civil service, they are the active agents of centralization and dictatorial control. A newspaper owner, for instance, who uses the megaphone which has been attached to his mouth by the extent of his publications in order to distort, twist, conceal, and manipulate the news or to lash up public moods of fear and violence is a totalitarian. A politician who exploits a radio personality to get mass hysteria on his side is a little Hitler. Trade union bosses who fake branch voting, business leaders who exploit a protected market to extort monopoly prices — they have the tinge of absolutism in them and contribute, like the hidden workers of a coral reef, to the building up, cell by cell, of an inhuman centralized mass society.

It is therefore of little use to apply existing labels to the new division in society. It cuts across them all and is itself, so far, without definitions or slogans. But it can perhaps be given body by an attempt to describe some of the policies which it seems to inspire and the principles upon which it appears to draw. Such a survey must inevitably be fragmentary and lacking in definition. Only hindsight gives certainty and the full vision. But even hints and premonitions are significant. The cloud no bigger than a man's hand at last brings the rain.

It was to the industrial worker that Marx looked for the revolt that would bring about the classless society, and although the development of the Western working class has very largely belied Marx's predictions, he was not wrong in foreseeing that their dissatisfaction and protest would play a central part in the development of industrial society. Without property, without stake in the community, exposed to the hazards of unemployment and to meaningless repetitive work, they were the anonymous units out of which the ant society seemed most likely to be built. It was in fact the unemployed workers of Germany who, in their millions, turned to Nazism and Communism after 1929.

4

In the free world, the belief that employment must be secured and better conditions created can be counted as one of the new imperatives in our thinking. Certainly, the techniques of maintaining high and steady employment had to be laid bare before the policy could be made a fact; and Lord Keynes's fruitful discovery of the limited measure of state intervention which can probably be relied upon to secure stable conditions has helped to blur the old dogmatic division between absolute state control and absolute laissez faire. In this sense, full-employment policies are an integral part of contemporary thought about society. Yet they are probably not the most significant. After all, a totalitarian society also is totally employed.

The most significant change is surely in the question of the worker's status. He must have work, he must have bread, he must have leisure, but all those can be secured under tyranny. The real problem is how, in an industrial order, to give him the status of a free and responsible man. From the so-called Right — in other words, from the capitalist order of America — has come the revolution in worker-manager relations of the last decade, a revolution incidentally almost ignored in Europe until the Marshall Aid authorities began to make it known. The belief that the plant itself can be a genuinely human community and that the worker can share in what Peter Drucker calls "the managerial attitude" is perhaps only at the beginning of its influence; but the interest in profit-sharing, in the association of the worker by bonuses and incentive schemes with increases in productivity, in the possibilities of joint consultation and in the general effort to make the ordinary citizen a shareholder in business enterprise — all this can no longer be dismissed as outside the main stream of American industrial practice.

Nor is the new approach confined to America. In France, officials of the Mutual Security Administration are carriers of the idea when they arrange loans to private industry only on condition that the workers share in the gains secured by increased productivity and that consultation and pension schemes are introduced. In Germany, the Conservative Government of Dr. Adenauer has introduced legislation to give permanent workers representation on the boards of management of major

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industries. In some states of Federal Germany, workers already have a 50 per cent representation.

Perhaps the most interesting confirmation of this development as a genuine trend in modern thinking lies in the evidence that, within the British Labor Party, there is movement in the same direction. In 1951, two outstanding younger leaders of the party, Mr. Hugh Gaitskell and Mr. James Callaghan, suggested profit-sharing as a possible alternative to nationalization. In the statements of principle published by the Fabians and by the Socialist Union this year, the reason the idea of "nationalization" as an end in itself was considerably modified lay in the fact that state ownership does not necessarily affect or improve the worker's sense of "belonging" and of playing a significant part in his daily work. Indeed, the Socialist Union now makes "responsible participation" the fundamental aim of left-wing policy in our growing managerial society.

5

The instrument of totalitarian rule has invariably been the state — the state, captured by a single party and making absolute claims first on its own citizens and then, where power allowed, on its neighbors. It is therefore not surprising that deeper reflection on the state and on its responsibilities is another thread in the web of this century's new thinking. The change in mental climate is naturally more noticeable on the Left, where acceptance of state action has long been almost automatic. There are many symptoms of this new approach — the interest in decentralization, the turning away from direct physical controls and planning to the more flexible methods of financial control, the decline in nationalization as a dogma. It implies no retreat from the belief that the power of government must be used purposefully for the welfare of the community. It does imply far more caution about the manner in which the power can best be exercised.

But in the matter of the sovereign state's external relations, it must be admitted that both Right and Left, conservatives and radicals, have all had in them a strong strain of absolutism. It is not only the totalitarians who accept no claims beyond those of their own nation-state. They may have pushed the notion of sovereignty to hideous lengths. But the exclusive rights of the sovereign nation has also been and still is a thoroughly democratic fallacy. May one not discern here too, however, the beginnings of a new trend of thought? One strand is the renunciation of imperialism in which Britain has been the pace-setter for the old colonial empires of Europe. Another is the urge towards federation, which is already producing its first concrete achievement in the pooling of Europe's iron and steel under the Schuman Plan — a movement which has undoubtedly owed much to American enthusiasm for the federal principle and the example, from the federal United States, of what benefits the federation of a wide area can bring in terms of prosperity, freedom of movement, extended horizons, and courage for new ventures.

Another strand in our new international thinking is the new sense of mutual interdependence which helped to create the Marshall Plan and may yet solve the problem of long-term equilibrium in international trade and make a fact of Western assistance to backward areas. The notion of each state being sufficient to itself and securing its own interests by unilateral action dies hard — just as, no doubt, five or six millennia ago, the primitive tribal instinct died even harder. But once the West had been forced to abandon the optimistic nineteenth-century confidence that each man and each nation, by serving his own interests, automatically served the good of all, there were only two roads ahead: either to assert the primacy of power and of selfish nationalism or to seek a system of cooperation. The totalitarians have chosen the former way. With confusion of mind and perturbation of spirit, the Western powers are edging towards the other.

These points of new growth in modern society still lack coherence and they have not yet been strikingly expressed either in a political program or in the full development of a masterwork — a book of the weight of a *Discourse on Method*, a *Wealth of Nations*, or *Das Kapital*. Indeed, it may well be that no strikingly original work will crystallize the new thinking since one of its most remarkable characteristics is its turning back to earlier ideas and older wisdom in the very process of trying to create a tolerable society in the post-atomic age. Somerset Maugham once remarked that "great ideas are too important to be new" and there is no doubt that, in strong reaction against the facile rationalism and naïve confidence in science and material progress of the last century, men are turning from institutions and abstractions — such as class, dialectic, conditioning, group interest, and all the jargon of superficial sociology — to the central and eternal problem of man himself.

After a century of interest in conditioning and environment — an interest which has added permanent insights to our knowledge of human behavior — the pendulum is swinging back to the human being upon whom the external influences go to work. He is profoundly affected by his society — but in turn it bears his mark, and the more men strive to overcome the anonymity and irresponsibility of mass civilization, the more urgently they have to consider the quality of the individual citizens in it. As the *New Fabian Essays* suggest: "Every economic system, whether capitalist or socialist, degenerates into a system of privilege and exploitation unless it is policed by a social morality which can only reside in a minority of citizens."

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Or, as a considerably shrewder observer of human nature once put it, "The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in ourselves" — not in our environment, our conditioning, our collective excuses for individual irresponsibility, but in the choice of our moral will.

If, however, the crucial importance of individual will and individual action is recognized again, there can be no escape from the further problem of how men are to be persuaded to accept social responsibility and to become the conscience of the community. In other words, how can society guarantee that supply of good men on whose integrity, generosity, forbearance, and charity the wholesomeness of the community depends? Bertrand Russell can say, on his eightieth birthday, looking back over a life spent in the vanguard of rationalist thought, "What the world needs is more charity, more Christian compassion, more love." But how are the springs of love to be unsealed? Self-interest is not the answer. Social conformity is not the answer. Education is only a part of the answer since, before you educate, you must know what principles are to be taught. Here is the last and fundamental break from nineteenth-century thinking. Neither material progress nor science nor environment automatically generates good men and women. How is it to be done?

It would be tempting to give the answer in terms of religion. It is true that Catholicism has recovered great influence in Europe and is one of the main forces behind the efforts at federation. It is also true that the British Labor Party has become steadily more aware of its Methodist roots. One can also point to notable conversions and to a far greater general interest in religious thought. But what seems still to be lacking is one of the fundamentals of any genuine religious revival — the sense of the need for help. There were as many honest men at the time of Augustus as there are today who said that only a revival of integrity and charity and *pietas* could save the Commonwealth. There were as many men then as now who accepted the Golden Rule and believed that men should be ruled by love. But it seems that they were more agonized and more despairing than we are at the capacity of man, as man, to pull himself up, as it were, by his own spiritual bootstraps, to shake off the weight of custom and sin and encrusted self-interest. So it was that the beginning of Christianity came, not as an injunction to "love one another," but as the tremendous news of God Himself coming to the rescue, dying and rising and conquering sin and death.

Of this type of awareness, our modern world shows not much trace. The revival of interest is in ethics rather than religion. It is the age of the Stoics, noble, well-intentioned, capable of immense good. We do not yet know whether humility will follow, and with humility, grace.

A LONELY LOTUS

by LORD DUNSANY

A WIND that wandered through Cathay
  Drifted a lotus seed aloft
And dropped it long before our day
  On to a mudbank warm and soft.
And ages turned the mud to clay.

And so a million years went by.
  And men appeared and found the seed
And underneath a western sky
  Have planted it, and the bloom freed
From earth and time rose up on high,
And opened, rivaling our rose.
  How feels it in that other clime
And other age, so far from those
  That knew it in the deeps of time
Where other vegetation grows,

I wondered. Till I chanced to find
  One day a faded photograph
Of some festivity designed
  Before this century, whereof half
Is fading out of sight and mind.

And in that group, so changed, was I.
  All in that moment I had known
How sighed that bloom, if blossoms sigh,
  To find, a flower all alone,
A million years had hurried by.

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CLARENCE B. RANDALL *has been with the Inland Steel Company since 1925, and since 1949 has been its President. He was invited by Paul Hoffman to be the Steel Consultant for ECA in its first year. This brought Mr. Randall into close association with the steel masters on the Continent and in Britain, and has enabled him to speak with more than usual authority for the American system of private enterprise. His book* A Creed for Free Enterprise *was published last summer under the Atlantic–Little, Brown imprint.*

STEEL: THE WORLD'S GUINEA PIG

by CLARENCE B. RANDALL

1

TIME was when steel was nothing more than an article of commerce, something produced in furnace, forge, and mill, and then sold for purposes of manufacture. In those days the steel master earned a hearty "well done" from his community when he gave his customers more steel and of better quality than he did the year before, without increase of price.

Beginning with 1900 the American economy demanded more and more steel, and always Pittsburgh, Chicago, Youngstown, and the other steel towns poured it out as needed; longer and heavier rails to carry the swelling output of the new factories, wider beams for bridges to span the rivers and harbors, and mirrorlike sheets so ductile that they could readily be formed into the streamlined bodies of our automobiles. And so it was to a lesser degree with world markets, and with our steel-making colleagues in Europe.

Then came the two World Wars. In the aftermath, turbulent social and political ideas have swept across the Western world. Reflect upon this extraordinary situation. West of the Iron Curtain, steel is basic to defense. General Ridgway's mission of furthering American security by strengthening the military resources of free Europe requires that steel production in the NATO countries be raised to the maximum and be held there; that the producers continue to bend every effort toward fulfilling their historic role of providing more tons and better quality year after year. One would suppose, therefore, that the steel masters would be urged on by every imaginable incentive. Even Russia does it that way. The Soviet steel masters get the best flats, the fastest automobiles, and the pick of the swank villas on the Black Sea.

Not so in the West, however. There, country by country, since the war, steel has been singled out as an amenable guinea pig. The producers of steel have invariably been harassed and coerced by bureaucracy, and in each case they have been expected to submit to some form of revolutionary social experimentation.

The three great areas of production for the free world are Great Britain, the continent of Europe, and the United States, and in each this pattern of social experimentation has been remorselessly repeated. Great Britain, which was first with nationalization, now follows with the separate and still disturbing problems of denationalization; on the continent it was the Schuman Plan, with its crossing of national boundaries; in Germany it was co-determination; and in the United States it was seizure.

Everywhere the grasping hand of government has been laid upon this basic industry in an atmosphere of high drama; everywhere all previous tradition has been broken in a revolutionary manner; everywhere the objectives sought have been political and not industrial.

In no case have the proponents of the government programs been men who have had experience in steel production: on the contrary, they have often been candid enough to declare that production is incidental. Their eyes glow with crusading zeal: they are intoxicated with the power which has suddenly come to them in the post-war world; and in their determination to test their new formulae for social welfare they turn to steel as the most convenient guinea pig. They have no understanding of the production of steel as such, no fear that what they do may affect the production curve. They blissfully assume that workers and management will continue to put forth their best efforts no matter what decrees are issued.

But at all this the harassed steel masters in the various countries grind their teeth and wonder why their industry must always be the one to be the pilot model; why the curse must always be

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laid upon furnace, forge, and mill; why steel must forever be the social laboratory. And thoughtful, disinterested students of public affairs, such as the social scientists in the universities, or men bearing great responsibilities in the military establishments, begin to wonder whether it is not high time to let the steel masters go back to making steel, high time to ask what happens to production that is so essential to security when private initiative is paralyzed by government interference, and fear substituted for ambition and imagination.

2

It began in England. Almost from the moment of their coming to power the Labor Party initiated a war of nerves against the steel industry. Nationalization of steel became the symbol of their objectives, the crowning achievement of generations of Fabian Socialism, the ultimate expression of socialist philosophy. All that remained to be done was the drafting of the law and the fulfillment of Parliamentary procedure; but since this required a period of months and years, it gave ample time for virulent speechmaking by party leaders, and for driving down the market price of the company shares.

Creeping paralysis followed in the privately owned and ably managed British steel industry, and expansion slowed down at the very time that Germany and the United States were leaping ahead. Private investors sold their steel shares if they could, and new capital ceased to flow into plant expansion. The British steel masters performed miracles of production with what they had, hoping to stave off disaster by a convincing show of efficiency, but it was at the expense of the future, and the iron ore mines and ships and mills which should then have been under active development were never started. Paralysis of capital set in when risk-taking was called for. Then some hundred companies were nationalized, their shares being forcibly transferred to a government holding corporation. The private investors were given government securities in exchange, which by many were promptly negotiated to acquire cash with which to buy shares in companies not yet threatened with nationalization. Thus the old values continued to shrink, and the direct unscrambling of the situation became impossible, notwithstanding the campaign pledges of the Conservative Party.

There followed a period of theoretical government operation. Actually the board of the government holding company included no single person who knew anything about the production of steel — a rather stark fact that no responsible military officer could overlook in planning future security in terms of this basic commodity. Not even the steel labor union would name a representative to the board, so unsympathetic were its officers and members to government ownership. Young men, the future leaders, left the industry and went elsewhere. But the older men stayed, and gallantly carried on to the best of their ability, even though their personal incentives had been almost completely wiped out.

Then came the White Paper. After months of delay that caused dismay to many, the Conservative Government announced its plans for denationalization. The White Paper is a document of but six printed pages, yet it will chill the heart of any thoughtful American who wonders whether this could happen here.

The road back from Socialism is rugged indeed. This pronouncement is no about-face, no sweeping return to the dynamism of private initiative and individual responsibility, but a political compromise written in the familiar terms of party expediency. In this matter the Socialists are still governing England even though they are the minority party. By one speech in Parliament the Labor Party made the forthright return of the British steel industry to private ownership impossible. They merely said to British investors, from whom risk capital must come, "Go right ahead and buy the new shares of the steel companies when offered to you by the Conservative Government; but remember, when we come back into power, as we surely will, we will take them away from you again, and at a lower price." That single speech was an insuperable roadblock on the trail back, and the flow of private capital was cut off.

So the Conservative Government compromised. They bought off the Labor Opposition with a proposal to establish new social controls over privately owned and operated companies so complete, so final in their ultimate potentiality, that hereafter no Labor cabinet need bother about ownership. They even retained the controversial levy, a means by which high-cost firms are subsidized at the expense of those which by superior management or more favorable location enjoy lower costs.

Returning to power, the Socialists could have all the control they seek without responsibility. So now it remains to be seen whether, regardless of personal incentive, the loyalty of the British steel masters to the flag is still equal to the task of producing more tons and better quality at lower cost in the years that lie ahead.

The continent of Europe was next, with the Schuman Plan. Conceived in the brilliant mind of Jean Monnet, announced to the world in 1950, and established as a functioning institution in Luxembourg in September, 1952, it called for the so-called pooling of all steel and coal resources, and the creation of a single market for those commodities within the six countries of Germany, France, Holland, Belgium, Luxembourg, and Italy. With certain minor exceptions, steel plants in these countries were privately owned, and production

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was a function of private capital and individual initiative. As thus organized great progress had been made since the war, comparing favorably on a percentage of increase basis with the tremendous expansion which took place in the same period in the United States. Yet suddenly the European steel masters find themselves under the control, not of their own bureaucrats, but of an international body endowed with supranational powers that may be enforced within a particular country without regard to that country's laws.

Actually, the persons who constitute the new High Authority are as individuals extraordinarily able men, who show an awareness of their great responsibility as pioneers in this awesome undertaking, and an inspiring sense of dedication to the public service. But as Americans we are committed to the principle of government of laws and not of men, and the prudent private investor who is asked to supply the capital for a new blast furnace in one of the Schuman Plan countries would want to know what the chances are that his investment would be safe from expropriation, direct or indirect, and whether he would be permitted to earn a fair return. He would know that scheming, selfish politicians often succeed the able men who are first appointed.

No man could answer those questions now. All Europe is waiting to see. And that includes Great Britain, which is sending a brilliant team of observers to Luxembourg under the leadership of Sir Cecil Weir.

The Schuman Plan treaty itself, which is the only document that could quiet the fears of the private investor and cause him to risk his money with enthusiasm, will leave him cold. It endeavors to steer a suave middle course between control, or what Europeans call dirigisme, on the one hand, and laissez faire on the other. It reflects compromise in every paragraph. For example, it denounces price agreements and other restrictive cartel practices in ringing tones, and then provides that the High Authority and the Council may declare an emergency and may fix prices and production quotas upon consultation with the industry. It is a political document, not a program for production.

Neither Jean Monnet nor his counterparts in the other governments have any interest in steel as such. They seek global objectives, possibly praiseworthy in themselves, and it is only by accident that steel was chosen as the subject for experimentation instead of textiles, or wine, or agriculture. There could be no stronger proof of this than the amazing fact that when the Schuman Plan Council of Ministers met for the first time in September the first item on their agenda had nothing whatever to do with either coal or steel, but was rather a call for a new plan for the political integration of Europe as a whole. One wonders whether the steel master is not to be the forgotten man of the Schuman Plan, and whether General Ridgway will find this reassuring in terms of the steel he needs for military security.

The United States is also waiting to see. Our government has appointed an acting chief of mission who is to establish himself in Luxembourg to observe the High Authority. What are his duties to be? If he observes something he does not like, what will he do about it? Are we to tell this new supranational body what it may or may not do? And does this acting chief of mission know anything about steel? Or care? Or is he, too, committed to the theory that the Schuman Plan exists for the advancement of political ideas to which production is strictly incidental?

One thing is certain. The United States should not finance the Schuman Plan. Not by a single dollar should we assume the moral obligation of endorsing this cosmic experiment, to say nothing of the $200 million Monnet is reputed to have requested in advance. Such a blank check would give synthetically to the High Authority a stature which it should earn the hard way, and would give it such power of life and death over individual enterprises that private initiative could not survive. Nationalization of steel in England would pale before the supranationalization that would follow on the Continent. No, Europe to survive must be strong in its own strength and wise in its own judgments. It must breathe its own free air, not heady draughts from an American oxygen tent.

3

While the Schuman Plan was in the planning stage, there was also shaping up in Germany the third case of social experimentation where again the steel industry was the guinea pig. Co-determination it is called, and all too few Americans have taken the trouble to inform themselves about it. It is the concept that responsibility for the administration of a particular company should be shared between labor and management through the medium of equal membership on the board of directors.

The long and tangled history of this proposal in Germany is too complicated to be discussed in detail here, but it may be said that German industry in the post-war period seems to have been ripe for its development. The two-fisted resistance which it would meet from American industrial leaders was lacking. German management was vulnerable. Steeped as they were in the tradition of the cartels, of closely held trade secrets, and of sharing rather than expanding existing markets, they feared the political power of the German labor unions. Over there, collective bargaining as we know it does not exist. The unions do little at the local level, and do not concern themselves particularly with economic questions, but press with great vigor for political and social objectives.

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Out of such a background the German state created this new social compromise in which private ownership is preserved in name, but with the substance greatly weakened. Every thoughtful American businessman would oppose it because we believe that production suffers from divided authority. We make one man the boss, but keep his job and all other management jobs open to the individual worker on merit.

Co-determination is again a political and social program which is being superimposed on industry without regard to what it does to production, and sooner or later the world will have to make up its mind which is the more urgent, politics or steel.

This brings us to the United States. Here during the steel strike, in a sudden move that shattered every tradition of the private ownership of property within the American form of government, the President purported to seize and take possession of every major steel plant in the United States. No South American dictator could have done it faster. I will not discuss the political motives which seemed to underlie that action. But the circumstances should be reviewed again and again in the minds of thoughtful citizens, and the full implication sensed in terms of their own lives and interests.

As in Europe, it was just by accident that it was steel. And when the average citizen does review those circumstances and reflect upon them, and when he compares them with government action in the European areas to which I have just drawn attention, he will sense in his heart a new respect, a new reverence for those inspired men who wrote the Constitution of the United States.

For myself, I happen to believe that when the history of our times is written it will be said that the turnaway from the paralysis of Socialism in our country came with the brave decision by Judge Pine. I feel certain that his words will take their place in the future beside those of Jefferson and Marshall. The tragedy is that in no other country in the world could that have happened. In Britain and the Schuman Plan countries the steel masters have been at the mercy of Parliamentary majorities and those temporarily in power. The redress afforded by our Constitution is denied them.

As I have thought about these four separate and simultaneous areas of social experimentation with steel, these four sudden and revolutionary intrusions of government into the same basic industry with reckless disregard for the consequences on production, at a time when so clearly production of steel is of paramount importance to the security of the free world, I have searched my mind for some common thread running through them. It is too early perhaps to attempt that, but one frightening thought does stand out. It is the doctrine of emergency as a source of power, and this seems to be the occupational disease of the present generation of politicians in all countries. It is the one universal language which they all speak.

In England the Labor Government proclaimed that a social emergency existed which not only justified but required the violent taking of enormous values in private property through the nationalization of steel. Their action was as far removed from Magna Carta and Runnymede in spirit as the post-war period was in point of time. Likewise, under the Schuman Plan a few men may enlarge their own powers almost indefinitely, without a new grant of power from their electorates, by simply declaring that a crisis exists. I admit that the treaty includes certain checks and balances, but in substance what I have just said is true. In the United States the President boldly declared that by his proclamation of an emergency, from which he asserted there was no appeal, he could enlarge his own powers. He based his action upon a military emergency (proven not to exist by subsequent events); but had that doctrine been sustained by the Supreme Court, the next step could just as easily have been seizure of the steel industry by the President to resolve a social emergency which he might have proclaimed.

In all this, freedom is at stake. In the name of freedom, the United States is putting forth the mightiest effort in our history, yet the world around, pious, well-meaning men, their eyes alight with the pursuit of ideals, are threatening freedom. Actually our economic effort at times supports their suppression of freedom. Having rejected, for example, the concept of authoritarian social and economic planning in our own country, we encourage and even demand it in Europe. We sometimes give positions of great responsibility in the field of aiding European production to men who have never themselves participated in production at home, and who are openly hostile to our way of doing it. I find this all very baffling.

To my simple mind these truths are fundamental. Steel is not rolled by a treaty, nor blast furnaces blown by bureaucrats. If the world needs high-quality steel, in great volume and at low cost, the job must be given to men who know steel. And society must create a climate in which men work hard because they want to. They must be given hope for their own futures.

The warning in all this for the American businessman is obvious. Whether we are in steel, or cosmetics, or candy, the time has come when we must know what is going on in the world, and appraise the significance in our own lives of the great events that are happening outside our immediate spheres. Far away no longer exists. What happens in Luxembourg today may influence what happens in Pittsburgh tomorrow.

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Turning Point

What first awakened Mahatma Gandhi to the humiliations imposed by their "masters" on "inferior" classes and races? The same problems which stirred Gandhi have long engaged BERTRAND RUSSELL, *the English author, philosopher, and mathematician. Earl Russell, who received the Nobel Prize in Literature in 1950, provides the third in our series dealing with the turning points that shaped the lives of famous men.*

MAHATMA GANDHI

by BERTRAND RUSSELL

1

MAHATMA GANDHI was unquestionably a great man, both in personal force and in political effect. He molded the character of the struggle for freedom in India, and impressed his own ideals upon the new governing class that came into power when the English went home. There is, at the present day, a general awakening throughout Asia, but the spirit and policy of India, thanks largely to Gandhi, remains very different from that of any other Asiatic country.

Gandhi, like some other great men, developed slowly. Quite extraordinary psychological acumen would have been necessary to discern his future in the shy youth who studied law, first in India and then in England. His autobiography contains a picture of him as he was in his early days in England, and there is nothing in it to suggest the future loincloth; on the contrary, his costume is faultlessly correct and would pass inspection by the "Tailor and Cutter" without any criticism.

Some of the characteristics that he displayed throughout his life were already in evidence at this time. He had a wide and unsectarian interest in religion, and listened to Christian teaching without hostility, though without acceptance. He had already that scrupulous honesty which later distinguished him. He had been married, as was the custom of this country, while still a schoolboy, but when he came to England he left his wife in India and was not generally known by his English friends to be married. He believed, rightly or wrongly, that a certain young lady was becoming interested in him, and he therefore wrote a long letter to her chaperone explaining his matrimonial position. He had been brought up to be a vegetarian on religious grounds, but his brother, who wanted to become "modern," induced him on a few occasions to taste meat. He found it made him ill, and he disliked the deceiving of his parents that was involved. He therefore reverted to strict vegetarianism before his journey to England. All through his life he attached an importance to questions of diet which it is a little difficult for most modern Europeans to understand. But although in England he observed as far as he could the customs in which he had been brought up, he did not become in any degree a rebel, and did not apparently encounter the kind of treatment by which rebels are created.

After a year or so in India, he went on professional legal business to South Africa, and it was there that events soon pushed him into the career which made him famous. He landed at Durban and had to travel to Pretoria. The incidents of this journey are treated vividly and precisely in his autobiography. He took a first-class ticket at Durban, and apparently the railway authorities had no objection to selling it to him. But after he had been in the train for some time, a railway official insisted that however much he might have a first-class ticket, he must travel in a third-class carriage. Gandhi refused to yield voluntarily, so he was pushed out of the train, which went on without him. He sat throughout the night in the station waiting-room, shivering with cold, because his overcoat was in the luggage of which the railway company had taken charge, and he would not ask of them the favor of being allowed to get it out.

"I began to think of my duty," he writes in his autobiography. "Should I fight for my rights or go back to India; or should I go on to Pretoria without minding the insults, and return to India after finishing the case? It would be cowardice to run back to India without fulfilling my obligation. The hardship to which I was subjected was only superficial. It was only a symptom of the deep disease of colour prejudice. I should try, if possible, to root out the disease and suffer hardship in the process. Redress for wrongs I should seek only to the extent that would be necessary for the removal of the colour prejudice. So I decided to take the next available train to Pretoria."

A part of his journey had to be done by stagecoach, as there was at that time no railway from the Natal frontier to Johannesburg. He had a ticket for the journey by coach of which the validity was not questioned, but as he was a "colored man,"

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the conductor of the coach considered that he could not be allowed to travel inside.

For a time he was allowed to sit next to the driver while the conductor sat inside, but presently the conductor decided that he wanted to smoke, and ordered Gandhi to sit on the floor of the roof. Gandhi describes the incident: "So he took a piece of dirty sackcloth from the driver, spread it on the footboard and, addressing me, said, 'Sammy, you sit on this, I want to sit near the driver.' The insult was more than I could bear. In fear and trembling, I said to him, 'It was you who seated me here, though I should have been accommodated inside. That insult I put up with. Now that you want to sit outside and smoke, you would have me sit at your feet. I refuse to do so, but I am prepared to sit inside.' As I was struggling through these sentences the man came for me and began heavily to box my ears. He seized me by the arm and tried to drag me down. I clung to the brass rails of the coach-box and was determined to keep my hold even at the risk of breaking my wrist-bones. The passengers were witnessing the scene — the man swearing at me, dragging and belabouring me, and I remaining still. He was strong and I was weak."

It is difficult to guess how this scene would have ended but for the intervention of some of the passengers, who apparently had some inkling of humanity. Thanks to them, Gandhi was allowed to remain where he was, and a Hottentot, who had been sitting on the other side of the driver, was made to vacate his seat for the conductor. The feelings of Hottentots about this incident remain for a future page of history.

He had some further adventures on the journey, but of a less dramatic sort. No good hotel would give him lodging, and it was only with some difficulty that he procured a first-class ticket from Johannesburg to Pretoria. This he did by writing a long letter to the stationmaster, and then appearing at the station so faultlessly dressed that the stationmaster observed, "I see you are a gentleman." If he had met Gandhi in later life, clad in his loincloth, he would not have been able to say this.

At this time, as Gandhi's reflections show, although he was outraged by the color prejudice that he encountered, he had no conception of general human equality. He was aware of himself as an educated man, a man whose family in their own country had a certain social prominence. He was rendered indignant by the fact that all Hindus in South Africa were called "coolies," however little they might work with their hands. He had not yet thought of Negroes as having the same right to equality as he was claiming for himself, and at first he was not particularly interested in the wrongs of Indian indentured laborers. It was only step by step, through a number of years, that his outlook on human affairs developed to the point where the untouchables became his main preoccupation. I think, however, that the indignities which he suffered on this first journey in South Africa were what first awakened him to the intolerable humiliations to which classes and nations which are deemed "inferior" are subjected by the insolence of their "masters." I should therefore judge that it was this journey which was the turning point in Gandhi's life.

2

Gandhi returned to India in 1896, and while in India he gave large publicity to the bad treatment of Indians in South Africa. What he had to say on this subject was quoted in many Indian newspapers and brought him into contact with Indian leaders. This agitation had repercussions in South Africa, where the white population became filled with fury against Gandhi. His Indian friends in South Africa telegraphed to him to return to that country, which he did. All sorts of measures were adopted to prevent him from landing. First the ship on which he had come was kept in quarantine for a long time, without any medical justification. Then he was warned not to land with the other passengers, but to slip ashore surreptitiously after dark. He would not do this. His refusal nearly cost him his life. His own account in his autobiography is so vivid that it must be quoted: —

"The number of persons present about the wharf was not larger than what is to be usually seen there. As soon as we landed some young lads saw us. As I was the only Indian who wore a turban of a particular type, they at once recognized me, and began to shout, 'Here's Gandhi! Here's Gandhi! Thrash him! Surround him!' and they came up towards me. Some began to throw stones. Then a few older Europeans joined the boys, and gradually the party of rioters began to grow. Mr. Laughton thought that there was danger in our going on foot. He therefore beckoned for a rickshaw. Up to now I had never sat in a rickshaw, as it was thoroughly disgusting to me to sit in a vehicle pulled by human beings. But I then felt that it was my duty to use that vehicle. Five or six times in my life I have experienced that one whom God wished to save cannot fall even if he will. If I did not fall at that moment I cannot take any credit for it to myself. These rickshaws are pulled by Zulus. The older Europeans and the young lads threatened the rickshaw puller that if he allowed me to sit in his rickshaw they would beat him and smash his rickshaw to pieces. The rickshaw boy therefore said 'Kha' (No), and went away. I was thus spared the shame of a rickshaw ride.

"We had no alternative now but to proceed to our destination on foot. The mob followed us. With every step we advanced, it grew larger and

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larger. The gathering was enormous when we reached West Street. A man of powerful build caught hold of Mr. Laughton and tore him away from me. He was not therefore in a position to come up with me. The crowd began to abuse me and showered upon me stones and whatever else they could lay their hands on. They threw down my turban. Meanwhile a burly fellow came up to me, slapped me in the face and then kicked me. I was about to fall unconscious when I held on to the railings of a house near by. For a while I took breath, and when the fainting was over proceeded on my way. At that time I had almost given up any hope of reaching home alive. But I remember well that even then my heart did not arraign my assailants."

He was saved from further injury, perhaps even from death, by the wife of the Superintendent of Police, whose name was Mrs. Alexander. She had been a friend of his before, and insisted upon walking beside him so that the mob, even with the worst will in the world, could not injure him much without injuring her too, which they did not wish to do. Finally the police heard what was happening, and escorted him to the police station. From there he reached his destination without further injury.

It was not until many years later that Gandhi became in any general sense a rebel against authority. At the time of the Boer War he did war work for the British, and justified his doing so on the ground that Indians owed something to British protection. He argued at this time that "the authorities may not always be right, but so long as the subjects own allegiance to a State, it is their clear duty generally to accommodate themselves, and to accord their support, to acts of the State." He did not think that arguments as to the injustice of the British case in the Boer War justified a British subject in disobedience, or even in an attitude of passivity. Many things are surprising in Gandhi's development, and this is certainly one of them.

3

Gandhi possessed every form of courage in the highest possible degree. We have already seen his courage in facing the Durban mob. He showed another sort when, shortly after the end of the Boer War, the pneumonic plague broke out. The pneumonic plague, as everyone knows, is even more deadly and even more infectious than the bubonic plague, but without a moment's hesitation Gandhi devoted himself to the care of the victims, and did everything in his power for them until the outbreak had been adequately coped with. He was not under any kind of official obligation to do this work. I think that few men would have behaved with the wholehearted and immediate devotion which he displayed on this occasion.

The Boer War and its aftermath give more occasion for cynical disillusionment than most events in British history. The war was brought on by the intrigues of moneygrubbing financiers, who spread a network of corruption that descended far down in the social scale. It was fought by the British, first with incompetence and then with inhumanity. It was in this war that concentration camps were invented. Boer women and children were taken to these camps, where they died in large numbers of enteric fever, brought on by the sanitary carelessness of the authorities.

Throughout the war two arguments had been used by the British Government to mitigate its imperialistic character. It was said that the Boers treated non-Europeans very much worse than the English colonists, and it was said that when the war was ended, British miners would find lucrative employment in the mines of South Africa. The British Government, however, decided that Chinese indentured labor would be cheaper than the labor of British miners. A great wave of popular indignation swept out of power the Government which had introduced Chinese labor. Those who had voted for the Liberals imagined that a victory had been won. The Chinese, it is true, were sent back to China, but their place was taken by Indian indentured labor. At the same time legislation was introduced to make the position of Indians in South Africa worse than it had been. At first the British Government refused to sanction this legislation, but very soon it granted self-government to the Transvaal, a measure which was universally hailed as a "noble gesture," and as allowing to the brave Boers the enjoyment of that liberty for which they had fought so well.

The brave Boers immediately saw to it that only they should enjoy the blessings of liberty. The oppressive measures which the British Government had refused to sanction were immediately carried, and the British Government no longer dared to use its legal power to veto. The country had been made safe for mineowners and slave drivers, and the vanquished had been generously granted permission to persist in their slave-driving. This was the situation with which Gandhi had to contend.

The Transvaal Government was faced with a dilemma which generally confronts governments in such a situation. On the one hand cheap colored labor was very convenient, while on the other hand there was a general hatred of Asians, and a desire, so far as possible, to have no non-Europeans except Negroes. With this end in view, acts were passed to compel a sifting of Indians, with a view to diminishing their numbers and to reducing those who remained to a much more subservient condition. Gandhi led the opposition, and it was in this campaign that he first developed the method of *Satyagraha.*

The essence of this method, which he gradually

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brought to greater and greater perfection, consisted in refusal to do things which the authorities wished to have done, while abstaining from any positive action of an aggressive sort. If the police could be provoked into brutalities, so much the better, but those who were brutally treated were to submit to the treatment with complete passivity. The method always had in Gandhi's mind a religious aspect. He came gradually to object more and more to violence, while at the same time preaching, with ever greater emphasis, the duty of not resisting violence with violence. As a rule this method depended upon moral force for its success. The authorities found it intensely repugnant to persist in ill-treating people who did nothing whatever in self-defense.

The method was, however, subject to two limitations. One of these, which led Gandhi to what he called a "Himalayan blunder," was the likelihood that excited crowds would be carried away and would forget to observe the limitations that Gandhi endeavored to impose. On some occasions in India Europeans and policemen were killed by the infuriated mob — occasions when the first impulse had come from Gandhi, but he was unable to restrain the subsequent fury. The other limitation to which the method is subject is one which did not arise either in South Africa or in India, but certainly would have arisen if the method had been employed against Nazis or Russian Communists. If the authorities are sufficiently brutal, they can exterminate nonviolent resisters without experiencing that moral repugnance from their acts which in the end paralyzed the British in India. During the Second World War, for example, disciples of Gandhi would lie down on the rails of railways and refuse to move. English drivers would not run over such men, and the result was that railway traffic was paralyzed. I cannot think that if the drivers had been Nazis and the men on the rails had been Jews, the result would have been the same. But in the circumstances with which Gandhi had to deal, his method was capable of bringing successes that probably no other method would have brought.

Take, for example, the "battle" which occurred during the campaign against the salt tax, which was described by an eyewitness, Webb Miller, in an account of which the following is a summary: "The raid which Gandhi had planned on the salt-pans at Dharsana was now carried out by 2,500 volunteers, led by his second son, Manilal. Before they advanced, Mrs. Naidu led them in prayer and appealed to them to be true to Gandhiji's inspiration and abstain from violence. 'You will be beaten, but you must not resist; you must not even raise a hand to ward off blows.' Round the depot a barrier of barbed wire had been erected and a ditch dug. As the first picked column of the volunteers went forward, police officers ordered them to disperse; they still advanced in silence. Suddenly scores of police fell upon them and rained blows on their heads. Not one man so much as raised his arm to fend off the blows. Soon the ground was carpeted with the prostrate bodies of men writhing in pain, with fractured skulls or broken shoulders, their white clothes stained with blood. Then a second column advanced, without wavering, knowing well what awaited it. There was no struggle; the volunteers simply marched forward until they, too, were struck down. Now the tactics were varied. Groups of twenty-five men advanced, sat down and waited. As they sat, the enraged police fell upon them, beat them on the head and kicked them in the abdomen or the testicles. Some were dragged along the ground and thrown into the ditches. Hour after hour this went on, while stretcher-bearers removed the inert, bleeding bodies. Over three hundred casualties were taken to hospital with fractured skulls and other serious injuries; two died. Mrs. Naidu and Manilal Gandhi were arrested."

This sort of thing filled every decent English person with a sense of intolerable shame, far greater than would have been felt if the Indian resistance had been of a military character.

There was, of course, also an opposite effect. The police and some of the British authorities in India were rendered furious as a reaction from their own shame, and became more brutal than they would have been against less passive opponents. But this was not the effect that was produced at a distance by those who read of what was being done. English people who were not familiar with India, and had no direct financial interest in maintaining the British raj, felt that something must be done to put an end to such atrocities. General Dwyer, who at Amritsar ordered soldiers to fire for ten minutes upon a packed, peaceful mob, unable to escape, killing many and wounding many more, was recalled, and a Conservative Government even went so far as to deprive him of his pension. It is true that he had a number of admirers who presented him with a large sum of money and a Sword of Honor, but this did not represent average British feeling. People who were neither exceptionally rich nor exceptionally brutal began in the end to feel that if British rule could be preserved only by such methods, then it was not worth preserving.

But all this belongs to the later stages of Gandhi's career. To return now to South Africa, the next large campaign in which he was involved concerned the three-pound tax which was imposed upon identured laborers when the period of their indenture terminated. Very few of them possessed three pounds, and if they were unable to pay the tax, it was remitted on condition of their serving a new period of indentured labor. This meant in practice for most of them that they had uninten-

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tionally and unwittingly incurred a life sentence. The conditions of indentured labor were semiservile, and by means of this tax it was transformed by a trick from being temporary to being probably permanent. The agitation which Gandhi conducted against the poll tax was spectacular, and had the political merit of bringing the indentured laborers into the campaign. Gandhi induced them to strike and to undertake a long march, in the course of which he himself was arrested. The movement was so successful as to produce a state of economic paralysis which compelled the Government to capitulate. After this, the South African authorities behaved with a modicum of decency and enlightenment until Gandhi was dead.

4

Gandhi's successes throughout his career depended upon a combination of deep religious conviction and astute political insight. He was immovable when he was certain that one of his many moral principles was involved. He was flexible whenever there was negotiation within the limits of his principles. When his followers got out of hand and practiced violence that he could not countenance, he would punish himself by a fast. And as his devoted adherents imagined him becoming daily more emaciated and risking death on account of their misbehavior, they inevitably repented and, like naughty children, promised not to do it again. His motive in all this was religious, but the effect was to reveal his power upon the whole movement that he had created. Who could venture to disobey a revered and beloved leader who would inflict upon himself suffering, and perhaps death, in expiation of the sins of others? It was a perfect technique, but it was perfect because in his own mind it was not a technique, but obedience to the dictates of duty.

Gandhi's moral sense had various aspects that are strange to most modern Europeans. Matters of diet had an importance to him which is a little puzzling. In the midst of events of the most enormous importance, it would occur to him that he ought not to eat salt or pulse, and he would feel about this with the same earnestness that he felt about the fate of India. For example, he took a vow against milk, but once, when he was very ill, the doctor said he would die unless he took milk. His wife pointed out to him that the word he had used in his vow applied only to the milk of the cow or the buffalo, and did not include the milk of the goat. It was therefore permissible for him to drink goat's milk. He was aware that his death would be a loss to India, and on this ground he allowed himself to accept his wife's argument, although it appeared to him somewhat sophistical.

His own account of this matter is as follows: "The will to live proved stronger than the devotion to truth, and for once the votary of truth compromised his sacred ideals by his eagerness to take up the *Satyagraha* fight. The memory of this occasion even now rankles in my breast, and fills me with remorse, and I am constantly thinking how to give up goat's milk. But I cannot yet free myself from that subject of my temptations, the desire to serve which still holds me."

Many modern Europeans will have difficulty in understanding his motives for the vow of complete chastity in marriage which he made at a time when he was trying to help the Zulus who were being persecuted for what the Government chose to call a "rebellion." He felt, so he tells us, that he could not be wholehearted in his work, or have all the strength of endurance that it demanded, unless he gave up the joys of family life. This attitude was common in the early Church but now, to a European, feels somewhat strange. Probably for him the decision was a right one. He did and endured things which it is very difficult to do and endure. In spite of bad health, he continuously risked his life by fasts and other hardships. It may be that no less absolute devotion would have enabled him to achieve the great measure of success which he did finally achieve. As to this, no one except himself could be the judge. However that may be, it is impossible to understand him psychologically so long as we think of him in purely modern terms. To build him up psychologically from European ingredients we must make a combination of early Christian saints with medieval ecclesiastics, adding to both, however, something of the sweetness of St. Francis.

For India, which is not a modern country, his character and his religion were what was needed. A more modern-minded man, for example, could not have been nearly so successful in the campaign on behalf of the untouchables. But while his memory deserves to be revered, it would be a mistake to hope that India will continue to have the outlook that to him seemed best. India, like other nations, has to find her place in the modern world, not in the dreams of a bygone age. His work is done, and if India is to prosper, it must be along other roads than his.

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An Atlantic "First"

A STORY

Mother of three children and grandmother of two, BELLE F. WINESTINE *began writing fifty years ago. After her graduation from the University of Wisconsin, she was a reporter on a daily Montana newspaper and then manager and editor of a weekly newspaper. "I have two unproduced plays," she writes us, "an unpublished book, half a dozen unpublished children's books (written for my grandchildren), and scores of unpublished stories." But here is one story the* Atlantic *is proud to publish.*

THE SPRAINED ANKLE

by BELLE F. WINESTINE

MADAME had gone down in the lift only an hour ago, looking like a full-in-bloom flower on a short stem. She was a trifle wrinkled, but still looked ready to meet the world's demands. She was a very small woman, very small; but she pushed her gray head up high, and she walked like a very large person, with steps that told you her feet were firmly on the ground. Assured and challenging to look at, even though she must be a very, very old woman — perhaps fifty or sixty years.

She had smiled and said "Shalom" to me, to let me know she could speak a little *Ivrit*, if only that one word; and she was pleased as an Arab who has just been given a present of five camels when she learned I could speak and understand the English of the United States. In that ride of thirty seconds down in the lift, we became true friends, and she felt, I could see, that she could depend on me, come *hamsin* or frostbitten orange groves.

Me, I am Moishe. I was not born in Israel; I am not one of those *sabras* who feel indestructibly that they made Israel with their own entrails and their own wits and a few small weapons (though I did carry messages of importance twice during the War of Independence, and performed several risky services, just to have a toe under the structure of the new country). I am only one who came six years ago with many other children who also no longer had parents, and who out of a bad dream and weeks of floating in a leaky, crowd-pushing ship, one day stretched out a foot and found under it earth in which to take root and bloom into prophets. The City of the Children became my home and my school; and in my play and my study I sometimes remembered my old pink-cheeked *Bubba* affirming her belief that I was born to be a great man.

Now I am sixteen, and I am called in occasionally as an extra in this fine hotel in Jerusalem, paging the guests who have no telephone in their rooms, and sometimes running the lift for Avram, who is also an extra. Avram is almost twenty, a big fellow; he has business with a man at the gas station down below Julian's Way and must be absent at odd times for half an hour or so. I do not yet wear the white wool coat of the older employees of the hotel, but I do have a fine short blue coat with a little point in the center of the back and gold braid on the collar and twenty-three brass buttons down the front. I do not look like a prime minister or a prophet, but I am attending the University during the season, and I am on the way.

It was already night when Madame strode out of the hotel, and now, an hour later, I beheld her entering by the great revolving door at the entrance of the lobby, leaning completely on the arm of her taxi driver and looking yellow as a little faded apricot and full of pain. One foot she held in the air and the challenge was no longer on her face. She was shaking badly. Avram, who had just returned from his conference down the street, and had removed his coat which he always threw over his uniform when he went out on unofficial business, rushed to Madame's other side and, sharing her small weight, tried to help her to the lift.

"*N'est-ce pas!*" Madame said to Avram through teeth locked with pain. "*Nicht!* Please call Moishe. He will understand English."

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"I, too, understand English," Avram said in his most to-an-ambassador manner.

Madame was not listening. "Call Moishe," she panted. "He will understand."

But already I had rushed to her side, while Avram looked at me in a not friendly way and Madame, with her arms still linked in the driver's and Avram's arms, held out to me the big leather bag she carried, and said, "Moishe, ask the man how much is the taxi, and pay him. The money is in the little red purse inside."

I felt suddenly swollen, like a Minister of Finance handling other people's money, giving out from uncountable millions coins for this, coins for that, with neither personal regret nor enthusiasm. I opened the bag. In my feeling of sudden largeness I could see only a quantity of many, many small things, packed tightly together like the wrinkled black Greek olives squeezed against each other and against the walls of the keg that contains them. Even through her pain Madame could see my confusion. "Feel around," she said, her teeth knocking together, while a small crowd gathered around us. "Feel around and you will find it."

"Feelaround" was something I had not learned in the English language, and I felt I was betraying the responsibility Madame placed in me, especially as Avram seemed to be having difficulty in not taking the bag from my hands.

"What is the fare?" I said to the driver. Somehow in moments of great crisis wisdom suddenly wraps itself around you and you understand that the world is created with reasonableness.

"One pound, twenty," the driver said, still supporting his half of Madame and eager to be off to another fare.

I put my hand in my trouser pocket. One pound, twenty, is no small amount. How would I be carrying so much? In this hotel of ours, there is a service charge on the guest's bill instead of tips. But occasionally a guest will give you a piece of chocolate or even a money tip if you have performed the paging with perfection; and as wisdom comes to pull you out of a dark situation, so the reasonableness of creation sees to it also that you leave the entire week's tips in your pocket (if you are not Avram), and I drew from my pocket 132 piastres.

"It can be charged on Madame's bill," said the Information Clerk; but I handed the driver a pound and twenty, and after a swift debate in my mind should I tip him or should I not, I decided it is not for a Minister of Finance to give tips. "We can settle it another time," I said to Madame, and closed her bag. In this moment of intoxication, I did not care if we settled it or not. The taxi driver turned his half of Madame over to me and left.

"Is there a doctor in the hotel?" Madame asked at large.

"We will call one instantly, Madame," the Information Clerk said, separating himself and his white wool coat from the group around us. "He will be at your room in a few minutes."

"Or a few hours," Avram said under his breath.

The little crowd parted, and with Madame hopping on one foot and bearing down on Avram and me in tiny jerks across the lobby, we went to the lift and up to Madame's floor.

When we got Madame out of the lift, Avram said to me in *Ivrit*, "Her room is way down at the other end of the corridor. It is long walk. I think I will pick her up and carry her." Avram is a very big man, and it would be no more to him than carrying a sack of corn. I, I am on the short side and the muscles of my arms and back do not yet cover my bones like Avram's. But a resistance took hold of me, that Avram should take over the entire situation, and I said swiftly, also in *Ivrit*, "No. That she would not like. We will clasp hands like a chair, and together we will carry her down the corridor."

I explained to Madame how we would manage, and she sat on our hands and put her arms about our necks, and with Avram bending almost double to equalize her position, we proceeded down the hall to her room. Madame drew her key out of her upper clothing, Avram unlocked the door with one hand, and we carried her in and set her on her bed. She looked so like an injured small hen we could not think of leaving her, though at the other end of the corridor the lift button was buzzing.

"There is aspirin on the shelf over the washbowl," Madame said with weariness. "Please bring it with a glass of water."

"Pardon, Madame," Avram said, "you shall not take aspirin before the doctor arrives. You shall be able to tell him where the pain is when he pushes the foot." I had not credited Avram with so much medical wisdom. I think he is wasting his time on the lift.

2

We stood there, Avram and I, and waited for the doctor. Madame sat on the bed, her costly hat at a slope over her left face, her small brown-spotted hands clutching the edge of the mattress, her injured foot stuck out in front of her, bulging like a stuffed pillow over her shoe. I had a profound impulse to straighten Madame's hat, but at the other end of the hall the lift button was still buzzing.

"Go," Avram said to me, "and hang the sign on all the floors."

I did not like to leave, but we could not let the buzzing continue, lest the manager come to see what was keeping two of us off the lift at one time. I ran back up the hall and took all the cards from behind the door of the lift and hung "Out of Order" on all the floors where the lift makes its ups and downs. Then I hurried again to Madame's room. As I passed the wide marble stairway a small worried man with spectacles and a square little

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canvas bag was climbing with heavy breathing up the thick pink carpet of the steps.

"You are the doctor?" I asked him.

"I am the doctor," he sighed. His gray hair stood out in moist little spears around his brown, wrinkled face.

When he achieved the last step, I led him down the corridor and into Madame's room. Madame was still shaking, and tears of relief came to her eyes when she saw I was bringing the doctor.

The doctor stood in front of her for a small moment saying nothing. There was not very much of him, except folds of brown skin around his drooping eyes, and folds also hanging down his cheeks like a small worn-out rhinoceros. His coat also hung in folds and was of no particular color.

"Now tell me quietly, if you can," he said like a father talking to a very young child, "what has happened to you."

"This!" Madame stuck out her foot still farther toward the doctor, her teeth clicking together like castanets. "I called on a friend," she said finally, in careful, slow words as though she felt he could not possibly understand the English. And then she turned to me. "Tell him," she said to me, "I called on my friend who lives maybe ten blocks away. I finished our conversation. I called a taxi. I said 'Good night.' I went alone down the outside stairway to the garden gate. And when the handrail stopped, I thought it was the end of the stairs. It was black dark. And I stepped off toward a gate at the side. But it was not the bottom of the stairs. It was only a landing. And I dropped two or three feet down in the darkness, standing on my ankle instead of on my sole. It was terrible pain. I think I spoiled her roses."

All this time Madame was talking to me and the doctor listened with great patience and no resentment like Avram's at Madame's assumption that he could not speak English.

"And how long have you been shaking like this?" the doctor asked, carefully removing Madame's shoe, of which the fine leather had become very scratched in her falling. And the nylons! The nylons were worthless to give even to the Persian chambermaid.

"Well—" Madame thought a long time as though to be very accurate, like just so much folding of eggs into a *cholla* that should not spoil. "It began maybe three, four minutes after I fell. Then the taxi came."

"You tried walking on it?" The doctor was feeling the ankle with tenderness all around. "How did you get to the taxi?"

"He carried me, the driver," Madame said, as though there could be no other way. "I cannot seem to stop shaking. It goes on by itself."

The doctor was pushing the puffy foot this way and that. "Yes," he said. "The tendons have been torn from the bone. It causes a shock, a sudden drop in the blood sugar. You will eat a little sugar or a little candy, and the shaking will stop in a few minutes. The blood picks up the sugar quickly." I could see Avram taking in all this and almost completing his medical education with it.

Madame was looking up at the doctor with eyes like a camel that waits to be told what next to do.

"You have some sugar? Or some candy?" the doctor asked.

Ready in the emergency, Avram reached in his pocket and drew out two small squares of sugar neatly wrapped in a worn piece of yellow paper. The squares of sugar he had doubtless borrowed from the bar absent-mindedly. He unwrapped the sugar and offered one to Madame.

"You are a very good boy," Madame said to him carefully, as if to penetrate the thick wall between his language and hers.

"Take! Take!" Avram said.

Madame looked at the paper on which the two cubes lay, noting that the paper had become demoralized in Avram's pocket, also a little of the sugar. "Take!" Avram said again, and with his long, bony finger and thumb, his little finger curled with elegance, he picked up a piece of sugar from the paper in his hand and placed it to Madame's mouth. She opened her pinched lips and the thing was accomplished.

"You have aspirin?" the doctor asked Avram.

"*Ken*," Avram said, his *Ivrit* conquering his English in the swift plans going on in his head. "We have aspirin." He stepped to the running hot-and-cold in the corner of the room and swept half a dozen small bottles into his very large palm-hand, with his big thumb curling out like an acanthus leaf. He offered them to Madame. Madame, without study, picked out the correct bottle, shook out a pellet, and Avram restored the bottles to the hot-and-cold shelf. He turned on the cold and brought to Madame a glass of water.

"It has not been boiled," Madame said, protesting with weakness against what she knew was soon to be another accomplished fact. She swallowed the pellet.

"Now," said the doctor, himself going over to the hot-and-cold, "we will put on a compress." He took Madame's two towels from the rack and held the small one under the running hot. "You will remove the stocking," he said over his shoulder.

Avram made a move to assist, but Madame with skill and delicacy made three little pinches through her clothing and released the supports and pushed down the now extinct nylon. The whole foot was puffed out plenty and was turning purple. Avram watched with the eyes of a medical student searching for a short cut to somebody else's health. His eyes were frowning and his lips were drawn back from his teeth, ready to wince for Madame if the doctor caused her pain.

"This will feel good," the doctor said, approach-

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ing with the wet towel. "Not hot. Not cold. Simply moist. It removes the swelling and the pain. A few drops of alcohol we must sprinkle on it. You have —?"

Automatically Avram's hand went to his hip pocket, then slowed reluctantly. Madame watched him, with hope in her eyes. He slowly drew from his pocket the small individual bottle of brandy he had also borrowed from the bar and poured its contents into Madame's empty water glass. Madame was about to raise it to her lips.

"Not for drinking," the doctor said. "For the compress." He dipped his fingers into the liquid and sprinkled a few drops on the moist compress. "It helps with the pain," he said, and wrapped the compress around Madame's foot. Avram's hand went involuntarily toward the glass with the remaining liquor, and then fell defeated to his side. A look of not letting yourself do what you most want to do nested in his eyes.

The doctor covered the moist towel with the dry one. "Now you will get to bed quickly," he said with tenderness, "and you will sleep good. You have something to sleep?"

"Nembutal?" Madame asked the doctor. She was still shaking like an Arab caught stealing three Israeli cows.

"Good. Nembutal is excellent," the doctor said. Madame took the proper bottle from Avram and shook out one pellet, and Avram brought again unboiled water from the cold, and she drank without question.

The doctor picked up his case and turned to Madame. "You will rest tomorrow. If there is still too much pain I will make an appointment for you to go to the X-ray specialist."

Madame turned to me. "Tell him 'Thank you.' He is very kind," and before I could tell him, she turned to the doctor. "What do I owe you, Doctor?" she asked, pulled into action by necessity.

"Five pounds," he answered her promptly. I could see Avram making up his mind to be a doctor.

"In my bag," Madame said to me. But Avram had already picked up the bag from the bed and, opening it, entirely brave by what it included, turned it upside down on the bed. He picked out the small red leather pocketbook and, with considerable restraint for him, handed it to Madame. Madame snapped it open, looked at its many rolled-up contents, and handed it back to Avram. "Give the doctor five pounds," she said with great tiredness.

Avram took out paper notes rolled around like many layers of strudel, and separated from them five pounds which he handed to the doctor with a gesture of paying off the National Debt, which in Israel is no small thing. Then he gathered up the belongings of the bag, which lay on Madame's crimson feather-bed, and stuffed them back into the bag. I do not know if Avram will cut a great melon in the world; he is already twenty and has not yet attained the white wool coat of the lobby staff. But this I can say: when it comes to giving out to the helpless, he will not be the last one in the queue.

The doctor placed the five pounds in his wallet, pretending there had been no money transaction to decrease his scientific knowledge, placed his card with his address and telephone number on the little table beside the bed, and, bowing to Madame, left the room.

3

Madame was shaking almost not at all by this time, and I was about to ring for the maid to put her to bed, when Avram prevented by saying in *Ivrit*, "The maid speaks only French, German, Arabic, and Rumanian. No English. We can manage this by ourselves."

"Madame speaks German and French. She told me herself."

"Yes, German and French when she is healthy to summon words. But injured, she speaks only English." He went to the wardrobe and, opening the door, selected a small garment which he judged to be a bathrobe, and tossed it on the bed. Then he lifted the pillow from Madame's bed and took from under it the folded-up pale lacy night clothing of Madame, possibly nylon. Avram's long fingers clutched it a swift moment before he tossed it on the bed beside the robe. You could see his eyes picking up the pounds he could get for such a priceless tidbit in Israel, and then denying himself the numerical amusement of such a deliberation.

In Madame's state of weariness perhaps the aspirin and the Nembutal were already encroaching upon her, for she stared into the air as though she could go no farther.

"Pardon, Madame," Avram said gently, "we will assist you somewhat." He searched delicately around and released a zipper here and there. One suspected Avram has had experience in these things. Then throwing the small robe about Madame's shoulders like a cape, he somehow disrobed the top half of Madame without seeming to look at her.

"The other stocking, Madame, if you will release, please," he said, taking off Madame's other fine-made shoe. Madame twisted a bit and gave little pinches through her lower clothing, and the scratched-up nylon slid down along the good limb, and Avram drew it off.

"Place the arm on my shoulder," Avram told Madame, "and try to stand a moment on the good foot, and we will draw off the dress." He said it with such quiet, fatherly reason that Madame did as she was told. Avram held the robe about Madame's stature and, nodding at her skirt, said to me, "Pull!"

The garment came off in one piece, which was a

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pleasant knowledge to place on my list; and without further instruction, Avram picked Madame up in his arms, I lifted the covers from the bed, and Avram placed Madame between the sheets. We covered her up and placed her bag on the little table next to the block of call-buttons; and with a look of speculation and regret at the lacy nylon nightdress still lying at the foot of the bed (there is no nylon in Israel, actually no nylon at all; and when it can be introduced in the country by an American tourist, it brings a fabulous price on the black market, which teases Avram like a fiery desire), Avram averted his eyes and turned out the light. Then, murmuring from habit "*Lailah tov!*" (which is "Good night"), we left Madame and walked up the long, long corridor. Avram removed the Out-of-Order and set the lift in motion again.

"There will be a juicy tip for us when that one is ready to leave," he said. "There is the sugar, and the brandy, which is worth —"

"You *bought* it?"

"That is not the question," he said. "*I gave it up.* She will give us plenty. You'll see."

4

When I came on shift next morning at eight o'clock (it was not my shift, but I wanted to see what was developing with Madame) the porter at the information desk motioned to me. The maid from Madame's floor had left a message, I shall come directly to Madame's room.

When I arrived at her room, Madame was sitting on a chair, clothed, and her hair was in a skeleton of arrangement. She was staring without words at the maid, and the maid was staring without words at her. It presented a stalemate, if you are a chess player.

"Moishe!" exclaimed Madame almost rising. It could have been thought I was the Messiah and she was the first to behold me. "Wet a corner of the towel and bring it to me, please." She wiped her hands and face. "And now my hat." I lifted the small piece we had taken from her the previous night, and placed it on her head. "My bag." I gave her the bag. "Now," she said, "we will go to the doctor. His address is on the card. We will call a taxi. You had better call somebody to help you get me to the elevator."

I opened the door of the room to call the Sweeper, but there already stood Avram, waiting. He, too, had come to see what would give with Madame.

"We take her to the lobby," I said. Madame looked so relieved to see him that he picked her up in his arms and carried her the long walk to the lift. The lift buzzer started buzzing when we were halfway up the corridor, and Avram started running with Madame.

Down in the lobby, Madame sat in a chair while I ran out and hailed a taxi.

"I must have someone help me to the doctor," Madame said to the Clerk. "I will pay for the service."

The Clerk looked at Avram and then at me, and I could see his eyes deciding he could spare me more easily. "This one will go with you, Madame. He can manage for you, I am sure. Avram, the lift is buzzing!" Avram was not pleased with the compliment.

The taxi driver carried Madame into the taxi, and we traveled down and up a few short streets of hills and arrived at the doctor's garden gate. The driver lifted her out and set her carefully on the ground.

"Tell him to wait," Madame said to me, taking my arm.

The driver turned off his engine, took Madame's other arm, and together we hopped her to the office where the doctor, looking even more worried in the daylight than he did at night, ushered us in to where Madame could sit on a chair among some low sheet-covered couches and shelves of shiny instruments.

"I will phone the X-ray specialist," he said, "and then we will know if bones are broken." He picked up the telephone and talked in *Ivrit* for some moments. Then he turned to the driver and me. "You will take her to the X-ray specialist," he said, ignoring Madame. "It is on the street just around the corner, the first door."

After the X rays were finished, the doctor who had arranged the appointment for us, and who had somehow arrived invisibly in the X-ray office, came to us to relate that no bones were broken and we must now go to the orthopedist on another street several blocks away to have the ankle bandaged. There would be a charge of three pounds for the doctor who had made the appointment for the X-ray, and seven pounds for the X-ray specialist. My blood began racing. This I knew I could not pay from my pocket; but Madame, sitting in a chair now, opened her bag and with remarkable directness took out the red purse and produced the required notes. Madame arose, able to touch her toe to the floor now that she knew nothing was broken, and the driver and I boosted her into the taxi once more and were off.

The orthopedist's office was two flights of stairs up, and Madame, leaning heavier on my arm than I would have supposed possible by her smallness, set herself to the climb; and while the driver searched a place to park his taxi, Madame and I arrived at the top and were invited into the office. The doctor, a big man, greatly at ease in the English language, asked Madame to remove her stocking, took from a drawer a large reel of adhering tape, and proceeded to strap Madame's ankle from her sole to her knee with layers and layers up and down. While he taped, he talked pleasantly to Madame.

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"The ligaments have been torn and a blood vessel is broken," he said cheerily, as though telling her what a beautiful day it is. "You will keep the bandage on for four weeks. Most of the swelling will be down by that time, but it will continue somewhat for three months, maybe four, five months. But do not worry. Give it exercise. Walk on it. But on a high heel. Do not let the heel drag on the ground. Walk carefully today; tomorrow not so carefully; and after a few days, forget it. In six months you will not know it has happened." He smiled as though he had just swallowed a juicy beefsteak from U.S.A.

"Six months!" Madame exclaimed. "But I am leaving tomorrow. Tomorrow I go to Haifa."

"That is good," the doctor said, happy. "Have no worry. The bandage will go with you." He smiled.

At that moment a rap came on the door and the taxi driver came in. "I thought you might need me," he said, and watched with concern while the doctor wound gauze bandage round and round Madame's leg over the up-and-down tape.

When the leg was finished, Madame became practical. "What do I owe you, Doctor?"

"Seven pounds," he said with negligence, as though it was something neither of them heard. Madame took out the red purse from her bag once more and counted out notes. Then she rose from her chair. "All right," she said to the taxi driver. "We will go."

I opened the door, the driver picked Madame up and carried her down the stairs. It was already noon.

Back at the hotel Avram and I got Madame to her room. I called the maid to help Madame pack.

Early the next morning I was out of my regular shift again at the hotel to see Madame off. She was going to Haifa by taxi. I had thought over the matter of tips and had almost persuaded myself that I would refuse. It was too much like taking a tip from your old *Bubba*, after all our friendship. Yet I weighed this with the thought of buying the fancy shirt in the Yemenite shop to dazzle the maid on Madame's floor. Avram was in the lobby ahead of me. Shlomo was on the lift, and Avram and I talked of going to Madame's room to help her down to the lobby.

"She will give us plenty for what we have done," Avram said. "I got use for it."

"I will accept nothing," I said, feeling suddenly like a sparkling early morning with drops shining in the grass. "It was experience."

"Don't be a fool!" Avram said.

But as we talked, Madame herself walked out of the lift, leaning on her umbrella. Her injured foot was enclosed in a red sandal that had been split down the side. A small bit of the challenge had come back into her eyes. Her hair you could see was combed by the maid, with fancy bits sticking out. Her hat sat at a questioning angle on top of it. Shlomo carried her four bags and waited by her side while she checked out at the Clerk's desk. She looked with confusion at the long paper which the Clerk handed her, with the many items marked on it: the cost of the room, the cost of the meals, the cost of the heat on the Monday when it rained, the double cost for the Sabbath, the tax for the government, the per cent for the servants, the per cent for the hotel — a long list. Madame, looking as though it must all be in a foreign language, took out the little purse and laid the proper notes on the counter.

"It would be more if the sugar and the brandy were on it," Avram said to me under his breath. But Madame was coming toward us, her purse still opened.

"You boys have been very kind," she said, taking out several notes and holding them toward me. Avram was pushing me with his eyes to take them.

"The taxi fare Friday night was one pound, twenty," I said.

Madame handed me three pounds. It was something to make the head spin. The Yemenite shirt was as good as bought. I could see the leaping flames in the maid's eyes.

"Just one pound, twenty, Madame," I said, praising myself for heroism as I heard the words coming from my lips.

"You have earned it," Madame said, offering once more the three pounds.

I felt my face smiling, and heard myself saying once more, "Thank you, Madame. But it was nothing. Just the taxi fare."

Madame looked proud of me. She put the money back in her purse and took out one pound, twenty, and shook hands with me. Drops stood in her eyes. "Have a good trip," I said in a fatherly way, "and take care of your foot."

Madame turned now to Avram and offered him the three pounds. His knuckles were white from clenching his fists. I could feel his angry eyes spitting at me.

"Thank you, Madame, no. It was a pleasure. *Toda rabah.*"

Madame put the money back in her bag. I could see she felt Israel was a very fine country. She started to say something, but her mouth was trembling a little.

"Without you two boys . . ." she said finally, and then turned and hobbled out, leaning on her umbrella. Shlomo, carrying her bags, followed her through the revolving door. We watched him help her into the taxi, while the driver stowed her bags in the trunk.

"Dog!" Avram snarled at me. And he walked off toward the bar where the sugar was kept.

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The friendship between Paul Claudel and André Gide, which lasted for twenty-five years, was a friendship of advance and retreat, of attraction and repulsion. Claudel, the ardent Catholic, was intent on bringing Gide into the Church; and Gide, as will be seen, was strongly moved by his friend's persuasion. But in the spring of 1914, Gide precipitated a crisis in which each man turned to the other in anguish of spirit and unsparing candor. Coolness and silence followed, and then, a quarter of a century later, shortly before Gide's death, they agreed to the publication of the intimate letters which had passed between them. Pantheon Books, Inc., is bringing out an American edition from which we have selected a few of the most significant letters.

THE GIDE–CLAUDEL LETTERS

Edited by ROBERT MALLET

FROM 1890 to 1894 Mallarmé's "evening classes," as Paul Claudel has called them, attracted a large number of studious disciples. Among them were two young men who had already made themselves felt, the one by his violence, the other by his subtlety; both listened with an identical fervor to the master's teaching. The first had already conquered the truth; the second was still searching for it. Mallarmé's conversation had the miraculous effect of providing these two very divergent natures with something that sent both of them, at the same moment, into the wildest exaltation. Chance decreed that André Gide and Paul Claudel should never come face to face in the little *salon* in the rue de Rome; but this common devotion to Mallarmé had its part in the initial encounter of the two writers. They first met at the apartment of Marcel Schwob who, with his usual sureness of judgment, had discerned the germs of genius in the earliest writings of the two young men, who for their part were each quick to discover and appreciate the other; fired by an identical veneration for Mallarmé, they instantly struck up a friendly acquaintance.

In 1893 Paul Claudel went into professional exile — an exile to which his temperament, ill-suited to the literary intrigues of Paris, was well able to adapt itself; and in fact he profited by it to preserve intact an intransigent originality of mind which would elsewhere have inevitably been modified. André Gide also went on his travels, but these, in his case, were in the service — for such he conceived it to be — of nothing but his own longing for knowledge. He did not lose track of Claudel, who was successively Vice-Consul in Boston, Vice-Consul in New York, and (from 1896 onwards) Consul in Foochow. He sent him all his books as and when they appeared. It was on receiving *Le Prométhée mal enchaîné* and *Philoctète,* in 1899, that Paul Claudel began the correspondence.

In 1900 the Consul profited by a long spell of home leave to strengthen the literary ties which bound him to his correspondent; Gide for his part was drawn in curiosity towards Claudel, but some secret intuition discouraged him from concluding any formal pact of friendship. His tormented spirituality attracted Claudel. Claudel's proselytical self-assurance disturbed Gide. Gide was apparently more interested in Claudel's work than in the man himself; whereas for Claudel the secrets of the heart were more important than those of any book — though both of course knew that the one cannot be separated from the other, and that they must rather be sought out reciprocally. "I had a sort of presentiment," Gide said later, "of the trouble which Claudel would give me later, and of the stifling effect that he might have upon me. An instinct of preservation told me to be on my guard. I didn't listen to it."

The two men met again on November 30, 1905, at the house of Arthur Fontaine, a great friend of Francis Jammes, who had organized a literary party at which Gide was to read aloud from Jammes's latest work — *L'Eglise habillée de Feuilles.* No doubt Claudel inferred, from the fact that Gide, a Protestant, was prepared to read so profoundly Catholic a poem, that he really understood Catholicism; and perhaps — why not? — he saw in it the presage of a conversion which it was his duty to accelerate. Five days later, Claudel lunched with Gide and did not hesitate to make a frontal attack on the problem of faith.

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GIDE JOURNAL

5 December 1905

Paul Claudel came to lunch. Too short a jacket, aniline-colored necktie; his face still more square than the day before yesterday; his speech both precise and full of images; his voice staccato, clipped, and authoritative.

His conversation, very rich and alive, does not improvise anything, you feel. He recites truths that he has patiently worked out. Yet he knows how to joke and, if he only let himself go a bit more on the spur of the moment, would not be without charm. I try to discover what is lacking in that voice. . . . A little human warmth? . . . No, not even that; he has something much better. It is, I believe, the most gripping voice I have ever heard. No, he doesn't charm; he does not want to charm; he convinces — or impresses. I didn't even seek to protect myself from him, and when, after the meal, speaking of God, of Catholicism, of his faith, of his happiness, he added as I said that I understood him: "But, Gide, then why don't you become converted? . . ." (this without any brutality, without even a smile), I let it be apparent how his words had upset my mind. . . .

He talks a great deal; you are aware of the pressure of ideas and images within him. As, apropos of I don't remember what or whom, I spoke of the weakening memory: "Memory doesn't weaken," he immediately exclaimed. "None of man's faculties weakens with age. That is a gross error. All man's faculties develop continuously from birth to death."

He talks endlessly; someone else's thought does not stop his for an instant; even a cannon could not divert him. In talking with him, in trying to talk with him, one is forced to interrupt him. He waits politely until you have finished your sentence, then resumes where he had stopped, at the very word, as if you had said nothing.

He shocked Francis Jammes some time ago (in 1900) when he replied to Jammes's anguish with "I have my God."

(The greatest advantage of religious faith for the artist is that it permits him a *limitless* pride.)

Upon leaving me he gives me the address of his confessor.

ANDRÉ GIDE TO PAUL CLAUDEL

Thursday [8th December 1905]

My dear Friend,

I am deeply touched by your letter and by the loan of your most precious notebook. I see you took my confused questions quite seriously . . . thank you.

No, I did not understand — how could I understand? — that you had "a *profound love of souls*." That was what I needed you to tell me — and that my own soul was dear to you. You mustn't see it as a matter of pride — but a hideous need of affection, of love, so great a thirst for sympathy that I feared I was deceiving myself, and was only trying to draw near to God in order to draw near to you — near enough, at any rate, to hear you better.

But since you love souls you will understand that there are some to whom nothing is more repellent than a temperate and businesslike religion; and that after having at the beginning of my life drawn daily nourishment from the Bible, and found in prayer the first of necessities, I have since preferred — finding, as it seemed, more illumination in what the Christian calls "the false gods" — I have since preferred to break abruptly with my first beliefs rather than to arrive at some lukewarm compromise between art and religion. Perhaps Catholicism would have offered a less strenuous opposition within me — not so much to two beliefs as to two systems of ethics. . . . *For the first time* the day before yesterday (but I could glimpse it already in your books) I could see by the light of your mind, not so much a solution — it would be absurd to hope for that — as a new and acceptable battleground.

And do you know what was tormenting me at this time — the difficulty, the impossibility perhaps, of reaching sanctity by the road of paganism; and when you spoke to me, Claudel, of one's "absolute duty to be a saint," did you guess that you could not have said anything to which I should react more violently? Ah! How right I was to be apprehensive of meeting you! And how frightened I am of your violence at this moment!

I may keep the notebook for a few days, mayn't I? It's only right that, after making me hungry, you should satisfy my hunger.

I am,

Affectionately yours,
André Gide

PAUL CLAUDEL TO ANDRÉ GIDE

Paris, Saturday
[postmarked 16th December 1905]

My dear Friend,

Well, is there a new silence between us? Do not consider my last letter as indiscreet — it isn't. I spoke to you *directly* — something that does not happen often in this world — like brother to brother, like soul to soul, irrespective of any consideration of time, or place, or physical personality. But I understand your distress, my poor friend. Everything *in tempore suo*. And it would have been very unbecoming in me to have demanded of you, immediately, what it took me four years to decide for myself. Something has to die inside one. How deeply I feel that, and how I wish I could help you more! I shall not be in France forever; while I am here, do not scruple to profit by what lies near at hand. Consider me as a nameless, impersonal thing — a sort of vegetable substance with whom you have no need to be embarrassed.

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If you no longer need my Biblical notebook, be kind and send it back to me. I have other souls in anguish who have asked for my help, and I should like to lend it to them. They offer me a degree of confidence which I find both frightening and humbling. But in any case they will later see for themselves the grotesque insufficiency of the help-meet whom they have chosen. A plank of fir is no great matter, but at least it can sometimes help somebody to cross a ditch, and even an abyss.

I grasp your hand, my dear Gide. Don't think ill of me, don't sulk with me, don't feel awkward with me — and above all don't think of me as a man of letters.

P. CLAUDEL

GIDE JOURNAL

6 February 1907

Have forsaken this notebook the last few days, but for the sake of work. I am composing an *Enfant prodigue*, in which I am trying to make a dialogue of my spiritual reticences and impulses.

This morning, from Claudel, a letter full of a sacred wrath, against the epoch, against Gourmont, Rousseau, Kant, Renan. . . . Holy wrath no doubt, but wrath all the same, and just as painful to my mind as the barking of a dog is to my ear. I cannot endure it, and cover my ears at once. But I hear it nevertheless and then have trouble getting back to work.

Gide was not a good correspondent. He admits to it himself and adds in explanation: "If I am not a better correspondent, it is because each of your letters causes a great commotion within me, and it would be a considerable business for me to reply to it." But his interest in Claudel is greater than his fear of being encircled, and he goes on to say: "Do not imitate my long silence." He is evidently possessed by a two-edged desire: not to sacrifice his freedom of mind for the sake of his friend, and not to sacrifice his friend for the sake of his freedom of mind. On January 9, 1909, he wrote to Claudel to explain the underlying reasons for the formation of *La Nouvelle Revue Française*, to which he asks him to contribute. It is a very long letter, but only in one short passage does the vital thread of the correspondence show through. "I often think of you, dear friend, for the memory of you is allied to certain grave preoccupations towards which I am ceaselessly impelled by the natural bent of my mind and the hideous pressure of the external world. I am extraordinarily anxious to read your new works." And he offers to watch over the various publications which Claudel himself is prevented, by absence, from supervising effectively. In this way the two writers remain in contact without having to refer to the problems which preoccupy them.

Perhaps Gide was the first to weary of a correspondence in which nothing was discussed but the merits of d'Ablancourt's version of Tacitus or the typography of *L'Otage;* anyway, on December 7, 1911, he seemed to turn back to the subject of religion by telling Claudel of his sister-in-law's conversion. Claudel was quick to respond: "I was greatly moved by the news of a conversion in your family. When shall I learn of your own, my dear friend?"

By return post — contrary to his usual custom — Gide acknowledges receipt of this letter, whose impassioned tone must certainly have moved him.

ANDRÉ GIDE TO PAUL CLAUDEL

Sunday, 10th December 1911

MY DEAR FRIEND,

. . . I'm almost afraid to tell you how much I was moved by the other part of your letter. I still feel that I haven't the right to tell you of this until I make up my mind to go with you all the way. But just imagine what it is like to have been surrounded in childhood with admirable and saintly people whom I love, in death as in life, whom I revere, and who *watch over me*, as you were saying. Jammes talks of my heredity; I let him have his say; but I can very well tell *you* that the secret of my incapacity to believe does not lie there (my brain is made up of almost as many Catholic as Protestant cells, after all); it lies rather in the fidelity which I owe to those people, my relations and my seniors, who lived in such constant, noble, and radiant communion with God, and gave me my noblest images of abnegation. . . .

Yours ever,

ANDRÉ GIDE

PAUL CLAUDEL TO ANDRÉ GIDE

Frankfurt, 12th December 1911

DEAR GIDE,

. . . How moved you must have been by that conversion, by the intervention of Somebody so close to yourself and in such astonishing circumstances! But why do you suppose that you would be unfaithful to those lovely and noble beings who surrounded you in your childhood if you were to go further along the road which was pointed out to you? Religion consists essentially in the love of God and of one's neighbor; that closer union with both one and the other which allows of the Real Presence and of obedience to a visible Father is entirely compatible with the examples which you were given in childhood. Every theologian will tell you that those souls (no matter to what doctrine they belong) who have always acted according to the best of their lights do veritably belong to the Church. Consequently they are saved — nor be it surprising, in view of the principle that all the parts of Creation are bound by a common solidarity and homogeneity, that they, as souls, influence the souls of each of us. And not only can they do good to

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us, but we in our turn can do good to them. They are all round us — begging in hunger for the light which we can give them.

Something which makes a great many people turn away from the Church is that they see so many noble and lofty spirits who remain outside the Church and yet fulfill all their human duties — whereas, among ourselves, among most religious people, there is something disagreeable which gets in the way, a sort of crust which prevents all human contact. The fact is that we all share a common secret. The love of God (like that other love of which it is simply, and at last, the authentic version) does not address itself to the noblest faculties of the soul, but to that dead center of our personalities where body and mind are united. It is a need, rather than a virtue, and as such it is infinitely pitiable and pathetic. It does not destroy our external defects. On the contrary, one might say that it makes them all the more conspicuous by contrast with the extraordinary profession of faith which we have made. But it cuts off these defects at the roots: it ensures that they (like many other pagan things) no longer belong to us. They hang about us like an ill-fitted garment which no longer suits us and is no longer a part of ourselves. The convert is often like a man whom no woman finds attractive, but who has a wife who is blind.

Thank you for your New Year wishes, my dear Gide! I send the same to you with all my heart, and also to Madame Gide. One more year! But, as Rimbaud says, "of what importance is an external springtime to us who are concerned with the search for heavenly truth and have nothing in common with those who die at a given season"? As we grow older, and the day of this world becomes darker and more clouded, so does the mysterious golden light shine ever more and more upon the inward sanctuary of our souls!

I grasp your hand with affection,

P. Claudel

GIDE JOURNAL

Zurich, Wednesday [January 1912]

I should like never to have known Claudel. His friendship weighs on my thought, and obligates it, and embarrasses it. . . . I can still not get myself to hurt him, but as my thought affirms itself it gives offense to his. How can I explain myself to him? I should willingly leave the whole field to him, I should give up everything. . . . But I cannot say something different from what I have to say, which cannot be said by anyone else.

Gide executed a strategic retreat and remained under cover for some considerable time. In September, 1912, Claudel complained that he had been for a long time without news of Gide, and three weeks later he wrote to ask: "Why this delay? Why go on living in that terrifying void?"

In the autumn of 1912 they met once more in Paris. Gide was disappointed by the encounter, for he had the feeling that Claudel's flood of rhetoric had never left him the chance of saying so much as one word. Claudel, who still did not realize the strength of Gide's resistance and thought that he was merely hesitating over the final step, discussed him with the Abbé Fontaine, his director of conscience, and was rash enough to tell Gide about the discussion, and to urge him to go and see the Abbé Fontaine.

Once again Gide closed up completely on the religious issue, but Claudel continued to allude directly to it and to say, for instance, that "it is simply appalling to let oneself die of hunger when there is bread enough for all." And then, remembering that Gide might well be offended, he added: "Don't bear me any grudge."

At the end of 1913 Claudel displayed some anxiety about Gide's new book, *Les Caves du Vatican*, which was to include an epigraph from Claudel's *L'Annonce faite à Marie*. The title had made Claudel apprehensive lest his name should be associated with a book in which the person of the Sovereign Pontiff was not treated with the respect which all Catholics owed to him. The book began serial publication in the *N.R.F.* for January 1, 1914, and Gide, who did not feel that he had endangered the dignity of the Pope, saw no reason to expunge the epigraph. But, although Claudel's original fears were unfounded, he detected in the *Caves* certain allusions to forbidden habits; and these he could not but condemn unreservedly. He at once wrote off what Gide later described as a letter of "commination." He did not mince his words.

PAUL CLAUDEL TO ANDRÉ GIDE

Hamburg, 2nd March 1914

In the name of heaven, Gide, how could you write the passage which I find on page 478 of the last issue of the *N.R.F.*? Don't you know that after *Saül* and *L'Immoraliste* you cannot commit any further imprudence? Must I quite make up my mind, as I have never wished to do, that you are yourself a participant in these hideous practices? Answer me. You owe me an answer. If you remain silent, or if you don't make yourself absolutely clear, I shall know where I stand. If you are not a pederast, why have you so strange a predilection for this sort of subject? And if you are one, cure yourself, you unhappy man, and do not make a show of these abominations. Consult Madame Gide; consult the better part of your own heart. Don't you see that you will be lost — you yourself and all those who are nearest to you? Don't you realize the effect which your books may have upon some unfortunate young people? It pains me to say these things, but I feel obliged to do so.

Your distressed friend,

P. Claudel

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ANDRÉ GIDE TO PAUL CLAUDEL

Florence, 7th March 1914

What right have you to issue this summons? In what name do you put these questions? If it is in the name of friendship, can you suppose for an instant that I should evade them?

It pains me very much that there should be any misapprehension between us; but your letter has already done much to create a new one — for, no matter how I take it, and whether I answer or whether I don't, I foresee that you are going to misjudge me. I therefore beg you to consider this only: that I love my wife more than life itself, and I could not forgive any word or action on your part which might endanger her happiness. Now that has been said, I can tell you that for months, for years, I have longed to talk to you — although the tone of your letter makes me despair of receiving any advice from you today.

I am speaking now to a friend, as I should speak to a priest, whose binding duty it is to keep my secret before God. I have never felt any desire in the presence of a woman; and the great sadness of my life is that the most constant, the most enduring, and the keenest of my loves has never been accompanied by any of the things which normally precede love. It seemed, on the contrary, that in my case love prevented me from desiring.

If, after that avowal, you prefer to break with me, you will, I suppose, find it seemly that I should ask you, in the name of those whom you love, to take no matter what pretext — the impropriety of my book, for instance — and not in any way to bring forward what I have revealed to you here. Alone, I should care nothing for the world's contempt; but I am married.

As for the evil which, you say, is done by my books, I can't believe in it, for I know how many others are stifled, as I am, by lying conventions. And do not infer from this that I commend any particular habits, or even any particular desires; but I loathe hypocrisy, and I know that some hypocrisies are mortal. I cannot believe that religion leaves on one side all those who are like myself. By what cowardice, since God calls me to speak, should I evade this question in my books? I did not choose to be so. I can fight against my desires; I can triumph over them, but I can neither choose the object of those desires, nor can I invent other objects, either to order or in imitation.

Is it really possible that you should despise me, repulse me, after reading this letter? . . . I have always thought that one day I could speak to you as I have spoken here — even if you did not understand — and that I owed you this confession. Doubtless it is not necessary to understand in order to advise. Yet I do not ask for your advice today. I expect only your anger.

I feel that my letter gives you very poor answers to your questions; but at least you will feel I have not been reticent — except in so far as it is difficult to answer in a few phrases where a whole volume of explanations and the story of my life might not perhaps be enough.

Au revoir. Now it is for you to stretch out your hand to me — if, that is to say, you still consent to extend it.

A. GIDE

PAUL CLAUDEL TO ANDRÉ GIDE

Hamburg, 9th March 1914

My poor Gide, I should not have written to you if I were not still your friend. I admit that that passage in the *N.R.F.* came to me as a shock! But I'm too old a hand to be scandalized by anything, and I don't really know what right I should have to judge anybody. Now that that's been said, I'm going to try to answer you point by point as objectively as I can.

No, you know quite well that the habits of which you tell me are neither permitted, nor excusable, nor avowable. You will have against you both *Revelation* and the natural order of things.

Common logic and decency tell you that man is not an end in himself; still less so are his pleasures and his private delights. If sexual attraction does not lead to its natural conclusion — that is to say, reproduction — it is irregular and evil. That is the only firm principle. Without it, you abandon yourself to private fantasies. Where will you draw the line? If one person claims to justify sodomy, another will justify onanism, vampirism, the rape of minors, anthropophagy, etc. There's no reason to stop anywhere.

Revelation also tells us that this particular vice is particularly odious to God. I need not remind you of Sodom, the *morte moriatur* (?), of *Leviticus*, the beginning of the *Epistle to the Romans*, and the *Neque fornicatores, neque adulteri, neque masculorum concubitores.*

That's enough. I deny that the individual has the right to be both judge and defendant in his own case. The devil, pride, and the passion that holds us in its claws — all these are quick to whisper pretexts and excuses in our ear.

You claim to be the victim of a physiological idiosyncrasy. That would be an attenuating circumstance, but it would not constitute a permit or a license. You are the victim of two things above all: your Protestant heredity, which has accustomed you to look only to yourself for your rules of conduct, and the fascination of aesthetics which lends luster and interest to the least excusable of actions. In spite of all the doctors, I absolutely refuse to believe in physiological determinism. If you have abnormal instincts, the natural uprightness of your nature, allied to your reason, your education, and the fear of God, should have given you the means of resistance. Medicine is meant to

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cure, not to excuse. Alas! In your case you would have needed a confessor as well.

You ask for my advice. I advise you first of all to do what lies within your power. What lies within your power is to suppress at once that horrible passage in the *N.R.F.* I entreat you to do it for reasons of morality and for reasons of your own personal interest.

For reasons of morality: —

You talk of hypocrisy, but there is something infinitely more odious than hypocrisy, and that is cynicism. In these grave questions of the flesh, we are all sinners in greater or less degree, and I must admit to you quite sincerely that, as between you and myself, if I were to make a comparison, it would be to my detriment. But it's one thing to sin, and to be sorry about it, and to know that it's wrong and to wish to do better, and to ask God to give one the strength to do better; it's quite another thing to believe that one is right to do wrong, and to talk of it, and be proud of it. For in such a case there is not only perversion of the senses, but perversion of judgment and conscience as well.

You also take on yourself responsibility for the souls which you lead astray. Literature can sometimes do a little good, but it also does great harm. The vice of which you speak is spreading wider and wider. It's no small matter when a man like you, with all the weight and charm of your intelligence, your cultivation, and your talent, becomes its champion, or simply accustoms the minds of his readers to thoughts from which they should rather turn away in horror. In this respect also, you will have accounts to settle, both in this world and in the next.

For your own personal interest: —

I tell you again: *you will be lost.* You will lose all position, you will become an outcast among other outcasts, rejected by humanity. Parisian opinion is more discreet, but it is also more pitiless than that of London. You will cease to count — and you know it. You ask me to keep your letter secret, you beg me not to let your wife suspect the truth. Wretched man! And at the same time you make public, you display on every wall in Paris, a passage which everybody will interpret as a definitive and official confession. Have no illusions on that subject. At the very least, promise me that the passage will not appear when your novel is published in book form. I beg you, if you set any value on my friendship, to suppress it. Little by little people will forget.

Yes, I shall keep an absolute silence — but it is you who talk, you who make a public show of yourself! Such a thing has never been seen since pagan times. No writer, not even Wilde, has done it.

I shall not hide from you the fact that when I wrote to you I also wrote to two people: Jammes (a word only), and poor Rivière, to whom you could do so much harm. Poor boy — he trusted you! As I did. But what have I told them that they have not already learned from page 478?

I've reread my letter and it seems to me very harsh. Read it coldly, as if it were a doctor's prescription. And above all don't give up hope. There's no such thing as a mortal illness for souls. You can be cured. No, God does not wish for the death of any of his children, he neither hates nor despises you. Each of your faults is merely one more claim upon his compassion. For seven years, as far as I can judge, something has been going on in the best part of yourself; something is going forward, but I don't know what. But don't tell me that you are satisfied and at peace.

And have no doubt of this: that when everybody else has abandoned you, you will still have me. I know the incomparable worth of a human soul.

I wrote to a third person, too; but he is a priest. It was the Abbé Fontaine. Now you can go and seek him out. You will not astonish him — be sure of that.

And shall I say that I am almost comforted by the removal of that great load of doubt which has hitherto embarrassed me in our relationship?

Poor Gide, how much you are to be pitied, and how tragic is your life!

I grasp your hand,

P. Claudel

I can't now contribute to your *Whitman.* It's impossible.

ANDRÉ GIDE TO PAUL CLAUDEL

16th March 1914

My dear Claudel,

What will you think of my silence? . . . I wrote you a very long letter, but I can't make up my mind to send it to you. "Harsh," your letter? No; it would only have been harsh, to me, if I had felt that you were withdrawing your friendship. But how can I answer you without seeming to defend myself (where, in my last two letters, could you find anything resembling an apologia or even an excuse? I simply told you *how things stand*) or going in deeper than I can honestly go.

Send me the Abbé F.'s address. I am grateful to you for writing to him and making it easy for me to call on him. But persuade yourself, I beg you, not to bear me any grudge if my conversation with him does not lead to the results for which, no doubt, you are hoping. I shall listen respectfully, piously even, to his words. But if the most ardent and constant of loves has never coaxed any response from my flesh, I leave it to you to imagine the effect of his exhortations, his counsels, and his reprimands. (And what, pray, do you mean me to *understand* by the phrase: "in spite of all the doctors, I absolutely refuse to believe in physiological determinism"?)

I thank you for the sentiments which lead you to ask me (as prudence would likewise do) to sup-

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press a passage from my book; but I cannot consent to do so. Shall I admit to you that your phrase, "Little by little people will forget," seems to me shameful? No; do not ask me either to whitewash or to compromise; or it will be I who will think less of you.

I can't make out why you felt you had to write to Rivière. I prefer to think that you gave way to an unthinking impulse. I like Rivière, I respect him, and I have the liveliest *reverence* for him. Has there ever been anything in my conversation or my actions that could disquiet him? No, none at all, it would seem, since you say that he refused to believe anything against me. What absurd or monstrous fancies will he entertain now? Couldn't you understand that you were compelling me to have it out with him, and to embarrass him with confidences that I should have liked to spare him? Au revoir. Be assured that I have never been more

Your friend,

A. Gide

PAUL CLAUDEL TO ANDRÉ GIDE

Hamburg, 17th March 1914

My dear Gide,

You will remember with what apprehension and repugnance I allowed you (since you had courteously asked for my permission) to use as the epigraph for a chapter in your new book a passage from *L'Annonce faite à Marie* which, in isolation, has the appearance of heresy. I finally resigned myself to thinking that an epigraph, like a quotation, is beyond my control. Now I find that my Catholic friends are very much shocked by your use of this passage. And I have to take great account of their views. I therefore venture to ask you insistently, and to appeal to your friendship and your sense of delicacy, to expunge this epigraph from the volume which will give the definitive text of your *Caves*.

I grasp your hand with great affection,

P. Claudel

PAUL CLAUDEL TO ANDRÉ GIDE

Hamburg, 17th March 1914

My dear Gide,

The Abbé Fontaine lives at Clichy — 6 rue d'Alsace.

You have done a great wrong by inserting in your novel an abominable and scandalous passage. You do an even greater wrong by retaining this passage instead of cutting it out, *as you are absolutely bound in duty to do.*

I ask you in any case, and in the most formal manner, to expunge my name from a work of this kind. As you asked for my authority before I knew what kind of book it was, I have the right to tell you today that you no longer have this authority.

And may God, whom you mock, be with you.

P. Claudel

ANDRÉ GIDE TO PAUL CLAUDEL

19th March 1914

My dear Claudel,

Your two letters, both dated the same day but so different in tone, have arrived together. I am trying in vain to understand which is the later of the two — the gentle or the furious one. It is to your courteous request, and not to your imperative, that I yield in promising to expunge from the book the epigraph which you had originally authorized me to use. The amusement which I derived from this unexpected and prodigiously appropriate epigraph counts for nothing when set beside the displeasure which it has apparently caused you. I fancy, moreover, that you are not the sole source of your annoyance, and you have yourself admitted to me that your Catholic friends have had some part in it. But you have only to ask: the epigraph shall be suppressed. I seriously considered whether, in response to your other request, which I was really sorry not to be able to grant — I mean, the suppression of the passage which offends you — I should not come to an extreme decision: that of not allowing the book to appear. . . .

You know me very little if you think that I should have been incapable of it. But your letter of today — the angry one, I mean — makes it too clear that you would not think better of me for it; that you would attribute the sacrifice to motives of "pride"; and that tomorrow the whole thing would have to be begun all over again. And I thought with some bitterness, and also (forgive me) with a smile, that I, too, had once asked Jammes to suppress the very painful and disobliging passage at the beginning of the article which he sent when Ch. L. Philippe died. But he insisted on leaving it in, and was indignant that anyone should dare to touch his prose or dare to ask him to touch it; and you, then, as a true friend, declared that he was like St. Jerome.

A. Gide

GIDE JOURNAL

14th June 1914

This morning, at work at six-thirty, I got fairly well ahead with my notes; but the mail brought me absurd bits of newspaper gossip to which I had to reply for they question my friendship for Claudel. All this because of the epigraph for the third book of the *Caves*, which I had used with his approval and later suppressed at his request.

14th July 1914

They took me for a rebel (Claudel and Jammes) because I was unable to get — or unwilling to force — myself to that cowardly submission which would have assured my comfort. That is perhaps the most Protestant trait I have in me: my horror of comfort.

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Are the American people getting adequate medical care at a price they can afford? Speaking from the experience of twenty-seven years as a Professor of Clinical Medicine at Harvard University and Chief of the Medical Services at the Massachusetts General Hospital, DR. JAMES HOWARD MEANS *evaluates the efforts of both doctors and laymen to meet the nation's health needs.* Atlantic *readers will recall his articles "England's Public Medicine" (March, 1950) and "The Doctors' Lobby" (October, 1950). The role of government in the organization of medical services will be the subject of the next article by Dr. Means, in an early issue.*

THE BEST MEDICINE FOR THE PATIENT

by JAMES HOWARD MEANS, M.D.

1

"You are all right until you get sick," a woman who earns her own living and supports an elderly mother said to me recently; "and then you're licked." That sort of frank statement can be heard from an ever increasing number of people in the middle and lower income brackets. They indicate that all may not be as well, in this best of all possible medical worlds, as the spokesmen of the organized medical profession would have us believe. We hear a great deal about the kind of medicine the doctors want, but the question persists: What kind do patients want?

Organized medicine likes — and fights to retain — the medical status quo, private enterprise, individual medical practice. Patients often do not like it. Doctors and patients agree, however, that medical care should be of the best quality that medical scientific knowledge permits, and must be dispensed with skill and judgment on the part of the doctor. But the great controversial issue is: How shall medical care be equitably, efficiently, and economically distributed to all people, and how shall it be paid for?

We may have the best medicine in the world, as organized medicine claims, but it is very far from being universally available to our people. It would be more truthful to say we could have the best medicine if all our professional personnel, facilities, and resources were used to the best advantage of all concerned. The highly individualistic nature of medical practice in our country today is one of the major obstacles to the attainment of this objective. The medical profession sometimes loses sight of the fact that medical care is a service, and that, as with all services, there are those who provide and those who receive. Both have their rights, and neither must be permitted to trespass on the rights of the other.

Public discontent with the medical situation has been boiling up for more than a quarter century. Survey after survey has disclosed an appalling amount of unmet medical need in this, the most opulent nation on earth. The introduction of health bill after health bill is indication enough that our lawmakers are aware that the people want something done to give them better medical care.

In the spring of 1951 President Truman challenged opponents of health legislation to come up with a better plan. None having been presented, on December 29 of that year he appointed a fifteen-member commission known as The President's Commission on the Health Needs of the Nation. This commission has been actively engaged gathering the information ever since. It has worked through the medium of thirty panels of experts, and a preliminary report of findings and recommendations is expected soon. One of the members of the commission assures me that their studies confirm the existence of much unmet medical need, and that the problems resulting from the need are being identified, particularly under the headings of medical care in rural districts; care of the aged and of chronic invalids; integration of, and payment for, medical services; excessive infant mortality in certain areas; and the great problems of financing medical education, and of the relations between general practitioners and specialists.

The first requisite in the medical care of the individual patient is a good physician. The qualities which make the good physician are several. Of course adequate knowledge of medical science and the skill to apply it are indispensable, but there are other requirements. Plato puts it this way: "No physician, insofar as he is a physician, considers his own good in what he prescribes, but the good of his patient; for the true physician is also a ruler

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having the human body as subject, and not a mere money-maker." These statements remain as true today as in Plato's time; but our present-day society and our stock of medical knowledge being vastly different from Plato's, the manner in which the physician fulfills his function is very different also. The complexity of what medicine has to offer the patient today transcends anything ever dreamed of fifty years ago. No longer can one physician meet all the requirements of medical care of patients; nor can patients meet, on a pay-as-you-go basis, the costs of all the professional services, involving both those of generalists and those of specialists, which their cases may require. Professional teamwork in the provision of medical care, and new ways of spreading its mounting costs, have become essential. The failure thus far of free-enterprise medicine to find solutions to these problems is the cause of all the present agitation about health legislation.

Under any system of medical practice, individual, group, private, or public, the accurate placement and acceptance of responsibility is imperative. The whole matter of the relation of generalist to specialist is a pressing one. Good medical care of the individual patient must be responsible medical care; but in these days when a lot of specialists are involved, it may be very uncertain just who is responsible for what. It is my own deep conviction that for good medicine in every case, no matter under what circumstances medical service is being provided, some single physician must have final responsibility for the care of the patient. In other words, some one doctor must be in command, and remain so until he relinquishes the responsibility to another, at either his own wish or the patient's. When a general practitioner is in charge of a patient there need be no fuzziness about responsibility. He obviously is in charge of the whole situation. If he calls in consultants, then it is his responsibility to decide whether to follow their advice. Two or more heads may be better than one in arriving at a correct diagnosis, but one head has to make the decisions which lead to a course of action for the care of the patient.

The situation is less clear when a patient, as often occurs nowadays, goes on his own initiative first to a specialist. What is the responsibility of the specialist under such circumstances? My philosophy would be that the specialist, being the only doctor so far in the case, in spite of being a specialist — perhaps a rather narrow specialist — is still responsible for the patient's total medical welfare until he turns the case over to another doctor. What actually happens, I suspect, in most such instances is that the specialist goes along examining and caring for only part of the patient unless some symptom or local sign suggests to him that more than the local disease exists; then he calls for help. Because hidden disease may produce no symptoms, there is always risk in caring for a local disease without proper study of the whole patient.

The requirements for adequate medical care are best met when a physician capable of studying the patient in his entirety is consulted first and then does the necessary referring to specialists. When the role of a specialist, for example a surgeon, turns out to be the major one, final responsibility should be turned over to him until his work is done. Then the generalist should again take charge.

In setting up professional teams or groups to provide integrated medical care, the placement of responsibility in some such way as I have indicated should be scrupulously carried out. Experience has shown that it is quite possible to do this. The responsible role of each member of a professional team or group can be preserved within the group if there is the will to do so. Conversely, responsibility can be lost in individual practice if patients go shopping from specialist to specialist. Not infrequently in this confused society of ours they do just that, sometimes in order to compare the advice of one doctor with that of another, to make a selection of their own from among several opinions. Only the wealthy can afford such a procedure, and even they are likely to suffer from it, since the layman usually cannot judge accurately the value of a medical opinion.

2

Another consideration is the effect which the patient's illness has upon the community; because in addition to the patient's direct interest, the doctor has the responsibility to minimize insofar as he can the burden which the patient's illness may throw on others. In serving this function he can derive invaluable aid from the medical social worker, not only in cases from the lower and middle income brackets, but not infrequently from the upper also.

Heretofore medical care of communities has been thought of as something apart from that of the individual. "Public health service" it has been called, and it has been generally regarded as a responsibility of government, national, state, or local; whereas medical care of the individual has been looked upon as purely a function of the medical profession to be carried out, in our country at least, by private competitive enterprise.

Abundant evidence is cropping up nowadays that such a separation is no longer tenable. It is significant, for example, that within recent years the American Public Health Association has set up a section on "Medical Care." The public health people are recognizing that the illness of any single member of the community is a concern of the whole community. By becoming sick the individual creates a social vacuum which affects others than his immediate family. For whatever he was doing that was useful, a substitute must be found when he

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becomes incapacitated. Certain other persons must spend some of their time caring for him. The costs of his illness and incapacity must be paid somehow, even though it be from taxation or charity. Consequently, illness of the individual, like fire, flood, or other destructive processes, is always a loss to the whole community.

The public interest, therefore, demands not only that water and food supplies be kept pure and that communicable diseases be controlled; it requires also that every individual receive such medical care, both preventive and curative, as will hold his days of incapacity to an irreducible minimum. The growth of rehabilitation clinics, which has received great impetus from the work of Dr. Howard A. Rusk at New York University and Bellevue Hospital, is an important effort in that direction. It is far better for the chronically ill or crippled person to be restored even to a fragment of useful activity than to remain in enforced idleness. Anything at all useful that he can do promotes his own peace of mind and thereby improves his health; it also lessens the burden he imposes on others.

3

The methods of paying doctors for supplying medical care have a direct bearing on the quality of care. There are four main sources from which they can be paid — private pocketbooks, tax money, employers' money, and charity — and there are three main methods of paying them — the time-honored fee-for-service method, capitation, and salary.

Fee for service is what organized medicine clings to. It has somewhat grudgingly approved the other methods in situations in which complete doctor control is maintained. The trouble with fee for service is that it makes little if any provision for preventive medicine and it may make the patient postpone going to the doctor — a delay that could have serious consequences. When consultations with specialists are required, it means a multiplicity of charges which may add up to distressing proportions. Under fee for service the more patients the doctor sees, the more money he makes, and this leads to the risky situation where he is tempted to overload himself. A doctor must be unhurried to practice good medicine.

One of the worst features of fee for service is that it is a downright invitation to fee splitting, the evils of which were publicized last September by the American College of Surgeons. The best form of the fee-for-service method is found when the fees are determined by a neutral party — for example a hospital administrator or the business office of a practice group — in accordance with an accepted schedule of fees. Such a procedure has been in successful operation in the Baker Memorial of the Massachusetts General Hospital for the last twenty-two years.

Capitation is the method which is now used in Great Britain for paying general practitioners under the National Health Service. It means that a doctor has a panel of patients, for each one of whom he gets a fixed fee each year, in return for which he is to render such complete general medical service as the patient requires. Under the unrestricted fee-for-service method of payment the doctor can exploit the patient by requiring him to come too often, while under the capitation method the patient can exploit the doctor by demanding attention when he doesn't need it. Overloading of the doctor under capitation can be checked by limiting the size of his panel to a number of patients which he can handle unhurriedly.

Altogether it is my belief that the best method of paying the doctor is by salary — best for him and best for his patients, provided at least that some safeguards against overloading are included. Of course paying doctors by salary presupposes the existence of some agency, an organization for medical care, to which payments for care are made and by which they are redistributed to meet the costs.

The patient can pay the doctor in one of three ways: from his own pocketbook or from funds derived from indemnity insurance; by participating in some form of prepayment plan which provides services directly; or by getting the government, his employer, or a charitable organization to meet the costs for him.

Of nonprofit sickness insurance plans, Blue Cross for hospital charges and Blue Shield for doctors' bills are at present the most nearly nation-wide in scope. Blue Cross is the older, the larger, and by far the more complete in serving its purpose, which originally was to provide for its subscribers, in return for an annual fixed premium, as complete security as possible against all hospitalization costs. Benefits included not merely bed, board, and nursing, but special services such as laboratory examinations, X rays, and anesthesia. Unfortunately under the pressure of mounting costs the special benefits have been somewhat pared down.

Blue Shield was set up to help patients meet the costs of doctors' services. The idea is fine, but actually Blue Shield is a poor thing in contrast to Blue Cross. Sponsored usually by state medical societies, it differs from commercial medical expense indemnity insurance only in that doctors have agreed to accept fees fixed according to a fee scale for persons in lower income brackets. For persons with higher incomes, doctors are free to increase their fees as they wish. For the most part, Blue Shield pays doctors' fees only when the patient is hospitalized. Care outside of hospital is included in the benefits in a very restricted manner. Thus Blue Shield added to Blue Cross does not really constitute a comprehensive health plan; and most important, the two together make no provision for preventive medicine, as do some other enterprises.

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All people want, need, and deserve comprehensive medical care. This may be defined as all services necessary to keep them well or get them well if they become sick. It includes not only the services of physicians, surgeons, and public health officers, but of all the auxiliary professions — nursing, social work, and so forth — as well. These services must be available in office, in clinic, in the home, or in the hospital, as the case requires. Preventive medicine must be included no less than curative medicine. Many attempts to move toward this ideal are being made in our country today, both by government and by private enterprise. Only the private plans fall within the scope of the present article; the role of government will be considered in a future paper.

4

THE initiative may come either from the medical profession or from the side of the consumers. Doctors may organize to provide medical care more effectively, or people may organize to obtain it. Two or three doctors in partnership, so that each may be off call at certain stated times, is the rudiment of organization. But there are now a considerable number of organizations for medical care, throughout the country, of much larger proportions than that.

The doctor-run private-practice group is a very familiar one. Generally called "Clinics" with a designating adjective ahead, they vary greatly in size, in the number of doctors participating, and in the extent of services offered. Few if any offer what can truly be called comprehensive medical care, but some approximate it. Within such groups there should be general practitioners, as well as specialists, who establish the responsible doctor-patient relationship and steer the patient through the maze of the remainder of the clinic. Such private-practice, doctor-controlled groups are often dominated by a single member. He may even own the enterprise, hiring his staff as professional employees, paying them straight salaries or salary plus a share of the profits at the end of the year, and having the right to discharge them as he pleases. Patients in this type of clinic, however, usually are charged on the fee-for-service basis, which may at times be as high as the traffic will bear. Such an autocracy is entirely acceptable to organized medicine so long as it is completely doctor-controlled; but if any element of lay control should creep into a group, it would become thoroughly distasteful to them. When such a situation exists, one generally finds that the boss is a surgeon. Often the clinic bears his name. This, to my way of thinking, is unfortunate. A clinic headed by a surgeon tends to be overweighted in favor of surgical treatment.

The most famous of private-group clinics in the United States is the Mayo Clinic. Starting in the individual private practices of the Mayo brothers, this enterprise has grown over a period of many years during which it has passed through stages of autocratic, oligarchic, and now of limited democratic control, to truly huge proportions. Its doctors are on salary, but its patients are on fee for service. It offers, with its affiliated chain of hospitals, comprehensive medical and hospital care for as long as its patients remain in the town of Rochester, Minnesota, to which some of them come from very long distances. Correspondence and return visits to the clinic furnish some degree of follow-up care, but a clinic in Rochester, Minnesota, no matter how comprehensive its services, cannot provide continuous comprehensive medical care for persons living in Bath, Maine, or Phoenix, Arizona. The great cost of travel of huge numbers of patients from all over the country to and from the Mayo Clinic and other similar centers is an item in the total medical bill of the American people which must be classified as a luxury. Usually it is possible to get adequate service nearer home.

In the case of organizations for medical care, or health plans initiated by consumers, we again find a variety of types. There are those set up by labor organizations for their members, or by industry or employer groups for their employees, or by groups of people in a community for themselves.

The Sidney Hillman Health Center in New York may be taken as an example of the first. This organization represents the laudable effort of a great labor union to obtain "Radiant Health," as it is put, for all its members. Established through joint action of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America and the New York Clothing Manufacturers Exchange, this plan, for an annual ten-dollar fee paid by members of the union to the Center, furnishes all the diagnostic services and treatment that it is possible to provide to ambulatory patients in a thoroughly well staffed and equipped clinic building. Preventive medicine is stressed, and "comprehensive health inventories" as well as day-to-day medical service are included. Domiciliary care and hospitalization when needed have to be arranged outside the plan, but the Center cooperates freely with outside doctors who have been called by its members, by furnishing full information about all relevant services within the Center. The whole objective is to reduce to the absolute minimum the need for domiciliary or hospital care by promoting health and preventing disease at the Center. By any modern philosophy of medicine this objective must be regarded as thoroughly sound.

As an example of an employer-run health plan we may take that offered by the Endicott-Johnson Company in "Three Cities," New York. Gradually built up by the company as "a means of general health promotion," this plan now has a staff of

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about forty-five doctors (the majority engaged for only part of their time) and operates two excellently equipped clinics, one at each end of the area served. In these clinics office type of service is provided, and domiciliary care can be given when needed. There are abundant good hospital facilities in the neighborhood. Complete medical care of high quality is provided entirely free by the company for all employees who have been employed six months or more and their dependents, and all hospital bills are paid by the company. Approximately 18,000 employees are eligible and they and their families make a total of about 50,000 people covered. The cost to the company of this complete health service for the year 1950 was about $42 per employee. The plan is financed entirely by the company. The management believe that it is money well spent, promoting both the health and the morale of their people.

The Endicott-Johnson plan operates, of course, for a very specialized community; nevertheless it is worth study from the organizational and actuarial points of view. It demonstrates one way in which a population of 50,000 can be given good, comprehensive medical service at low cost. Somewhat analogous to it are certain university and college health plans, together with other industrial plans, operated sometimes by management, sometimes by labor, sometimes jointly. Personally I believe that the Sidney Hillman type in which members take great pride, because they originated it — it's their baby — is sociologically sounder than the free-gift-from-the-employer type, which is essentially paternalistic.

One of the most promising types of endeavor on the part of members of a community to secure comprehensive medical care for themselves falls in a category which can generically be called the "consumer-sponsored coöperative health plan." There are over twenty of these now, fairly well scattered over the country. They have become linked together loosely on a national basis through the Cooperative Health Federation of America, which has headquarters in Chicago. Under this plan a group of people organize themselves into a coöperative and engage a staff of doctors to provide medical care, and to obtain clinic and hospital facilities as needed.

Organized medicine hates these coöperatives and does its best to put them out of business; nevertheless they have continued to grow and flourish — which proves that they meet a public need. In trials of strength in the courts, the coöperatives have won at least three important victories. The first was the famous Supreme Court of the United States decision of 1943, in which the American Medical Association and the Medical Society of the District of Columbia were found guilty of conspiracy in relation to their attempts to put Group Health Association out of business. Group Health is a coöperative of the type which I have described.

A more recent example is the decision of the Supreme Court of the State of Washington, handed down November 28, 1951, enjoining the county medical society from making similar attempts against Group Health Cooperative of Puget Sound. In California the San Diego County Medical Society brought a suit against a similar coöperative. The society had alleged that the coöperative was practicing medicine illegally, but the trial judge on April 22, 1952, found no evidence of this and rebuked the society. Finally, in May, 1952, probably as a result of these several decisions, a case concerning a coöperative in Elk City, Oklahoma, emerging from twenty years of struggle, was settled out of court in what was clearly a victory for the cooperative.

I am not suggesting that the coöperative type of health plan is the ideal solution to the over-all problem of organizing for medical care. However, it is one way, and its possibilities and limitations should be determined by experiment, as is in fact being done. Organized medicine should give full support to such research.

In my article in the *Atlantic* for October, 1950, the Health Insurance Plan of Greater New York was briefly considered. It describes itself as a community enterprise. Through a chain of practice groups scattered over Greater New York it offers high-grade comprehensive medical care on a prepayment basis to nearly 400,000 subscribers. Hospital costs are met from Blue Cross subscription (or its equivalent) which is required of HIP members. I also discussed two doctor-controlled prepayment plans, Permanente and Ross-Loos in California. HIP particularly seems to be highly promising, and to meet a widespread demand. It pays its medical groups on a capitation system. The group then takes these fees and redistributes them, paying the doctors by salary, a somewhat novel use of the capitation system which is working very well.

If by best medicine for the patient we mean best for every potential patient, which means everybody, then it becomes evident that organization for medical care must be on a nation-wide basis. If we are to develop a national health plan by private endeavor, it will have to be derived from voluntary plans of the kinds just mentioned. It is conceivable that private health plans might enlarge and coalesce throughout the country in a manner finally to include all people not already covered by government, but such a consummation would require medical statesmanship of a type not yet in sight, at least among the controlling echelons of organized medicine. It is because they see no likelihood of achieving a national health plan by private enterprise that a number of highly intelligent persons have swung to compulsory health insurance as the only means which can maintain health fairly for all our people.

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An Atlantic Story

Crary Moore is the pen name of a young Bostonian who writes us, "I grew up on a farm, surrounded by horses, beagles, and French verbs — no people though. Remedied that by coming out in New York. Three years at Vassar, time off for good behavior. Worked for a seaweed company in New York, ambled around Europe, and retreated, in good order, to Boston. I like it here." The Atlantic *published Miss Moore's first story in May.*

GOOD-BYE, LITTLE SISTER

by CRARY MOORE

The biggest and best coming-out parties in New York are in Christmas Vacation. There's just nothing like it, I think: down Park Avenue in a taxi at seven o'clock, with the lights flashing green, red, green, and the white path of Christmas trees down the middle, dazzling in the dark. Your stockings make a sleek little hiss as you cross your knees under all that tulle; you can smell your own perfume; and the Sophomore beside you seems wonderfully dark and dangerous. At home, the closets bloom with pink and white crinolines (Don't *touch* it, Betsy! It's *got* to be fresh for the Junior Assembly!); flowers arrive; and the phone rings all the time. Sometimes a photographer's velvet voice inquires if you'd like a nice cabinet-size portrait, real Hollywood type; or a distraught hostess wants to speak to your mother about an extra boy or the table will be ruined: "Can't you ask Betsy? She knows so *many* boys!"

I was coming out, and adoring it, when my little sister Emily went to her first big dance. The subdeb parties are terribly important if you want to have a good time in your big year. We had put off the dreadful day until she was fifteen. Emily was skinny and romantic, and in the summer she didn't sail much or play tennis; she goated, so we were awfully worried about her social career. She had a huge brown billy goat she called Master of Ballantrae, and Daddy called Auld Reekie. When he was stubborn, which was always, she towed him around by his grubby beard, so she was usually pretty gamy herself. She saved up to buy him a wife (the family couldn't say no); but he abominated the creature, whose name was Flora Macdonald, and Emily couldn't seem to comfort her.

It's only reasonable to be afraid of your first dance. Even the naturals, the little pussycat blondes, are scared to death, and I told Emily so. But, like poor old Flora, she bleated and skittered around; she said her dress showed *all* her bones. It didn't; Mother chose it to hide them. Then she got fractious, and said only idiots wore pink.

On the day before the party she threw up twice and got a rash where it showed. Two weeks earlier, she had told me, as a dark secret, that she was terrified of meeting Amory Standish, who was the idol of the Tenth Class. He'd almost been fired from Exeter for smoking, and Emily was sure he was a rip in every respect. I thought it was immensely sweet of her to tell Mother that there was no one she'd rather go to the party with. You're supposed to ask the boys to go with you, rather than the other way round; they look after you, and see that their friends cut in on you; so presentable, well-behaved ones are in tremendous demand. Unless you're lucky enough to have a real *beau*, your unfortunate mother has to go to one of those Witches' Sabbaths they call Patronesses' Meetings, and see if any of her old schoolmates has an appropriate son. Usually, the son doesn't prove too fascinating: if no spots, then no chin.

Ma had come back swollen with pride about having collared Amory, who was well and favorably known to the mother-cabal. Emily thanked her with real grace, ran back to our room, gave me a tragic glare, and wept bitterly. I told her that most fatal charmers absolutely lived on flattery, and that all she need do would be to lard Amory with compliments. But Emily, who'd never said an artificial thing in her life, looked at me with glazed

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red eyes as though I'd recommended speaking Swahili, and I almost gave her up, then and there.

The Awful Evening finally came for her, and with it Amory. I found him delightful: no spots, plenty of chin, tall without that celery look, and a merry black eye. Even dimples. Emily was having a frenzied time with her stockings, so Daddy asked Amory, in a man-to-man voice, if he wouldn't have a little sherry in the library. My father has responded splendidly to training; but I saw that Ma was about to get wayward and panicky, perhaps to ask Amory if he played on any teams, so I dragged her upstairs to Emily. "Look, Em," I said, "he's brought you a terrific corsage. No forget-me-nots."

Emily stared listlessly at her two camellias. "Is he cute?" she said in a graveyard voice.

"Awfully."

"Oh God."

"Not like that, Em. In a sweet way. He's awfully nice too."

"Then he'll be *sorry* for me," and she nearly wept. I saw the time had come for shock treatment, so I said Amory had better things to be sorry for, and not to make her eyes repulsive. I bustled her into her pink dress, stuffed her silver-mesh bag into one hand, her white gloves into the other, and dabbed her with my perfume. I told her it was sure-fire.

Mother gave her an apprehensive kiss and said, "If you don't like it by eleven o'clock, darling, I'll be up in the Patronesses' Gallery."

Emily said in a quavering voice that she knew she'd have a good time in such a nice dress. I wanted to kiss her too, for that, but thought it might set her off.

"Now, Em," I said, "one last thing. Ma and I'll go out; and you stand by the mirror and take a darn good look and *think* how pretty you are. Because you *are*, and all you have to do is to believe it."

We started downstairs, both frozen with nerves. Mother stopped me on the landing and said she was positively queasy. "It was different with you, Bets, you were just automatic. . . . Damn those spoiled little boys," she said, "I feel as though I were throwing her to the lions."

"If she'd only *realize* how cunning she looked." I heard Daddy and Amory laughing in the library, which sounded auspicious. "You were wonderful to get Amory, Ma," I said. "He's so cheerful, he'll end up by making her think it's fun."

"Do you suppose he has a *hip* flask?"

I reminded her, gently, that Prohibition was over before Amory was born; and we went on downstairs. Emily finally appeared; I hoped she'd taken a good long look. You can hypnotize yourself into feeling a belle; then you often are one. She seemed stiff and blushful, but she really did look very pretty. I thought her dark oval face had infinitely more distinction than the little pink-china dolls', whose necks I would gladly have wrung.

They said how-do-you-do, and Amory put on her white rabbit cape with a practiced air. She was paralyzed with shyness; even her voice was hoarse. Amory did a charming thing: looked straight at Mother, sparing Emily, and said, "We're going to a terrific party, Mrs. Crane. All the men from my dorm'll be there. I just hope I get to dance with Emily even once." From the way he shook hands with Daddy, I gathered that he'd just been given the usual five dollars, for after the party. There was manly understanding in that handshake, and a good deal of reassurance. I thought of Two Strong Men meeting Face to Face. Emily gave us a last nervous glance, and preceded him out the door.

Mrs. Standish had sent along her elegant town car, so they didn't have to hunt taxis in the snow. I hoped arriving in such style would reinforce Em's confidence at least a little, and that Amory's good manners would help.

2

I KNEW everything was all right, as soon as I woke up, early next morning. The shades were drawn, but enough chilly snow-light came in so that I could see the pink dress, thrown down inside-out, and a fine abandoned tangle of silver slippers, underwear, and stockings on the floor. If she'd been a wall-flower, she would have hung everything up with a sad tidiness and made dogged, don't-care noises going to bed. I had slept right through her return. Then I saw her camellias, brown and messy, placed tenderly by her pillow, and that really surprised me. All I could see of Em was her tangle of long brown hair. She made such a small ridge under the blue quilt.

I dozed off again — it had been my first full night's sleep that week — and when I woke up, there was a sunny square on the carpet. I could hear a faint slithering and chinking from the distant traffic on Park, and Emily seemed to be stirring. I mumbled, as though still asleep, and turned over to watch her through my eyelashes.

I nearly died of shock. Her skinny, childish arms embraced the pillow, and her cheek was laid on it delicately, instead of being rammed in. The upper half of her face was like a musing angel's: eyebrows exquisitely raised, black lashes sweeping her cheeks. But her mouth was curved into a tiny, knowing smile. And, as I watched, she fluttered her eyelids and whispered, "Oh, thank you, no; I rarely smoke." Then she let go the pillow, turned luxuriously onto her back, raised her hands with a swanlike gesture, and contemplated her pale pink nails.

Enchanted and amazed, I watched, and didn't say a word. After about five minutes with her fingernails, she rose gracefully from her bed and stood, in flannel pajamas, looking down at the faded camellias. She picked them up, gave them

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a farewell glance, and dropped them nonchalantly in the wastebasket by the dressing table. Then she took the stopper from my "sure-fire" perfume. It was a sacred bottle, given me by my then best beau, who couldn't bear to wait until Christmas. She waved it dreamily in the air, and walked a step or two forward. For a moment, I was mystified by that maneuver, until I realized that some precocious Grottie might have said something suave about a cloud of fragrance. Showy boys, I thought, a little annoyed because she didn't put the stopper back in tight.

Emily walked, barefoot and on tiptoe, into the square of sun, stretched this way and that, and closed the window. She raised the shades, flooding the room with sunlight, and gazed benignly down into our yard. It took her several minutes to account for one bare ailanthus tree (shimmering prettily with ice), an awning frame, and a couple of overturned flower pots. Then she spun slowly toward the long mirror (in the brilliant reflected light, I could see through the blue flannel to her shadowy little bones) and posed, hip-shot, like a model. She ran a tender, wondering finger along her jawline (which was sharp as a terrier's in those days), and I thought, One night that shook the world. The whole thing came to a fine climax as she turned away from the mirror. Glancing lightly back over her shoulder, she said, in crystal accents, "Oh, Amo. You utter *child*."

I decided, almost embarrassed, that it was about time to wake up. My groans and yawns must have been convincing, because, quite without self-consciousness, the Terrestrial Venus disappeared. She even became pigeon-toed again. I said the expected things: "Hi, Em. Was it okay? Did you make out all right?"

Emily asked, in a social voice, very deliberately, if she'd wakened me last night when she came in. I said no, also in a social voice.

It was then, and only then, that she told me about her lovely time. The music, the compliments, the balloons on the ceiling. Good-bye, goats, I thought, a trifle sadly; good-bye, little sister. After she'd gone through her impressive list of partners, gloating just a bit; after she'd said exactly what there was for supper (Rome wasn't built overnight), I said, "I bet Amory calls up today."

Emily dropped her eyelashes. "I bet so too," she said, and we both burst out laughing.

THE QUESTION IN THE COBWEB

by ALASTAIR REID

THE frog beneath the juniper
warns us where the terrors are,
crouched below a creaking root
grunts of water underfoot.

Draped on a branch above, the crow
croaks a crude judicial No,
forbidding with a beady eye
any wayward wish to fly.

Furtive flowers in flower beds
hear the wind and bend their heads.
A shiver by the river warns
watch for cows with crooked horns.

A rumble in a tumbled cloud
is mumbling of rain aloud.
A hedgehog humping home alone
makes thunder underneath a stone.

The spider with the knitting legs
purls a puzzle round his eggs.
A nimble stilted centipede
worries a secret in a seed.

Waving leaves like windmill sails,
the tallest elms are telling tales.
A rumor in the garrulous grass
plays havoc with the weatherglass.

Somewhere clocks begin to chime;
telling what we think is time,
meanwhile, the sundial on the lawn
is baffled by the falling sun.

The meadow with the mayflower hair
breathes a last question on the air,
while overhead the homing bees
buzz with private mysteries.

And like some last inquisitor,
the frog beneath the juniper,
crouching in a question mark,
croaks his password to the dark.

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This is the second of a pair of articles on Spain by ELLERY SEDGWICK, *Editor of the* Atlantic *from 1908 to 1938. "The Paradox of Spain" appeared in the September issue. Mr. Sedgwick made his first extended visit to Spain in the year of the King's abdication (1931). He went back again in 1937, this time in company with his friend Cameron Forbes, the former Governor General of the Philippines. And for the past three years he has spent the winter on the Peninsula, noting the contrasts and characteristics which have made Spain a special focus of American interest and controversy.*

SPAIN IN EASY LESSONS

by ELLERY SEDGWICK

1

NECESSITY number one for the Traveler is a guidebook, but who has not felt the horrid compulsion of its still small voice? What Leviticus is to the orthodox, even so are its admonitions to the conscientious sightseer. I recall an incident giving point to this warning. I had just done my whole duty to a gallery and was restoring my soul on a bench bordering a crowded sidewalk. Two American ladies brushed past me and the nearer, too tired to know where she walked, crunched with her heel my extended toe. "Oh," she exclaimed, "I am *so* sorry." "Madam," I replied, "I share your regret." She smiled wanly and I should have thought no more of the ladies, had I not passed them a few moments later, seated in their turn on the next bench. I could not but notice their exhaustion. Their shoulders drooped, for they were paying the eternal price of culture. An open Baedeker lay between them, a pencil in the crease of its down-turned pages. Two voices with a single breath were murmuring, "Thank God." Feeling that they had already introduced themselves, I asked, "Why this thanksgiving?" Again with one voice, they replied: "We have checked off the last item of a five-day tour."

So if a guidebook is your first necessity, your first rule is: Be its master, not its slave. Treat enjoyment not as a pleasure but as a duty. I myself take that duty seriously, and habitually travel by wheel chair. Nothing is more comfortable, and a chair has the further advantage of requiring a wife to push it. The combination is perfection and I have learned from it an important aesthetic concept: appreciation is less a quality of the mind than of the legs. Roll through a gallery, and the longer it is, the more delightful. Pictures take on a brighter hue and every martyred saint you pass wears a more cheerful air.

Now the model of all guidebooks happens to have been written about Spain. It was the first and remains the best. *The Handbook for Travellers in Spain* by Richard Ford was first published in 1845, but you can still pick up a copy of a later edition in a secondhand shop. Ford was an aristocrat but regarded nothing as common or unclean. He traveled on horseback and can give you no advice about hotels or railroads, but his information about Spain and the Spaniard is unsurpassed. Remember, he insists, that simple or gentle, every Spaniard is a *Caballero*. Laborer, brigand, or beggar, he is on terms of social equality with you and a touch of the hat will help you to his favor. Then, when the talk is over, do not fail to bid your friend "Go with God" — a far more suitable admonition than to invite, as we do, the Deity to leave His tasks for your friend's company.

In Ford's day brigandage was a natural hazard of travel. Here his advice is full of common sense. "Turn a deaf ear to the yarns of muleteers and the 'definite facts' of waiters but abjure chattering about plans and hours of starting. Englishmen, except when well armed and traveling in numbers, should never attempt resistance against Spanish robbers. A frank, good-humored surrender and a courteous appeal to them as *Caballeros* seldom fails to conciliate *the gentlemen* and to chloroform the discomfort of the operation."

Fortunately these discomforts of the road have abated. Occasionally a night lorry is relieved of its wine barrels. A load of Valdepeñas or Cepa de Oro is worth an incident of the road. But for generations the grand routes have been patrolled by a remarkable body of men with whom the motorist will have frequent acquaintance. The Civil Guards are well disciplined and straight-shooting. Their profession runs in families, and by a unique

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regulation they must be descended from parents and grandparents who have been spotless before the law. You see them in their blue-gray uniforms, always in pairs; stout, confident men, rifle on shoulder, their hats of patent leather, flat-topped and cocked behind with a flourish of Spanish bravura.

Ford of the guidebook was a man of great cultivation and it shakes our complacency to compare his artistic appreciations with our own. Take for instance his comments on two famous artists whose reputations have changed places with a vengeance during the past century. I quote: —

"A painter, not a Spaniard, must not be omitted, more on account of the false reputation he has acquired than for his merits — Domenico Theotocopuli, called El Greco. In Spain he fell into a disagreeable, monotonous tone of colouring, of an ashy grey, which, with execrable drawing, render the greater number of his pictures singularly disagreeable, if not absolutely repulsive. Some in the Madrid Gallery are almost caricatures."

So taste decreed a century ago. Today El Greco, the avatar of the moderns, is a chief glory of Spain. The other painter of whom Ford speaks has fallen to low estate. Once he ruled on high. "Pearls beyond price are some of Murillo's female figures in which the hidden strength of chastity in all its unconquerable majesty is most exquisitely portrayed." We read and rub our eyes. It is thus our grandfathers thought of those simpering Virgins standing coyly on the crescent moon.

An amusing story reinforces the parallel of then and now. In 1848, Year of Revolution, mobs surged through the streets of Paris, and curators of the Louvre met in alarm. Should worst come to worst, which masterpiece of all was to be saved? The picture chosen was Murillo's Virgin!

2

The riches of Spain are too diverse and manifold for any tour. My advice to the traveler is to follow that thread in the skein which to him shines brightest, but always to remember that Spain is Spain because it rests firmly on Roman foundations. Study any castle, citadel, or city wall and you will note that the lower courses are formed of those formidable Roman blocks built to resist eternity. Even more vividly than in Rome itself, the picture of her greatness rises in the traveler's mind as he contemplates her works, standing on the fringes of empire where the image of Janus, keeper of doorways, once marked the terminus of civilization.

Of all provinces, Spain was the most thoroughly Romanized. Two of the best emperors were born in Spain. So were Martial the wit, the poet Lucan, Quintilian the critic, and the younger Seneca. Hundreds of years before Vespasian and Trajan, Scipio Asaticus had disbanded his legions there. Great Roman cities sprang up in the south. The visitor to Sevilla has but a mile or two to go to see all that remains of Italica, once second largest of colonial cities. Others not far off are at Mérida, Córdoba, and Cármona, lying between Córdoba and Sevilla. In those renowned cities tourists swarm, but too often they merely pause at the foot of the steep hill crowned by Cármona, take a glance at the fortress Julius Caesar called "by far the strongest in all Spain," and whisk on to wonder at the greatest of mosques in Córdoba — or if they travel in the other direction, to seek the creature comforts of the Alfonso XIII in Sevilla.

But we, better advised, pass through the great gate to the huge ruin of the Alcázar, given a bucolic touch by the potatoes planted in the neighboring bull-ring. Then, if you would know the Roman in his toga as he lived, pass half an hour in the tiny museum not far off. You have the domestic feeling that strikes you at Pompeii. Little gravestones with their touching tributes share their grief with you. Roman epitaphs are very human. Above them is some homely device suggesting sorrow for the world just lost — a cock in full crow, a nibbling rabbit, a horse ready bridled for his master, a gladiator whom the dead had backed to win. Other emblems refer to the ultimate adventure — the peacock with his promise of immortality, the griffin with his courage to fight the unknown. There is a series of glass phials, iridescent with age, which once held the tears of professional mourners, and lamps to light the dead through the darkness of the Styx. One tablet fastened to the castle wall seemed like a hand outstretched through the centuries. I transcribe its Greek text in a rough translation: —

"This memorial is sacred to the holy manes of the dead Filomentor, a native of Tarsus, son of Athenodorus of Canana, traveling for the sake of his passion for philosophic wisdom. He died in the consulship of Crassus and Pisonus. His soul sits among the immortals. His body is interred in this sacred grave. He lived 48 years, 6 months, and 4 days. May earth lie light upon him."

The gentle petition to earth is the Roman equivalent of R.I.P., and how much more comforting to one perplexed by the tremendous riddle of immortality is this specific entreaty.

This traveler in search of philosophic wisdom seemed to me a guide on my own way and I went deeper into his history. First he must have brushed elbows with Paul the Apostle when he was persecuting the saints in Tarsus. Then the trusty Britannica informed me that his father, Athenodorus of Canana (I can rely on *Atlantic* readers not to confuse him with Athenodorus of Teos who, they will recall, played the cithara at the wedding of Alexander the Great), rose to high honor as tutor to Octavian and was bold enough to curb that headstrong young gentleman's temper. "If anger seizes you," he would say, "before you strike, *repeat to yourself the letters of the alphabet.*" It sets us wondering how far

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down the list of letters the half master of the world went when news reached him that Antony had joined his Cleopatra. Cicero, too, speaks in his letters with admiration of Athenodorus, and it is to his influence modern scholarship attributes the striking resemblance connecting the philosophies of Paul and Seneca.

See how large a view opens from a little window. So, fellow tourist, if you too seek philosophic wisdom, go to Alcántara where the rock-bound Tagus is spanned by a glorious Roman bridge, and remember that when those cyclopean arches were building, imperialism was not traduced as tyranny and Spain with all her treasures — tin, copper, iron, lead, silver, her olive orchards, her harvests protected by Ceres — enjoyed a government more equitable, peaceful, and respected than any other in twenty-five hundred years of her tragical history. The balance sheet of "self-determination" is not all on one side.

3

Lovers of beauty, lovers of history, lovers of Hemingway — I know not which are most plentiful — will not neglect to visit Ronda. Founded on a mighty rock, almost circled by the tumultuous Guadiaro, it borders the brink of a tremendous chasm that is one of the wonders of the Spanish world. Stand on that vertiginous edge and there, five hundred sheer feet below, the river lashes itself to a black fury as it strikes the jagged cliffs and crashes into the valley. Spain *is* drama and in this apocalyptic gorge is pictured Spain's tragedy-loving temperament. One is tempted to believe that it was Nature which preordained Ronda as the stage where the bullfight first became sign and symbol of Spanish chivalry. In early times, the bull was fought in city squares and today at the great fete of Pamplona a herd of bulls rush blindly through the streets, seeking revenge on country drovers who make a holiday of prodding them to fury. But it was at Ronda that the rules of the bullfight were first framed and the complicated artistry of death contrived with all its deftness and cold courage. There, too, dwelt the famous Romero.

The Romeros were a clan greatly gifted in the arena, but he at Ronda excelled his kind. His bearing was noble, his eye born to command bull or woman. No virgin of the city but would have been his for a nod; and when his choice fell not on one of them but upon a beautiful *gitana*, the consternation of his family was hardly greater than that in every house wherein dwelt an unmarried maid. Tears and prayer availed not. As in all legends, the father stormed, the mother groveled on her knees, but the hero was inflexible. For months after their wedding the felicity of the pair was the single subject of chatter as the women filled their evening jars at the town fountain. That and Elena's loveliness. Her eyes outshone the evening star and her form was the most exquisite that ever drove an Andalusian lover to distraction. Every now and then the bridegroom would go forth to a fight, slay his six bulls with a delicacy and precision that brought an hysteria of applause; but his pride was not in the blue and silver of his coat, not in the sonorous voice of the alcalde as he pronounced Romero victor of victors — but in the vision of his enchanting wife, awaiting him in his doorway, still in her gypsy dress, holding out her arms for his embrace.

Ronda is famous for what happened a few months later. One morning, Romero mounted his horse and set out for Malaga, where a peculiarly glorious triumph promised to await him. For several hours he rode, thinking only of Elena. Then of a sudden his mare shied, stumbled, and fell heavily. No bones were broken but the hero's legs were bruised and stiff. There was no fight for him that day.

Painfully he mounted. His horse limped slowly home and the clock in the ancient tower of Ronda church struck midnight as he reached his doorstep. The house was tight shuttered. All was dark and silent. Romero knocked with the light tap Elena knew so well. In an instant her arms would close about him and every ache would vanish. But there was no movement within, though his keen ears seemed to catch the slightest stir in an upper room. He knocked louder. The faint sound persisted and then he fairly banged the door. Now within the bosom of every Spanish husband there lurks something of the Moorish past, and the torment in Othello's heart entered into his. Romero shook the door till it almost gave on its hinges. At last it opened. His wife stood on the threshold, all loving tenderness, but the peach of her cheek seemed white in the pale moonlight, and the arms that clasped his neck were trembling. "I feared so terribly you were hurt," she whispered, but in the sudden agony of his doubt he brushed her roughly aside and rushed up the narrow stairs.

A Spanish chamber is not apt to be overfurnished. Elena's contained a bed, a chair, and in one corner a huge vat ready for the autumn pressing. The half-crazed husband wrenched off the cover and there within, squatted like a toad, was a human figure. One look Romero took. Dim as was the light, he recognized the tonsured head of a Capuchin. A dozen times he stabbed blindly with his knife, then turned on his fainting wife, caught her up as if she were a bundle of noxious offal contaminating the house, dashed down the stairs and on through the streets till he came to the terrifying brink of the chasm of the Guadiaro. There, pausing for one second, he hurled his shrieking burden into the void.

Tongues still wag in Ronda of that destructive night. In the morning the fathers of the city met. They were quite conscious of the importance of

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family discipline, and the summary execution of the Capuchin seemed to them not merely justified but salutary and instructive to all young and pretty wives. But to cast a lawful wife into so deep a pit — that was going beyond all regulations. It was determined that Romero should be arrested and held for trial. But prison and the garrote were not to that hero's liking. Before another midnight sounded he was off to the mountains and enthusiastically accepted as chief of a band of brigands. Of his further exploits my friends did not enlighten me, but the episode I have described has a remarkable history. For, in after years, one Prosper Mérimée listened to the Ronda story and revolutionized it. Romero was transmuted into José; Elena, immortalized as Carmen. The world does not hold a better tale than Mérimée's, and to live again as Carmen certainly compensated Elena for her stupendous mishap. Fame loved her sins and altered the gypsy almost beyond recognition. By the devious course of destiny, a version of Mérimée's study produced by the collaboration of Meilhac and Halévy was apotheosized into Bizet's astounding opera. Full sixty years ago at the Metropolitan Opera in New York the thrilling notes of Calvé singing the sorrows of Carmen fell on the ears of this narrator and stirred him to an enthusiasm so lasting that, standing yesterday in Ronda, he rejoiced that Elena lived and loved and sinned and fell.

4

Amongst the shrubbery of my garden stands an antique jar having on one side a bundle of arrows, on the other a yoke. Everywhere in León, Castile, and Aragon you will see these symbols, commemorating the central fact of Spanish history: the union of Ferdinand of Aragon with Isabella of Castile; the *flechas* (arrows) form the device of Ferdinand, and the *yugo* (yoke) stands for Isabella. Without some knowledge of these two remarkable monarchs, ruling as absolute equals, the maze of Spanish history is impenetrable. Los Reyes Católicos conquered the Moors, extirpated the Jews, established the Inquisition, and created a nation of one blood, one purpose, and one religion. The discipline they imposed made their country, in the next generation, the leading power of the world and, if we look further, planted the seeds of its eventual demoralization. In the single *annus mirabilis* of 1492, the Catholic Kings captured the Moorish kingdom of Granada, slaughtered or drove into exile 160,000 Jews, and dispatched Columbus to win a new world.

By every modern standard, Ferdinand was a wicked king. His contemporaries thought otherwise. Like Louis XI of France, it was by crookedness he made straight the path of his people. The philosopher Machiavelli held him the model of all a Prince should be. "Those Princes," he wrote, "who have done great things, have held good faith of little account and in the end have overcome those relying on their word. There are two ways of carrying on a combat, one by law, the other by force. The first befits man, the second, brutes. But as the first is often unsuccessful, it is necessary to have recourse to the second. Since a Prince, then, is compelled to play a brute's part, he should be both the Lion and the Fox."

If Ferdinand was the Fox, Isabella was the Lion. What Elizabeth was to England, such was she to Spain — as a woman nobler far, and as a queen her equal. But what a price she paid for her achievements! No queen and few women have laid upon the altar of their God more costly offerings of human anguish. I doubt no more than she that, throughout her reign, she never contravened that she held the will of God. Yet He punished her as implacably as ever she punished backsliding Jews.

Her misfortunes were as Niobe's. Her darling son, Juan, accomplished, virtuous, and married but six months, failed suddenly, dying at seventeen. Think of him when you enter the wonderful portal of the palace at Valladolid, where the boy one day lay dying as he discoursed to his father of the divine Aristotle and of his own perfect resignation. And if Art can move you, you will suffer with Isabella when you stand before his tomb at Ávila. In the whole range of the Renaissance there is no more affecting work than this masterpiece of Domenico Fancelli. There the Prince lies, struck in the flower of his youth, one arm outstretched, with the empty gauntlet slipped from his grasp. The brightest hope of his mother's life was buried with him. Then for a season she hoped again. Her daughter, married to King Manuel of Portugal, bore a son. Might not this Prince of Peace, as Isabella called him, make of the Peninsula a single nation? But within two years the infant died. Another daughter was wed to the Archduke of Austria. She adored her husband and when he died young she went quite crazed. History knows her as Joan the Fool or, more vulgarly, Crazy Jane. Yet by a quirk of fate the son of this madwoman was destined to become, as Charles V, the mightiest monarch since Charlemagne.

So much history, fellow tourist, you are bound to carry with you; and contemplating it in that spirit of philosophic wisdom we have spoken of, you will marvel at the ways of the Lord, who often rewards his servants with sorrows almost beyond bearing, not according to their iniquities but in the seeming presence of every virtue.

We who consider history take for our criterion the standards of our age. Whoever has contravened those standards, we hold him guilty. But God, who knoweth the heart, may well decide otherwise. By their own lights, He judges the children of men. By that rule Isabella the Catholic lived spotless as a woman as she reigned glorious as a queen.

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We have good American authority for stay-at-home travel, letting the mind go a-wander, while we sit comfortably at our own fireside. Lowell puts it into homely verse: —

If with vision unfurled you leave your abode
You may go round the world by Old Marlboro road.

But, to my thinking, the best way of all is to travel abroad and to *take your mind with you.* Before you go (again the accent is on the mind) let me advise you to bone up on some particular subject and see that your itinerary illuminates it. Take, for example, education in the Middle Ages, for that is a peculiarly fascinating topic and will bring as your reward a journey to Salamanca.

Once Salamanca rivaled Paris as the most famous university in Europe. Five thousand boys, most of them ragged and living hungrily on their hopes, crowded through the sculptured portal in a pursuit of learning intenser perhaps than any before or since. For knowledge long lost was come again, and a world the ancients had never known stretched limitless beyond the horizon. The four props of medieval learning — logic, grammar, law, and medicine — were the only subjects taught, but proficiency in any one could make a man's fame and fortune, and many a cadaverous student lived to become a fat prelate or an administrator high in the comfortable service of the state.

Students had other reasons for loving university life. Their pallets might be straw and their victuals bread and cheese, but in a very real sense they owned the university. It was their fees which paid the professor. He was their man, and when the lecture was over they had the contractual right to quiz him. Think of the educational possibility of that! For a full half hour, by statute, the lecturer must stand, his back to the wall, and answer every question that the devilish ingenuity of boys can suggest. What a zip and an edge this practice would have given the classes of our own youth! In my own case I should have spent a week plunged in the most refined thought, preparing for such an opportunity.

In earlier times, the lecture halls were encumbered by no furniture whatever, and students kept their minds alert standing on their legs; but in the sixteenth century, Oxford led the way down the enervating path of college luxury by introducing seats. Salamanca followed suit and rough-hewn benches made their agreeable appearance. They are there now in tight serried rows. On one I noticed, cut deep in the oak, the name of an idle boy not unknown to fame, who conquered his idleness with a vengeance. Lope de Vega the name was, most prolific of world playwrights — and if we conform to Spanish estimate, one of the supremely great.

Think of all that has happened in this schoolroom! Once, on that dais, Columbus stood telling goggling boys his tale of wonder. There, when the whole world was living in the innermost crystal globe of the Ptolemaic theory, disciples of Copernicus taught them the truth: the sun of this great world ceased to move round it.

True it is, scholastic education left uncultivated much of imagination. It trained pure intellect and spun subtlety into a thousand mazes. But remember the part logic, inheritance of Aristotle, has played in all our inventions and discoveries. Were I asked to what the practical success of the Rockefeller Foundation is due, I should answer that the early practice of drawing upon remarkable graduates of religious seminaries deserves half the credit. Splitting the hairs of Methodism and Presbyterianism is a whetstone for intellects fit to shape the world of tomorrow.

Travel is the archenemy of prejudice. It creates comparison and is the death of smugness. We think of Spain as being many centuries behind in the skills of living — and so, in many respects, it is. But where can we learn so well that pleasantest of human accomplishments — the art of manners? Where is the individual more his own man? Where else can we witness faith exalted to the dizzy height appointed by the New Testament? Not in Rome, where faith is overtopped by prelacy; not in the East, where fanaticism has entered into its soul. But to me, chiefest of all gifts of travel is its enhancement of the sense of beauty. In America, natural beauty is manifold and marvelous; but it is where monasteries and castles crown the hills, and cathedral spires rise above huddled cities, that beauty becomes so permeated with the story of mankind that the two blend indissolubly and the enrichment of centuries colors with its intricate embroidery the scenes before us. To take it all in, the mind enlarges. We see in a single glance what is and what has been. The view becomes a vision.

I would not have the reader think this a disparagement of our own inheritance, which I love as he does; so my last words shall be Rosalind's: —

"Farewell, Monsieur Traveller. Look you lisp and wear strange suits, disable all the benefits of your own country, be out of love with your nativity and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola."

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The Atlantic Serial

JAMES NORMAN HALL, *who died in Tahiti on July 6, 1951, came close to achieving his heart's desire. Born in Iowa and brought up in circumstances so modest that he had to work his way through high school and college, he early acquired a wanderlust and the irrepressible urge to write. Though his poems and essays were rejected with grim monotony, he kept plugging away. Four years of social work in Boston brought him close to Thoreau and the Concord worthies, but it was his service in the First World War, first as a machine gunner in the British Army, then as an Ace in the Lafayette Flying Corps, that at last gave him the source material for the best of his early poems and his first two books,* Kitchener's Mob *and* High Adventure. *The most audacious flyer in Rickenbacker's squadron, Hall was shot down over the German lines; on his return from prison camp, he met in Paris the man who was to play the most decisive part in his literary life, Charles Nordhoff.*

MY ISLAND HOME

by JAMES NORMAN HALL

17

THOSE who were in France shortly after the Armistice of 1918 will never forget the universal feeling of blessedness — there is no other word for it — prevailing then. Bitterness, sorrow, even mourning for the millions dead, seemed to have been put aside — for the moment, at least. I doubt whether, in all European history, there had ever before been a time when the hearts of men were so filled with serene hope for the future; and I believe this was true not only in Paris but also throughout the Western world. The war that was to end war had run its appalling length. Now time was standing still as though to give mankind a dateless period for remembrance, reflection, and preparation for the new world to come. And everyone — all common folk at least — believed that the opportunity could not and would not be lost; that they would see the new world beginning to emerge from the ruins of the old: one in which oncoming generations were to be freed forever from the threat, or even the thought, of war.

That was a happy time, if ever there has been one in human history. I sauntered through the streets of Paris, flooded with the mellow sunshine of late November, watching the crowds and looking at the German cannon ranged along the Champs Élysées and around the Place de la Concorde. Those monsters, fantastically camouflaged, were silent and harmless now. Children slid down the long barrels or perched on the muzzles, peering into the cavernous throats, and their elders looked on with a happy, wondering expression upon their faces. One would have said that word had been received and spread abroad that the three-headed dragon of greed, hatred, revenge, which had preyed upon nations since the dawn of history, was to be at last driven into outer darkness forever.

As luck would have it, when I reported at U.S. Aviation Headquarters on the Avenue Montaigne, I was assigned to temporary duty there. My assignment had been arranged for by Dr. Gros. He wished records to be collected for a history of the Escadrille Lafayette and the Lafayette Flying Corps, and rightly decided that the time for assembling the material was immediately, while the members of the Corps were still in France.

"I have arranged for another man to work with you on this L.F.C. History," Dr. Gros said. "Charles Nordhoff, of California. You two will be the editors of the History and Edgar Hamilton will be your associate editor."

A day or two later, Dr. Gros introduced me to Nordhoff, a tall, blond-haired, blue-eyed man who stood so straight that he gave the impression of leaning slightly over backward. Naturally, the memory of his experience after his transfer from

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French to American Aviation, when he had been taken from the front and assigned to a desk job, still rankled with him, and this may be why my first impression of him was unfavorable. He shook hands with me in a coldly punctilious manner, and I was thinking: "Lord! How am I to work with this man?"

We made little progress toward friendship in our first conversations. The fact that I was from Iowa was anything but in my favor with Nordhoff, although his only comment when he learned this was that his state, California, was "lousy with Iowans." Later we had some rather heated arguments about this. Iowans were rootless people in his estimation: they didn't belong anywhere, least of all in California. Naturally, I stuck up for my own people.

This was a rather odd beginning of a friendship which was to remain firm and unbroken for a period of twenty-eight years — from that winter, in Paris, until Nordhoff's death in Santa Barbara, in the spring of 1947. After a day or two we agreed to lay aside the Iowa-versus-California dispute and get on with our work. Neither of us knew anything about writing a history. I supposed that Nordhoff did, since he had been attached to the Historical Section of the U.S.A.S., but he told me that all he had done there was to remove split infinitives from government reports.

I was fascinated by Nordhoff's accounts of his boyhood, most of which was passed on a ranch owned by his father, in Lower California, a wild, lonely place that stretched for miles along the coast below Ensenada. Nordhoff came from adventurous blood on his father's side. His grandfather, for whom he was named, had been a contemporary of Herman Melville, and during his boyhood and youth lived a life that paralleled Melville's. In 1845, at the age of fifteen, he joined the U.S. Navy as a cabin boy on a 74-gun ship bound for China and the East Indies; and for the next nine years he was continually at sea in men-of-war, whalers, and merchant vessels, most of the time in the Pacific.

Nordhoff was a delightful companion. Once I got to know him my liking for him increased daily. I had never before met a man who had a wider store of information upon so many unrelated subjects. I discovered later that some of it was misinformation, but he spoke upon whatever subject with such an air of authority that one was ready to believe whatever he said. He loved to exaggerate, to astonish people by making extravagant statements with the gravest air, but it was all a kind of game with him. He was often surprised — shocked, rather — that he got away with so many of them. But in the field of natural history he was deeply learned, particularly about game birds, their habits, haunts, migrations, and the like. He loved wild birds far better than people. He told me that his father had given him the best possible education as a youngster — that is, no education at all except what he had been able to pick up for himself on the lonely ranch in Lower California. He had not learned to read and write until he was twelve. At least, so he insisted; but this may have been one of his exaggerations that he held fast to until he believed it himself.

One thing that brought us together quickly was the dream we held in common: to visit the South Seas. Many an evening we spent discussing this possibility.

"Why shouldn't we go as soon as we are demobilized?" Nordhoff said. "We'll both be at loose ends. We are not married and have no jobs to return to."

And so that was agreed upon. Neither of us would make any new commitments. As soon as we had finished the Lafayette Corps History that dream was to become a reality. Nordhoff's desire to visit the islands of the tropical Pacific had, I think, been aroused by his grandfather's voyages. I didn't tell him that mine had been stirred by Matthew Arnold. Instead, I told him — which was true — of the unforgettable impression Melville's *Typee* had made upon me when I first read it, in boyhood.

Nordhoff, Hamilton, and I worked hard collecting our historical material. By the end of February, 1919, we had most of it in hand, and Nordhoff and I received our travel orders to return home.

18

Having been born in the horse-and-buggy era, with my roots deep down in the soil of the conservative Middle West, I seem to have taken it for granted that life as I knew it in boyhood and youth would continue indefinitely. But upon my return home in early March, 1919, I became increasingly aware of the vast changes in the spirit of American life that had taken place during the brief time that I had been away from it. "Things were in the saddle" in a sense that Emerson could not have dreamed of. Boosters and so-called forward-lookers were on the scene in such numbers that one was scarcely aware of any other kinds of people. They were preaching, exhorting, and prophesying with such confidence in their vision of the world of Tomorrow that I felt troubled and uneasy, for my attitude toward these forward-lookers was one of complete disapproval.

I felt that we had taken a wrong turning somewhere, not realizing that it was an inevitable turning. In my ignorance I vented my bitterness against the whole of our Industrial Civilization, and my particular spleen upon machines with internal-combustion engines, inconsistently excepting those with wings. I deplored the vast changes that motorcars were making in the tempo of life. The good roads they demanded, slashed through the green hills and graded up over the valleys, were not my kind of good roads. I loathed them. In the twenties, of course, they were ghastly livid wounds in the fair

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green country which Nature would eventually heal and make beautiful, after a fashion, but I saw them only as they were then. I am not defending my reactionary point of view toward motorcars and other material elements in our rapidly changing life; it doesn't make sense from any rational point of view. I am merely stating how it was with me. Most people, I believe, love change and can move with the times at whatever tremendous acceleration of speed. It was, and still is, impossible for me to do so. I love change only in its aspect of slow and cautious advancement and slow and imperceptible decay. And I dislike change in manners, customs, and habits of thought as much as I do in material aspects. This, I believe, is the principal reason why I have made my home on the island of Tahiti, a mere crumb of land in the middle of the Pacific, during the past thirty years. Change there has been here, of course, particularly since the end of World War II; but it is nothing compared with what has taken place elsewhere in the world; and such as it is, one is given a certain amount of time to get accustomed to it.

Our L.F.C. History was finished in the early autumn of 1919. The manuscript with all the illustrative material filled two suitcases. We carried these to Ferris Greenslet at the offices of Houghton Mifflin Company, and then went to see Mr. Sedgwick of the *Atlantic* about our proposed South Seas venture. We hoped to get a commission from some magazine to write a series of articles about the islands of the South Pacific which would at least pay our expenses while there.

The *Atlantic* no longer used travel articles, but Mr. Sedgwick gave us a letter to his friend, Mr. Thomas Wells, who had recently become editor of *Harper's* Magazine, and we had clear sailing from that moment. Mr. Wells said that he would be glad to have some travel articles about the South Seas. Some would be printed in the magazine and the series as a whole collected for publication in a book.

19

NORDHOFF and I came within view of Tahiti and its neighboring island, Moorea, on a clear, windless February morning in 1920. I well remember our happiness on that occasion. World War I was behind us, and the thoughts of it sunk far down in the depths of memory — as deep as they would go. We still had the better part of our lives before us and were now as free as birds; or, if not quite that, as free as most young men can ever expect to be. And here, before and around us, were all of these lonely islands to explore: the Society Islands, the Australs, the Low Archipelago, the Cooks, the Gambiers, the Marquesas.

Stevenson said that one's first tropical island landfall touches a virginity of sense. So it does — and, fortunately, the tenth or the fifteenth. The purity of perception is not lost by repetition of the experience. There is a magic about these islands that is time-defying; that loses nothing of its power however long continued one's association with them may be.

Ever since boyhood the mere name, "island," has had a peculiar fascination for me. An inland birth was, doubtless, partly responsible for that; islands were far to seek on the prairies of Iowa, and yet they could be found, of a sort. A mudbank in the sluggish midstream of a prairie slough was enough; and if at the season of the spring rains I found one larger, with a tree or two, the roots undermined by the current, leaning across it, I asked nothing better than to halt there and moor my flat-bottomed skiff to the roots of one of the trees. Try as I would, though, I could not imagine the sea — any sea. The fact that the earth is three-quarters water was not a fact to me. Neither the evidence furnished by maps in school geographies nor the assurance of my elders convinced me; or, if I believed, it was only with the surface of my mind. Within was a solid core of doubt.

Until one wintry afternoon — it must have been around my tenth or eleventh year: a memorable day that stands out with the entrancing roundness and clearness of objects seen through the stereoscopic glasses our parents used to keep with the knickknacks on the parlor table. I remember the very weather of it: the fine dry snow filling the wagon tracks in the frozen mud, sifting lightly along the board sidewalks, piling in drifts along the fronts of the store buildings, adding little by little to the grayness of a gray world. I was on my way to Mrs. Sigafoos' shop.

She kept a small "stationery and notions" store not far from the railway station. There was a small back room, concealed from the shop by a curtain, where she kept her surplus stock of "notions," and delightful notions they were: boxes of marbles, valentines, firecrackers left over from last Fourth of July, Crokinole boards, games such as Authors and Lotto; chocolate creams, cone-shaped, with a flavor that has since been lost by makers of confectionery — at least I have never been able to find it again; colored pencils and crayons, tracing slates with pictures to go with them. The place was heaven to a ten-year-old, and I had the freedom of it, being Mrs. Sigafoos' newspaper-delivery boy, on the understanding that I would put everything back just as I found it. And back everything went except an occasional misplaced chocolate cream.

Mrs. Sigafoos also had a shelf of books: boys' books such as *Cudjo's Cave*, *Lost River*, and editions of the Henty and Alger books, all of which I read, taking great care not to soil them. There were also padded-leather editions of the poets: Bryant, Whittier, Longfellow, and Lowell, for birthday and graduation gifts, and several copies of Will Carleton's *Farm Ballads* and *Farm Legends*, illustrated.

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There was another book on the shelf. I had noticed it before, but, somehow, it had failed to arouse my interest: *Typee*, by Herman Melville. It may have been the strange title that threw me off. On this afternoon I was tempted to take it down and open it.

> Six months at sea! Yes, reader, as I live, six months out of sight of land; cruising after the sperm-whale beneath the scorching sun of the Line, and tossed on the billows of the wide-rolling Pacific — the sky above, the sea around, and nothing else!

Who does not remember some day in boyhood, such as this one of mine, preserved, fragrant and memorable, between the covers of a book? *Typee* has my day safely hidden among its pages. There was a quality approaching the ideal in my experience; indeed, I cannot imagine anything lacking that might have made it more so. It was my first authentic entrance, in literature, to the world of islands; and what more fitting vantage-point or vantage-time could I have had for the experience than the back room of Mrs. Sigafoos' shop, in a little farming town on the prairies on the afternoon of a snowy winter day? For the first time I believed in the sea — emotionally, I mean. That opening paragraph spread it out before me as something not to be questioned, like the sea of land rolling away to the horizons that bounded my home town. But, as I followed Melville across it, in the imagination, to Nuku Hiva in the Marquesas Islands, I little realized that the first gossamerlike thread of Chance was being spun which was to take me to the South Pacific with my friend Nordhoff so many years later.

20

Tahiti thirty years ago — to say nothing of other remote islands, both east and west in the Pacific — was a far different place from what it is today. Only the tips of the octopuslike tentacles of Western civilization, as we know it now, had reached this far into the Pacific, and the effect of them was scarcely felt. The character of the life was very much what it had been in the seventies and the eighties of the last century. There were, to be sure, a few motorcars, but not so many but what I could pretend not to see them.

Nordhoff and I could not, of course, begin writing our articles for *Harper's* immediately. We had to know something about the islands and the life of their people before setting pens to paper; and so followed a period of loafing and observing that was entirely to my taste. Nordhoff loved fishing and made trips out to sea with the native boys who fished for the Papeete market. I made excursions into the valleys and up the mountains, where no one lives, and at times prowled the streets of Papeete by day and by night.

Nordhoff had a practical, matter-of-fact mind, while I had — and still have to this day — that of a woodshed poet. I proposed making a bicycle trip around the island, but Nordhoff didn't want to come with me. He liked Papeete and his offshore fishing excursions. Furthermore, the Bougainville Club was the rendezvous for schooner captains, pearl buyers, traders, and the like, and their company was well worth cultivating. So it was decided that, while he remained in town, I would take my bicycle trip around the island, hobnobbing with the country people. I had seen enough of the islanders to be certain that a more friendly, hospitable people could not be found anywhere, and that I would have no difficulty in finding places to put up for the night.

At that time Tahiti's one round-the-island road was little more than a grass-grown cart-track for the greater part of it, and on the far side of the island none of the rivers were bridged. But the streams were not deep and could easily be waded with my bicycle carried on my shoulder. I set out in a westerly direction and before I had gone far I found that my feet were making revolutions in time to the following words: —

> This small island is, for me,
> Everything a home should be . . .

Another poem on the way! I halted to make a note of the lines but I didn't finish it then. It was years later, in fact not until May, 1941, that I published this poem in full in the *Atlantic*.

Upon my return to Papeete, Nordhoff and I began discussing ways and means of working on our Harper book, which was to be called *Faery Lands of the South Seas*. We finally decided upon the following plan: we would separate, Nordhoff going to the Cook Islands, and I to voyage among the lagoon islands of the Low Archipelago. I was to begin the story of our wanderings and to carry the thread of it throughout. Nordhoff's contributions were to be in the form of letters to me. A more clumsy device could scarcely have been hit upon, but it was the only one we could think of at that time, having had so little practice in collaboration. I will say no more of *Faery Lands* except that the book, when published, stayed in print, greatly to our surprise, for a good ten years; we more than canceled our debt to Harper. Having completed that task, it did not occur to us, strangely enough, to continue writing together, nor did we collaborate again until 1927 when we joined forces in writing our book for boys, *Falcons of France*. Nordhoff wanted to write a novel, so I wandered widely throughout eastern Polynesia on copra schooners, Low Island cutters, and other small craft.

I continued my sea wanderings through 1920, 1921, and to the spring of '22: Conrad's "enchanted Heyst" could have been no more enamored of islands and island life than was the woodshed poet. Then, strangely enough, I became conscious of a longing for the North. Memories of my boyhood

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dreams of the Arctic Circle came back to me. I was in the Marquesas Islands at that time, traveling on a copra schooner which made the full circuit of the principal islands, putting in at bays and coves to pick up whatever cargo the people had ready for it. This was my first voyage to the Marquesas, and I was, indeed, enchanted with their beauty. Their present-day life is a mere shadow of what it was a century and a half ago; there are no more than 1500 people in the entire archipelago. So I let my imagination take me back to the time when their inhabitants had had only the slightest contact with the outside world.

The loneliness, the emptiness, of most Marquesan valleys, in such contrast to what they had been before white men destroyed the life of their people, made a deep and melancholy impression upon me. This may have been, in part, responsible for my sudden yearning to leave the islands — for a time, at least.

Upon returning to Tahiti I found Nordhoff hard at work on a novel. Furthermore, he was married to a lovely island girl, half Danish, half Tahitian. I told him of my plan for a trip to Iceland. He thought I was crazy but made no attempt to dissuade me from it. Shortly afterward I set out for my destination via San Francisco, New York, Copenhagen, and the Faroe Islands. I loved Iceland from the moment I set foot in the country, and had it been possible I would have been commuting between Iceland and the South Seas these past thirty years.

21

Back in Papeete again, I took lodgings at the Aina Paré, the little hotel on the waterfront where Nordhoff and I had lived upon first coming to the island; I made it my headquarters until 1925 when I married Sarah Winchester and at last had a home of my own.

"Aina Paré" means "Paré's Retreat," and the Paré who retreated there, owner and proprietor of the hotel, was the only son of Lovaina Gooding, who, until her death in the great influenza epidemic of 1918, which destroyed 20 per cent of Tahiti's population, had been proprietress of the Hotel Tiare. Lovaina was famous throughout the Pacific, from San Francisco to Shanghai, to Tokyo, to Singapore, to Sydney, to Auckland and Wellington, New Zealand; and her son, Paré, was fully as much a character as his mother. Although he was always short of money, he never seemed to care whether he had guests or not; and even when he might have had them he sometimes turned them away because he didn't like their looks at first glance. I heard him say, on more than one occasion, to a prospective guest, "I'm sorry, but I have no rooms vacant," even though he might have half a dozen ready and waiting for guests.

He was in his late twenties when I first knew him. His brown hair was fast thinning out and his belly adding contour to contour so that rolls of fat overlapped his waistcloth, which was his usual wear at home. He had a high feminine voice, and his laugh was a kind of giggle rising in pitch until almost beyond the range of hearing. His mother tongue was Tahitian, but he spoke French well and English after a fashion.

The Aina Paré was not what would be called a first-class hotel, but Nordhoff and I thought it was just what it should be for Tahiti. The old brass beds were lumpy and the mosquito nets around them were masses of puckers where the holes in them had been mended. The other bedroom furniture consisted of washstands equipped with china bowls and pitchers dating back to the seventies and eighties of the last century, with tin buckets, for slops, beside them. There were a few well-worn chairs and sofas upholstered in faded red and green plush belonging to the same era. He had inherited them from his mother together with some paintings in tarnished gilt frames in the romantic style of the last century: "The Stag at Eve," "The Vicar's Garden Party," "The Tryst at Twilight," and the like. The hotel was a two-story building with verandas on both floors, and so riddled with termites that little more than the paint was holding it together. Many a time when going gingerly up or down the stairway I expected the hotel to collapse gently, and to find myself half buried in a heap of wood dust on the ground floor.

The great attraction of the hotel was the view from the upstairs veranda, overlooking the lagoon and the open sea beyond, with the island of Moorea in the background at a distance of twelve miles. I would not venture to say how many hours, and days, and weeks I have spent, all told, merely looking at that glorious panorama of lagoon and sea and sky, with the mountains of Moorea in the distance, so beautiful at any time of day, and particularly in the early morning, or at evening when the sun had just vanished behind the mountains.

I remember how, on the night of my return from Iceland, I went to the kitchen in the darkness for a glass — there was none in my room — and nearly broke my leg because of a broken board in the bridge connecting the kitchen annex with the back veranda. I spoke to Paré about this the following morning, and he replied, "Why, don't you remember that hole?" with an air of both surprise and reproach. I realized then that the fault was not his for not having had the place repaired, but mine for not having remembered, during nearly a year's absence, that the hole was there.

After our first joint venture in Tahiti, Nordhoff and I had gone our separate ways. By the year 1929 we knew that we were not making much progress toward our hoped-for literary careers. We had

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collaborated in writing *Faery Lands of the South Seas*, which was published successfully by Harper in 1921. Then Nordhoff wrote a novel, *Picaro*, also for Harper, which was stillborn, like two volumes of essays and sketches that Houghton Mifflin Company had published for me. I have Ferris Greenslet to thank for the fact that they at least saw the light of print, but I doubt whether either of them paid the cost of publication. Then, at Ellery Sedgwick's suggestion, Nordhoff wrote two boys' books, *The Pearl Lagoon* and *The Derelict* — published by the Atlantic Monthly Press — which sold well and are still in print. In the meantime, the Atlantic Monthly Press had amalgamated with Little, Brown and Company.

Nordhoff and I had done no collaborating since the *Faery Lands* volume. But, after the publication of his two boys' books, he wanted to carry his young hero, Charles Selden, of those tales, through another series of adventures during World War I. He wanted to make him a pilot in the Lafayette Flying Corps, and he asked if I would collaborate with him on this tale. I was glad to do it, and so we wrote *Falcons of France*, published by the Atlantic–Little, Brown Press.

After we had written *Falcons of France*, Nordhoff said: "Why don't we go on writing together? Two heads are better than one, and neither of us seems to be making much progress writing alone." I was more than willing, so we began searching around for a story that both of us would be interested in. Nordhoff suggested that we might continue his boy, Charles Selden: bring him back to the South Seas after the war and put him through another series of adventures, concerning a hurricane, perhaps. But I was not greatly interested in boys' books, although publishers had told us that a good boys' book was like an investment in government bonds, bringing in small but steady returns, sometimes over a period of many years.

One day I said to Nordhoff, "Have you ever heard of the *Bounty* mutiny?"

"Of course," he replied. "Who hasn't, who knows anything about the South Seas?"

"Well, what about that for a story?"

Nordhoff shook his head. "Someone must have written it long since."

"I doubt it," I replied. "The only book I have seen is Sir John Barrow's factual account of the mutiny. Barrow was Secretary of the British Admiralty at that time. His book was published in 1831."

I saw in my friend's eyes a Nordhoffian glow and sparkle which meant that his interest was being aroused. "By the Lord, Hall!" he said. "Maybe we've got something there! I wish we could get hold of a copy of Barrow's book."

"I have it," I replied. "I bought it in Paris during the war."

The result was that Nordhoff took the book home to read and the next day he was back, and he was in what I can only call a "dither" of excitement. "Hall, what a story! What a story!" he said, as he walked up and down my veranda.

"It's three stories," I replied. "First, the tale of the mutiny; then Bligh's open-boat voyage; and the third, the adventures of Fletcher Christian and the mutineers who went with him to Pitcairn Island, together with the Tahitian men and women who accompanied them. It's a natural for historical fiction. Who could possibly invent a better story? And it has the merit of being true."

"You're right, it *is* a natural," said Nordhoff, "but . . ." He shook his head glumly. "It must have been written long since. It's incredible that such a tale should have been waiting a century and a half for someone to see its possibilities."

Nevertheless, after having made the widest inquiries and the most painstaking researches, the only book we discovered concerned with the *Bounty* mutiny — outside of Bligh's own narrative, Sir John Barrow's account, and others written by British seamen such as Captain Staines and Pipon who had written of Pitcairn after the discovery of Christian's refuge by Captain Folger, in 1808 — was a tale called *Aleck, the Last of the Mutineers*, or, *The History of Pitcairn Island*, published anonymously by J. S. & C. Adams, at Amherst, Massachusetts, in 1845. This book was designed for young readers, and was made up of a compilation, culled from other books, of the facts then known about the *Bounty* mutiny.

I will not go into a detailed account of our collection of source material, although it was a matter that interested us tremendously, and that interest was fully shared by Ellery Sedgwick of the *Atlantic*. Mr. Sedgwick again proved himself the staunch friend he has always been to the pair of us. He found for us in London a retired British naval officer, Captain Truefell, whose help was beyond price. Captain Truefell had an exact model made of the *Bounty*, and he sent to us, via Mr. Sedgwick, blueprints of her deck plans, her sail-and-rigging plans, so that we became thoroughly familiar with the ship. Not only this: we received photostat copies of all the old Admiralty records concerning the *Bounty* and her voyage, and of the court-martial proceedings which, at that time, had never been printed, although they were later. We had boxes and bales of the old records, and the interest and pleasure with which we sorted and read them can easily be imagined.

Although we saw, from the beginning, what a superb trilogy the *Bounty* story would make, we could not assume that the general public would take the interest in it that we did; so our plan was, first, to write a tale concerned with Bligh's voyage to Tahiti, the collection there of the breadfruit trees, and the mutiny that followed on the homeward voyage, with just enough about Bligh's open-boat

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voyage and the later experiences of Christian and his men on Pitcairn to make an intelligible story of the whole *Bounty* affair in case only one book was called for. But we hoped, of course, that there would be enough public interest in the story to warrant our going on with the two additional books we had planned: *Men Against the Sea* and *Pitcairn's Island*. The *Mutiny* in fact met with a surprising response and we went on to complete the trilogy.

22

NORDHOFF was the best of friends and companions; and on a crumb of land in the backwaters of the Pacific, companionship of the right kind is more than ever precious. Although we were in almost daily contact over a period of twenty years we never seemed to get talked out. Any kind of conversational matter would do to start with; from there we would go on as chance or inclination directed, and the hours would pass like minutes. I should like to reproduce here the record of one of our talks that I made back in the late twenties when we were both married and had children and homes of our own. It gives a better picture of Nordhoff — one of the various Nordhoffs — than I could hope to do now. Of course, the actual conversation was more colloquial than the words I have written but the substance is the same. I had been off in the hills, and when I got home I found Nordhoff waiting for me on my veranda.

N. I suppose you have been rambling in the hills all day?

H. Yes. I went far up the Haapape plateau to the highest point you can just make out from the road. From there you can see Mount Orofena from base to peak. It is the most beautiful spot on all Tahiti, and except for myself and a few natives who pass that way to gather *fei*, no one goes there from one year's end to another.

N. How wide a view do you have from that point?

H. You should visit the place for yourself, sometime. Now and then I can make out your boat, and although you are miles offshore, you seem to be creeping along just beyond the barrier reef. I see the rotundity of the earth. In the imagination I visit hundreds of islands scattered over the downward slopes of the Pacific.

N. How do you occupy your time on these all-day excursions? What do you think about?

H. For a part of the time, of nothing at all. I have acquired the habit of reverie. I can sit for a half hour, even longer, lost in what I can only call a dreamless dream — a waking trance that seems as deep as the sky itself. What passes over the surface of consciousness disturbs it no more than cloud reflections stir the depths of the lagoons. It is sensibility lying somewhere between that of animals and vegetables.

N. Has it ever occurred to you that the habit of reverie might be a dangerous one to cultivate? Even on an island in the mid-Pacific you must keep some contact with a workaday world. You have your living to earn. The worst possible preparation for that, it seems to me, is to sit on the slope of a mountain dreaming dreamless dreams.

H. Dangerous? On the contrary. Should a man keep his mental faculties at the stretch through all of his waking hours? I don't believe it. The Polynesians have taught me better. That people in the so-called civilized countries do so is one reason, I think, why our insane asylums and those for other kinds of mental disorders are always filled to overflowing. The time is coming, I believe, when men will turn back to a simpler, ampler, more wholesome way of living. They will not fear to do some vegetating. They will seek wisdom from Henry Thoreau rather than from Henry Ford, and will refuse to be cheated longer of leisure, the most precious of all gifts.

N. Leisure? How many people want it? Thousands who might have it refuse to accept it on any terms. They travel frantically from one place to another, from one distraction to another, from one war to another, in order to escape this boon. Some have more than is good for them, and so they cultivate the habit of reverie.

H. I am not alone in thinking it worth cultivating. Let me read you a passage from an article written by a hardheaded professor of economics. How, he asks, is a man to bring peace and order into his own life, however chaotic the spiritual and social conditions around him may be? This is one of the suggestions: —

> And one thing more let him learn: to be still — to sit or walk alone, say, an occasional half-hour, not thinking, not reading, with mind and body as quiet as he can make them. Let him practice this stillness, persevering (for this is difficult) night and morning, until he have its secret. And all for the sake of the adventure, to see what would come of it, with no guarantee that anything would come of it except boredom.

N. And boredom is all that would come of it, in ninety cases out of a hundred.

H. Men need to discover themselves, to learn as nearly as may be who and what they really are; not what others think of them. Nothing could be better as a preparation than to learn to sit quietly, the mind fallow, the habitual nervous tension relaxed.

N. How many men want to discover themselves? We already know too much to wish to make further explorations.

H. The trouble is that we know too little: that is why we think so meanly of ourselves.

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N. You truly believe that?

H. I believe that most men are fundamentally decent, honorable, lovers of good and haters of evil, but they don't give themselves a chance to discover this. They accept, as though it were inexorable law, the old doctrine of Original Sin, as though God Himself had planted it in our hearts. If we go deeply enough . . .

N. Into mysticism, I suppose?

H. Well, even the physicists and the astronomers are beginning to acknowledge the necessity for mysticism. It surprises me that they have been so long in making the discovery. It is a pity that there are no secular establishments where the harassed and distracted Protestant man of our day may go into retreat, as the Catholics do. He might learn there how best to meet the soul-killing conditions under which most men have to live. If I had a fortune I would found such houses, and they would be free to all who cared to use them.

N. You would have plenty of applicants for free board and lodging, but none for spiritual refreshment. . . . But to come back to Tahiti — is that why you stay on here, year after year? Because you love solitude so much?

H. One doesn't have to come as far as this to find solitude. I love a circumscribed world, small enough to be comprehended in a glance, so to speak, and yet large enough to offer a certain amount of variety. And I like isolation made tangible by thousands of miles of ocean stretching away on every side. Here I have become more and more aware of the "uncovenanted society" that Mr. Santayana speaks of in one of his essays. Wait — let me find the passage; it concludes an essay called "Cross Lights."

> There is an unconvenanted society of spirits like that of the morning stars singing together, or of all the larks at once in the sky; it is a happy accident of freedom and a conspiracy of solitudes. When people talk together, they are at once entangled in a mesh of instrumentalities, irrelevance, misunderstanding, vanity and propaganda; and all to no purpose, for why should creatures become alike who are different? But when minds, being naturally akin and each alone in its heaven, soliloquize in harmony, saying compatible things only because their hearts are similar, then society is friendship in the spirit; and the unison of many thoughts twinkles happily in the night across the void of separation.

N. You are always quoting Santayana, and I am conscious of a feeling of irritation whenever you do. He lacks robustness. Don't you feel that, yourself? I wish he would break out, once in a while, in a bit of good, wholesome, earthy vulgarity.

H. If that is wanted, there are writers and to spare where it may be found. But what do you think of the idea expressed here?

N. That sort of companionship is too ethereal for my taste. I prefer actual companionship, the presence in the flesh of other men I can see and hear and touch with my physical senses; men who emit their forces of attraction and repulsion as I do mine. The communion of spirit with spirit across a void of separation — you can have it. Give me two or three companions around a table with a bottle of Scotch before them, or several bottles of good wine. What if we do become somewhat entangled in a mesh of vanity and propaganda? That is because we are human. Conversation will only crackle and sparkle the more. Don't you agree?

H. Of course. I thoroughly enjoy such conversations, but they are on a different plane from those Mr. Santayana has in mind here. Both kinds are desirable.

N. Give me my kind for a steady diet.

H. And yet, how many times I have heard you say that you like your friends better at a distance, and that you enjoy their companionship most when you see them least. Have your actual friends ever brought you the pleasure you find through books or music? I doubt it. They disappoint you and you them. You don't have only the best parts of them when they are with you. That is why friendship in the spirit is so often to be preferred to such friendship in the flesh as chance puts in one's way. Chance distributes its favors with such a lack of discrimination. In the matter of friendships, more than likely the ones you receive are not at all the ones you should have had, or would have chosen for yourself. Therefore, one falls back gladly, of necessity, upon this uncovenanted society.

N. But you needn't have come all the way to Tahiti to enjoy its privileges. You might have done that just as well in the U.S.A.

H. Perhaps . . . but what of yourself? If you so greatly enjoy friends within reaching distance, why do you live in a place where there is so little choice?

N. The matter of friendship has nothing to do with it. A man will, usually, find a few congenial souls wherever he goes. I live here because I like a tropical climate, fishing in tropical waters, and going to seed slowly and pleasantly.

H. You think one does go to seed here?

N. I know it. Consider our own cases as examples: we are neither of us anything like as alert, mentally, as we were only a few years back. We used to have quite interesting conversations — do you remember? We discussed everything under the sun and agreed upon nothing. Now, when we have a difference of opinion it is usually only a temporary one. We dislike the mental effort necessary to sustain a disagreement; so one or

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the other of us is sure to say, "Perhaps . . . Yes, I suppose you are right," and that ends it. More often than not we gossip like a pair of old native women, rather than talk. We discuss island personalities and the small change of island happenings. Or, too lazy to get together, I sit on my veranda in Punauiia, and you on yours, in Arué, each of us in a pleasant stupor, streaked through with sluggish musings. Days pass, each one like the day preceding. We are under the illusion that time is standing still for us, but if you pause to reflect you will come to realize that this is the result of the monotony of our lives. Where there is no variety of happenings from one month to the next a year slips by before you are aware that it has well begun. You flatter yourself that you have acquired, through effort, the habit of reverie. No effort was needed. You are merely going through the same process of decay experienced by all white men in such a tropical backwater. It is an inevitable process. The island has put its stamp on both of us. I'm surprised that you haven't the wit to see it.

H. Why don't you fly, then? Why don't you try to save yourself before the disintegrating process has been carried too far?

N. I have just said that I enjoy going to seed. I am clear-sighted enough to realize what is happening, but I don't care. I don't in the least object. I am now in my forty-third year. Thus far I have had as wide an experience of life as a man could wish. I have learned many things and unlearned many. I have arrived, by hard thinking, at various conclusions with respect to the meaning of life and of man's place in the universe; more particularly, my own place. By hard thinking I have discarded, in turn, these conclusions. I shall form no new ones. I no longer care whether or not there is meaning in life, or whether or not I am entitled to a place in the cosmical scheme. I have now had the place for a considerable number of years, and in view of that fact I can afford to be content. Fly from Tahiti? For what reason? And where to?

H. You might go home.

N. What chance would I have to go to seed there? I would not be permitted to. I would be bribed or forced out of my quite natural inclination to go downhill. I would be driven uphill to the very end, and so cheated out of my birthright to an agreeable old age. And think of the freedom of a special kind that one has here: freedom from the influence of the mass mind, with its intolerance, its disregard of minority rights and opinions, its profound belief in material progress, and that science will, ultimately, solve all the riddles of the universe. It is impossible for the individual, living within the scope of this mighty influence, not to be affected by it.

H. You don't believe in modern science, then?

N. Of course I do. But I don't believe in many of its pretensions and assumptions, and the arrogance of some who worship at that shrine.

H. But have you no desire ever to live at home again?

N. Why do you say "at home"? Isn't Tahiti home to you, after all these years?

H. No; and that is, to me, the chief disadvantage of living here. All of my roots are still in America, in the prairie country of the Middle West. I realize now that it is useless trying to grub them up to transplant on this little island. They won't come up.

N. I'm surprised that you feel that way about it. I came to Tahiti taproots and all, and they are now comfortably embedded here. Nevertheless, I realize that I am an exotic plant and must suffer the consequences of the change of habitat. My growth here has been sickly, but my decay will, I believe, be luxuriant and slow.

H. You talk as though you were already on the threshold of old age.

N. So I am. I mean to depart from the practice of most men of our years. They cling to the fiction that they are still vigorous youngsters until, at the age of forty-five or thereabout, the fact that they have long been middle-aged is forced upon them. Then they persist in being middle-aged until they are ready to topple into their graves, crowding their old age into a scant year or two.

H. Yes, so we do, most of us.

N. But consider my happy prospect. I may have thirty, even forty years to spend in this pleasant old-man's garden. I shall have time to enjoy to the full an old man's pleasures. I shall read old books and care nothing about the new ones. I needn't try to keep abreast of the world's doings, and who would care to, in these times? My fishing will keep me healthy in body, and the humdrum existence we live here will keep me tranquil in mind. . . . But I'd better be going. It's quite dark, already.

H. Yes, old men should keep early hours.

N. I never go to bed later than nine-thirty. . . . What a glorious night! Look at those coconut palms against the sky!

H. Wait till I light the lamp. I'll show you down to the road. Mind the second step! There's a board loose.

N. Oh, the decay, the decay, in houses and men, in this humid tropical climate! . . . Good night, my son.

H. Good night. Sleep well, father.

(We end the Atlantic's *abridgment on this high note of friendship and with the hope that our readers will wish to follow Mr. Hall's warmhearted volume to its moving close. Because of the limitations of space, the* Atlantic *has been able to publish only approximately a quarter of the book.)*

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DETHRONEMENT

With pain pressing so close about your heart,
Stand (it behoves you), head uncovered,
To watch how she enacts her transformations —
Bitch, vixen, sow — the laughing, naked queen
Who has now dethroned you.

Hymns to her beauty or to her mercy
Would be ill-conceived. Your royal anguish
Is all that she requires. You, turned to stone,
May not speak nor groan, will stare dumbly,
Grinning dismay.

But as the play ends, or in its after-hush,
O then, deluded, flee! Her red-eared hounds
Scramble upon your track; past either cheek
Swan-feathered arrows whistle, or cruelly comb
Long furrows in your scalp.

Run, though you hope for nothing: to stay your foot
Would be ingratitude, a sour denial
That the life she bestowed was sweet.
Therefore be fleet, run gasping, draw the chase
Up the grand defile.

They will rend you to rags assuredly
With half a hundred love-bites —
Your hot blood an acceptable libation
Poured to Persephone, in whose demesne
You shall again find peace.

ROBERT GRAVES

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Books and Men

Author, editor, and critic, RICHARD E. DANIELSON *was for ten years the Editor of the* Sportsman, *and since 1940 has been President of The Atlantic Monthly Company. A lifelong student of George Washington, he gives us his thoughtful appraisal of the fifth volume in the spacious, intimately detailed biography now being written by our foremost Southern historian, Douglas Southall Freeman, whose definitive life of Robert E. Lee was awarded the Pulitzer Prize in 1935 for the best American biography.*

"FIRST IN WAR, FIRST IN PEACE"

by RICHARD E. DANIELSON

1

THE fifth volume of Douglas Southall Freeman's *George Washington* (Scribner's, $7.50) is very properly entitled "Victory with the Help of France." No American historian has recognized more clearly that French aid in men and treasure, a French Army and Navy coöperating with the Continental forces, was essential to a successful termination of the war. And no one has done more honor to the French leaders, Rochambeau, "the most generous of allies," Lafayette, Vioménil, Choisy, Saint-Simon, Chastellux, and the French Admirals, D'Estaing and De Grasse. Without such generous coöperation, Washington's delaying actions combined with an appalling lack of sound currency or credit, and the difficulty of recruiting an army of volunteers destined to serve in half-starved nakedness, could only have ended in frustration and defeat.

This volume covers the period from May, 1778, to December 24, 1783. During that period Washington had experienced almost all the vicissitudes of fortune that a man in a responsible or a vital position could undergo. In 1780 the winter quarters at Morristown were as bad as the shambles of Valley Forge. In succeeding months there were mutinies in the Connecticut, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey regiments which threatened the existence of the Army. There was Arnold's treason and André's execution. There was the lost golden opportunity at Monmouth Court House to strike a telling blow, defeated by the indecision or cowardice of an overrated subordinate. And there was always the haunting question: Would the moment ever arrive when the French Fleet could gain command of the sea and the French troops be free to coördinate with the Americans in concentration against an important British force, whether in New York or in the Carolinas or Virginia? Washington watched with admiration the campaigns of Greene in the South, but these masterly maneuvers were not decisive victories. Rather they were a series of tactical defeats of Greene's nondescript army which exhausted the enemy but demonstrated no convincing hope of gaining superiority over the British forces. In all, it was a period of anxiety, of delays and confusion, which only a man of immense resolution could have survived.

Mr. Freeman's book, like the preceding volumes, is not so much a history of the events of the period as it is a study of the character and the reactions of one man to those events. His book is George Washington, and if you want to know what happened at Savannah or Charleston, you will have to go to other sources — to Trevelyan, let us say, or to other competent historians. This is a study in the developing character of a very great man, a man who stamped the seal of his unique personality so deeply on the consciousness of his own countrymen, on his allies and enemies, on the opinion of candid men of good will all over the world, that indeed he became, like one of Plutarch's men, a kind of property and pride of mankind in general.

He seems to have made only an insignificant number of mistakes. One letter criticizing the slowness or lack of enterprise on the part of a French Admiral he sent to his kinsman, Lund Washington. It was intercepted by the British and published by them. But for Rochambeau's forbearance and kindness this might have been a serious incident in the always sensitive relationship between allied forces, each jealous of its "honour." He failed sometimes, yet never for very long, in his judgment of the character and ability of his subordinates. But there was in his personality so great a degree of nobility, he was so truly a gentleman, his devotion to his country's cause was so apparent and so proven, that no one — except a few jealous men — could think or speak of him without a kind of reverence. Of his greatness as a commander there were contemporary and later critics. The judgment of Mr. Freeman would seem to be about as follows: he did the best

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he could with the means at his disposal; he was greatly helped, in his most desperate circumstances, by the indolence and indecision of his opponents. At times by a quick, bold stroke — as at Trenton — he kept this confident and indolent opponent off balance, saved his Army from slow disintegration, and immensely impressed the European observers whose good opinion he and the Congress of the Confederated States were sedulously courting.

At times he expressed his sense of the outrageous failures of the civil or administrative authorities to supply his men with the necessities of life in a tone which in a lesser man might have been termed as querulous. For this he had good reasons: first, the actual suffering and starvation of his troops were largely based on unwillingness of selfish and mercenary Americans to accept the next to worthless paper money in exchange for supplies or services. Secondly, Congress was dilatory and the States — most of them — were worse in taking positive measures for the support of the troops. There were times, for example, when there were clothing and shoes for the Army assembled in Boston and no money anywhere for their transportation to the Hudson. Washington loathed the idea of requisitions — of living off the country — though he had to come to it in periods of the greatest distress. And his conception of the proper relations between the military and the civil authorities, his ingrained respect for the latter, made it impossible for him to do more than present a never-ending series of appeals for the bare necessities of life. "Washington," says Mr. Freeman, "did not overwrite the tragedy of his Army. Some infantry companies had no more than four rank and file, with the average age about fifteen; officers of three Regiments were 'so naked' they were 'ashamed to come out of their huts.'" This was not their condition on a single occasion. It was a chronic condition, constantly threatening the very existence of the Army.

During the years between the creation of the French Alliance and the Siege of Yorktown, Washington was beset by anxieties and hopes deferred. Again and again he planned and hoped to strike a blow in conjunction with the French Fleet and Army either at New York or in the South. Again and again, the superiority of the British at sea paralyzed the French Fleet and the movement of their land forces. Not until 1781, when De Grasse with a superior fleet entered the Chesapeake and shut off Cornwallis from escape by sea, was Washington able to put his plans into action. Then in a swift and sure concentration he was able to bring an army together numbering twice the forces under Cornwallis, to besiege the enemy's fortified camp, and to force his surrender. This was a military achievement of the first order and justifies a higher opinion of his virtues as a commander than historians have, of late, been willing to concede him.

Then follows the almost two years long waiting for either a definitive treaty of peace or the commencement of another campaign. At long last the good news came. Peace had been declared, the treaty signed; the British were preparing to evacuate New York, taking with them the unhappy and embittered Loyalists. In due course, while the last of the British warships and transports were still in the outer harbor, Washington entered the city and, having completed his duty as a soldier, saw the civil authorities take over; it only remained for him to say farewell to the small group of officers who accompanied him before resigning his commission in person to Congress.

Mr. Freeman is at his best in describing the infinitely touching scene in Fraunces Tavern. Washington's composure and iron self-discipline for once broke down. "Tears were blinding him. 'I cannot come to each of you,' he said in a faltering voice, 'but shall feel obliged if each of you will come and take me by the hand.' Chance fixed it that in the absence of Nathanael Greene, the soldier best entitled to be first among them was nearest at hand — Henry Knox, the man who had brought the cannon over the ice from Ticonderoga, youthful father of the artillery corps, the one senior officer of whom it could be said that in eight years of service he had not given his General an hour's needless concern. Knox stepped forward silently and held out his hand; Washington extended his own, but as he looked into those honest eyes and remembered what Knox had meant to him, he could not say farewell with a handshake. Impulsively he put his arms around Knox and, weeping, kissed his Chief of Artillery. Once done, this had of course to be done with all, from Steuben to the youngest officer. With streaming eyes, they came up to him, received the same embrace and passed on. Even the most talkative was awed. Not a man had the bad taste to attempt any expression of thanks or of admiration. 'The simple thought,' Tallmadge wrote long afterwards, 'that we . . . should see his face no more in this world seemed to me utterly insupportable.'"

2

The high points of "reader interest" in this volume are the passages dealing with the dreadful winter quarters at Morristown, the Monmouth Court House engagement, Arnold's treason, the mutinies, the concentration before Yorktown, the siege, the great day of Cornwallis's surrender, and the farewell described above. All these are adequately treated in Mr. Freeman's felicitous and knowledgeable style. I could wish that he would tell us what Washington actually said to Lee at Monmouth. Tradition and hearsay whisper that

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at that moment His Excellency's calm was swamped by a tide of violent indignation and that he covered the shallow, conceited Lee with a flood of language which he might have heard as a youth from a mule skinner whose wagon was stuck in the mud. Most admirers of Washington hope secretly that the tradition is true and that the warmth of righteous anger could, on occasion, melt the reserve of a man who in many minds was perilously close to being a marble statue. He was never that in actuality. "To present him as flawless," says Mr. Freeman in the introduction, "would be to perpetrate a fraud. Human he showed himself to be in a hundred particulars, human and singularly ambitious to deserve and possess the good opinion of Americans; but always he had integrity, patience, and the sharpest sense of justice."

In the last chapter of this volume Mr. Freeman safely delivers George Washington, Esq., at the door of his home at Mount Vernon, his battles fought, his fame secure. Already, however, the problems facing the young Republic, such as the weakness of the central government, its almost centrifugal force, the jealousies between the States, the precarious fiscal situation, the lack of many of the essential implements of government — all these were of great concern to the retired General. Already his friends were saying and writing that only he could head up a new government which would command respect and success. There were hints, too, that failure to carry on in civil life the responsibilities he had borne successfully in war would be a failure in patriotic devotion. This was a compelling argument. "Public censure was his supreme fear." There were many able and devoted men at hand in civilian America but there was only one man to whom everybody turned for wisdom and guidance, and that was the Virginian planter who had become, through character and achievement, a symbol of the American ideal.

Surely if to be well esteemed by his fellow Americans was a strong motive in his conduct and career, Washington had already realized his ambition. No American has ever in his lifetime received such a full measure of devotion, such universal respect, and even adulation as were bestowed on him by his countrymen at this time. It was obvious that, whether he wished it or not, he would be "drafted" to head the new republic. He was, in the eyes of the vast majority, at home and abroad, already the Father of His Country.

In the same chapter Mr. Freeman pauses in his narrative to analyze the character of Washington in this period of his life. In Volume II he had done the same kind of study of Washington in 1758 when he had resigned his commission in the French and Indian War. Again in Volume III he discussed the maturing personality of the man who had just been offered the command of the Army of a rebellious and divided people. Thus chronologically he follows the developing characteristics of this truly heroic man.

He finds him, at the end of the war, of proven courage and sound judgment, as cautious as he was patient and diligent, inflexibly just. He was acquisitive and at the same time generous. Yet there were seeming inconsistencies: he had little or no affection for his mother; he supported her financially but he had no wish to see her or be with her. "He always had pity," but he did not grieve when a friend or one of his intimate military "family" died or was killed. His religion was a well-bred belief in God and Providence and the righteous cause of the United States, but he was a less ardent Christian than his addresses and circulars — often composed by aides from Puritanical New England — would indicate. He was "courteous to all but intimate with few." His close friends could have been numbered on the fingers of his hands. Above all he had a simplicity of character which his contemporaries failed to understand. They thought he must have complexities of nature to explain his achievements. He himself wrote an old friend the revealing phrase that he "always had walked on a straight line." Mr. Freeman thinks that the "always" is justified in the sense that the young Washington had seen where lay his duty and the "honour" that he so ardently desired, and that he had so disciplined himself throughout the years that the straight line became the only guide which he could follow. "Because Washington knew he had integrity and absolute dedication to the cause of independence, he had throughout the Revolution a positive peace of mind." He might agonize over the sufferings of his men or the desperate situation of his country, "but always he could war the better against Britain because he was not at war with himself. . . . His will and his long self-discipline were his rod and his staff."

There remain sixteen more years of Washington's life, which I believe will be covered in two more volumes of this biography. If there were any criticism I could make of the plan and execution of this work, it would be that, while Mr. Freeman's opinions are expressed with a restrained but eloquent freedom his statements of fact are almost too copiously attested in footnotes. In his proper intention of writing the definitive biography of a great man, he has annotated his books for the scholar rather than the general reader. The mildest statement concerning the weather on a certain day receives an *op. cit.* or an *ibid.* notice. Perhaps when the seven volumes are completed, a new five-volume edition could be published whose readers could take Mr. Freeman's meticulous accuracy for granted. In the meantime, every reader can be happy in the realization that Mr. Freeman has treated his noble subject in the noble fashion we have come to expect of him.

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Books and Men

Born and schooled in France, JACQUES BARZUN *came to this country in 1919. He was naturalized in 1933 and is now Professor of History at Columbia University. He is the author of several books, among them* Teacher in America *and the two-volume work* Berlioz and the Romantic Century. *His critical essays are well known to* Atlantic *readers, and he is a member of the editorial board of the* Magazine of Art, *the* American Scholar, *and the Columbia University Press.*

THE GREAT BOOKS

by JACQUES BARZUN

1

It is characteristic of our lively American culture at the present time that one of the biggest publishing ventures of recent years — a two-million-dollar enterprise — should be backed by (1) a senator from Connecticut, formerly Assistant Secretary of State; (2) a Midwestern university; and (3) an encyclopedia firm, once in British hands, but now owned jointly (I believe) by the senator and the university. I refer to Senator William Benton, the University of Chicago, and Encyclopædia Britannica, Inc., whose enlightened partnership has brought out the *Great Books of the Western World.*

The set is an imposing collection of fifty-four volumes comprising the works of seventy-four authors from Homer to Sigmund Freud. The price being enticingly fixed at $249.50, a flash of mental arithmetic will show that each volume comes to the bargain price of $4.62. Many of these are very sizable volumes; some are wholly unavailable anywhere else, and a pair of them, *The Syntopicon* edited by Mr. Mortimer Adler, are new, unique, and invaluable. But of this more later. Here I only want to give some notion of the physical bulk and quality of what is, to begin with, merchandise.

It is intrinsically precious merchandise, of course; but like all books offered in sets, it poses to the intending purchaser the perfectly rational question — how do they look, feel, taste? The looks are unexceptionable — cloth bindings of various tints, with brown labels and reticent gold stamping on the backs. The type, format, and paper complete an intelligent design which is flexible (for the length of some of the works necessitated a double-column page as well as thin paper) and which is also convenient: none of your transparent sheets where you can read all of Shakespeare's sonnets between the lines of the first one, and no gluey fabrikoid covers to make you think that this is a book you will not be able to put down.

As to the feel, that is, the weight, each volume varies, and it is true that Aristotle and Aquinas and a few others are heavy in the hand. But then they are not exactly for reading in bed, and it is not to be expected that ribs will be crushed by careless use of the *Summa.*

Which brings us to the true uses of the set. Everybody knows what the "Great Books" are. They are something akin to an electric spark that flashes back and forth across the poles represented by St. John's College, Annapolis, and the University of Chicago. They are a curriculum and a fighting slogan now happily absorbed into the language. But where do they come from? The rumor that ex-Chancellor Hutchins invented them and Mr. Mortimer Adler wrote them has been discredited. And now the title of the set tells us that they are great books of the Western World; they belong to the intellectual tradition that takes its rise in the eastern Mediterranean and spreads gradually westward through the European continent and the British Isles, to find its conscious reaffirmation in Europe's offspring, the United States of America.

Fittingly enough, it was when Americans made their first mass return to Europe, in the First World War, that the idea of the great books was born, or reborn. The late John Erskine, Professor of English in Columbia College, was in charge of an American study center at Dijon (where there is now a memorial library named after him) and there he drew up for the doughboys the first list of great books considered as a body of secular scripture. When he came back to his post at Columbia, he persuaded the faculty to establish a two-year course in which selected upperclassmen would read and discuss these great books, one each week, with a minimum of scholarly apparatus and a maximum of attention to the author's words.

This decision to make a course out of what the die-hard opposition considered "unrelated reading" — and incidentally the success which attended the

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teaching method — constitutes the pivot on which the whole subsequent movement was to turn. As a student in the college, Mr. Mortimer Adler took the course, then became an instructor in it. So did others later associated with St. John's and Chicago. But it is to Mr. Adler's energetic and imaginative propaganda during a quarter century that the credit must go for transforming a course into a curriculum, and then shaping the contents of both into the massive publication now offered to the American people.

In between, with the aid of the University of Chicago extension services, the great books program was presented to citizens of all ages, callings, and qualifications — as had been done in New York in the twenties by Dr. Everett Dean Martin and the People's Institute. The assumption is that the classics were originally new and unknown books that anybody could pick up and read. What the group meetings furnish to the venturesome layman is a little guidance from someone who has read the work before, and a great deal of enlightenment from discussion with the other newcomers to the subject. This is the whole secret of the success attained by the hundreds of groups in dozens of cities where people have in the last decades chewed over Plato and Bacon and Freud under the leadership of Messrs. Hutchins, Adler, and their associates.

The present set of books, therefore, is clearly intended for the laity and not for scholars, who probably own a good half of them already and are too busy to read or discuss anything so large and unspecialized and ancient as a great book. The new possessors of this set will in many cases want to join or form a discussion group of their own. But they are also given in the volumes the means of individual study and reflection. Prefaces and notes to each work are supplied, in discreet amounts and subdued prose. There is also the miraculous *Syntopicon*, about which I am purposely whipping up curiosity by again putting off further details. Lastly, it is obvious that the fifty-four volumes can form the cornerstone of a library, not to mention the decorative strip of colossal literature to fill the void in the study of the *bourgeois gentilhomme*. It is not quite a five-foot shelf: I make it four feet eight-and-a-half — standard railroad gauge.

2

Last April, when the publisher and editors presented the books to the charter subscribers (and incidentally to Queen Elizabeth and President Truman), Mr. Clifton Fadiman, as a distinguished product of the Erskine course at Columbia, made one of his thoughtfully witty speeches, in the middle of which he drew out a comparison between the great books and a cure for illness — the illness of noneducation. He concluded this by saying: "Thanks to Dr. Adler, I no longer suffer from pains in the dialectic, and when I get up at night it is only for the purpose of consulting the *Syntopicon*." Laughter greeted his remark and, less appropriately, laughter sometimes greets the idea of the *Syntopicon*. What is it?

As its name indicates, it is a collection of topics — the topics treated in the great books — arranged in alphabetical order and linked by page numbers to the relevant passages in the original author. The *Syntopicon*, in short, is a huge Index of Ideas. What causes people to smile is that the compilers, led by Mr. Adler through the maze of twenty-five million words, hit upon the number 102 as the total of ideas they would index. Call them headings and swallow your snicker. The fact is that there are some three thousand subheadings. So persons who feel that an official ceiling of 102 ideas would cramp their style can breathe freely. Let them turn to the books themselves and they will see that no reduction of one's intellectual income has been practiced by the indexers, but a great addition made to one's play of mind.

Each topic is preceded by a short essay — again in remarkably clear and quiet prose — which orients the reader within each of the main subjects. Some of the great writers in the collection are quoted to show their thesis or tendency, and these are contrasted or connected before the user of the work is let loose upon the dozen or thirty subheads. The *Syntopicon* occupies two large volumes and represents ten years' work by a staff all of whose members had to combine the virtues of the philosopher and the file clerk. It is a stupendous achievement, and contrary to what might be thought, it is in many ways a *delightful* work.

I turn with professional eye to "History," for example, and read first the excellent résumé of the meanings, kinds, and philosophies of history. Then I choose subhead 4*a* and glance down under "Theories of causation in the historical process." At first glance, the listings are roughly what I'd expect: Aristotle, Augustine, Hegel, Federalist Papers, Gibbon, Machiavelli, Rousseau, Marx–Engels, Tolstoy — in *War and Peace*, of course — but what's this, what's this? William James, *Psychology;* Dante, *Purgatorio;* Dostoevsky, *Brothers Karamazov;* Darwin, *Descent of Man;* Freud, *New Introductory Lectures!* (I am skipping, naturally, and omitting the abundant references.)

What sport to turn up these passages and find out what those we never think of in connection with a given subject have said about it, out of a wisdom which was not less for being subordinated to another purpose. It *is* sport and I vote for the *Syntopicon* as what the well-read man with a broken leg will wear on his chest during convalescence. The nurse or his wife can bring him the other volumes as he needs them and unbury him at the end of the day.

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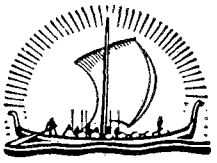

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The more serious use of the monument Mr. Adler has raised to his glory — and this again may seem paradoxical — will be as an antidote to the poison of summaries, which our culture and even our education can hardly help fostering. Darwin? oh yes — Natural Selection. Nietzsche? — I get you, the Superman. Aristotle — Golden Mean, wasn't it? Rousseau — Back to Nature, a crazy idea. These are but the extremes of capsulation which afflict the once-educated. But even professional writers and teachers — and hence their readers and students — carry on intellectual traffic with an astonishingly restricted currency. The Adlerian map of the buried treasure is bound to add to their riches, and its very existence must in any case serve as a reminder to any of us that whatever we know, we probably don't know the half of it. Henceforth, let him who is without Syntopicon *not* cast the first tome: a book, like a man and like the world, is a miscellany.

3

But let us follow the buyer-who-will-read and whose prime interest is not in the decanted ideas but rather in a first or renewed acquaintance with the books themselves. What can he expect from the given fare? There must be more than one answer to this question, and I can only supply my own. Without taking back any of my enthusiasm and admiration for the enterprise as a whole, I must in describing its contents point out the proportion of merits to shortcomings as these appear to me.

Everyone understands that no reading list could fully satisfy any two competent judges; a choice is always a series of compromises. The present editors cover themselves by entitling the set "Great Books . . ." and not "The Great Books." Yet they have to reckon with the fact that an audience takes what it is given as somehow conclusive and certainly exclusive. This collection, to which I wish long life, will therefore stand for *the* great books. The editor-in-chief, Mr. Hutchins, confirms the impression of practical finality by disclosing in his introductory essay a sociopolitical intention behind the array. He foretells our future so far as to say that it contains either destruction or a stable order, and since working toward the latter calls for the use of reason, here is an important instrument. "A political order," he says, "is tyrannical if it is not rational."

That word rational seems to me the keynote to the selection of authors and books. Taken in its simplest sense of reasonable, the word marks one of the merits of the set: no one who even lifts the covers can continue to think that human reason was invented a while ago by the pioneers of the internal combustion engine. And more positively, any reader with reasoning powers can herein think the thoughts of Plato and go on to subject them to the critique of Aristotle. It is this debate, called by John Erskine (as I heard repeatedly from his own lips) "the great conversation," which the great books exemplify. In other words, the western tradition is not single and rigid, it is varied and flexible.

But one part of that tradition takes the word rational in a second sense, sometimes expressed as rationalistic, and there are signs in this set that the editors have a leaning toward this second sense. Their motive is on the face of it praiseworthy — to enlarge the area of agreement among men by arriving at more and more final truths. The *Syntopicon* usefully demonstrates a greater amount of agreement than one might offhand suppose, and pursuing his work, Mr. Adler is at the moment engaged, under a grant from the Ford Foundation, in further defining the contents of the major works of western philosophy.

This explains why the fifty-four volumes before us comprise a preponderance of works of science and philosophy. Out of the seventy-four authors chosen, only twenty are poets or novelists. The promoters make a point of this distribution by saying that emphasis on "the sciences of nature, man and society . . . makes it a collection of great books for the 20th century." One might question, first, whether a century already passionately devoted to science and sociology needs a booster injection, and should be asked to take it in the name of liberal education. But the doubt goes further. I happen to be much interested in the history of scientific ideas, and I selfishly welcome in this edition the texts in English of Hippocrates, Galen, Archimedes, Nicomachus of Gerasa, Ptolemy, Copernicus, Kepler, Lavoisier, and many others previously hard to find in any language.

But of the score of scientists and mathematicians in the collection, how many are in any sense readable? I do not mean easy to read, I mean instructive apart from virtual memorization — Euclid for example? And supposing this feat to be achieved by the lay reader, of what value can it be to him when a large part of the physics, biology, medicine, and chemistry is erroneous and superseded? The editors seem to me to have forgotten a fundamental ambiguity in the meaning of "great books" and to have lost sight at once of their aim and of their public.

Nor is this all. The technical literature closest to science is philosophy, including theology, and I cannot help feeling that what we are given here is an overdose. Two large volumes of Aristotle, two of Aquinas, one each of Plato, Plotinus, Augustine, and Kant on top of all the ancient scientists, when only three poets after 1500 find a place, strikes me as evidence of a bias in favor of systems. These are rational indeed but their imposition may be a little unreasonable.

This thought leads one to try to discover the basis of choice throughout. Anyone who has

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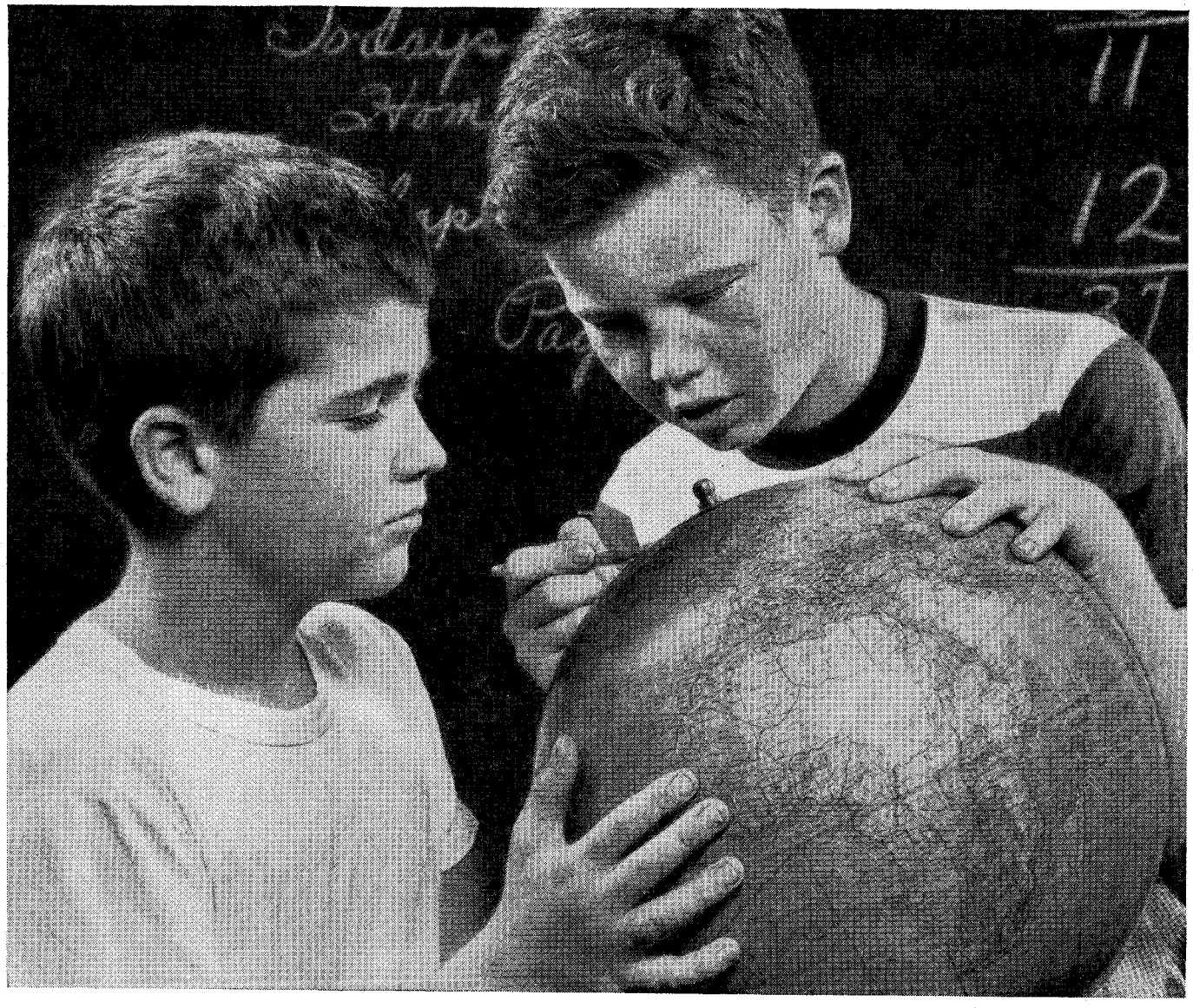

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worked, alone or in committee, upon a list of this kind knows that no single criterion can be adhered to from beginning to end. Accessibility, size, readableness, contemporary or subsequent influence, representative quality, historical continuity — all play a part in the final decision. And there is that odd respect for unexamined traditions — "You can't leave *him* out!"

As an old practitioner looking at the latest effort, I cannot help feeling that its composition betrays a markedly Anglo-American twist — not wrong on that account but not quite so central to the heritage as it professes to be. Modern English taste has cherished Greek literature and undervalued Latin, so we get the Greek dramatists in full and no Romans; all of Plutarch's Lives and no Cicero. By the same adopted insularity, we get Chaucer but not a word of Molière. Coming closer to home, there is a volume comprising the Declaration of Independence, the Articles of Confederation, the Constitution, and the Federalist Papers, but not a line of Burke. I am certainly not against reprinting and disseminating our state papers, but however great as documents, can they qualify singly or together as great books? If they do, why not also Magna Carta and the Mayflower Compact?

By and large, however, the choice of historians and political scientists is sound and satisfying. It is only too bad that we did not get Bentham instead of the excellent but derivative essays of Mill — especially since Mill is available and Bentham not. The most serious omission besides Burke is that of Voltaire. Here was a chance to retranslate and reprint the seminal work in modern historiography, *The Essay on the Customs and Manners of Nations*. As an offset to this, the Rousseau volume brings us the neglected *Political Economy* in addition to *The Social Contract* and *Essay on Inequality*.

It is in the domain of art and pure literature that I, for one, experience the greatest disappointment. There are not enough essays and autobiographies, no letters or diaries, no criticism. I would give Boswell for Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*. As for the novels, they seem to have been selected by persons coming fresh to the field. We have *Tom Jones* and *Tristram Shandy*, then we skip to *Moby Dick*, *War and Peace*, and *The Brothers Karamazov*. I leave out of account Rabelais, *Don Quixote*, and *Gulliver's Travels*, which are fiction of another sort. Sterne is indeed a delightful writer, and Melville a powerful one, but they and the Russian pair hardly represent *rationally* the greatest genre of modern times. Shouldn't we have had *The Satyricon* instead of Sterne ("in for a penny, in for a pound")? And shouldn't Dickens, the true father of Dostoevsky and the greatest master of English after Shakespeare, have found a place? And Balzac and Henry James — instead of Hippocrates on Hemorrhoids and Archimedes on Spheroids?

Speaking of Shakespeare, it seems odd to give all the plays and sonnets in two volumes and not the narrative poems; that is, why not either Shakespeare complete or his great works only, not a mixed bag? The other modern poets boil down to Milton and Goethe and this, as I said, is a miser's gift, no matter what preciosity in criticism may be whispering at the moment. By sheer lasting power, Wordsworth deserved to be there; by universal influence Byron — one at least if not both. And granting the undesirability of foreign poets in translation, there were two poet-philosophers, Blake and Nietzsche, who could have formed a most suggestive volume.

Finally, one notes the conspicuous absence of any concern with the fine arts. Except for misleading references among the ancients, one would not know that the west had seen the tremendous development of music and initiated the art of discussing it. One would not know that to thousands of educated people the word Renaissance means painting. Yet if great books were wanted there was Sir Joshua Reynolds's *Discourses* and Delacroix's *Journal*. There was even the chance to combine art and science by reproducing Helmholtz *On Sound*, just as there was the chance to unite a great variety of intellectual interests by choosing from the most recent times not only Freud but Shaw.

From all this it is fair, I think, to conclude that the great books here gathered with so much love and care and public spirit betray a high-minded axe-grinding in the direction of intellectualism. The Greeks and other men of science, the theologians and modern philosophers, supply materials for systems composed of analytic thoughts. To be rational with them is to be full of propositions. This is important and indeed necessary to our lives as practical and reflective men. But a rational life based on no other kind of thought will almost certainly be — despite the editor's assurance — a tyrannical order. It needs tempering by, dialectical opposition with, other types of thought, which literature and the arts inculcate without systematic exposition, by direct working on the imagination. Perhaps the western heritage means freedom because the two types have persisted in equipoise. Pascal takes note of this in the first chapter of his *Pensées* as the difference between the spirit of geometry and the *esprit de finesse*. The search for geometrical propositions is admirable, but it would be disastrous if the unchecked desire for a canon of truth were to give us neither Montaigne's humanist, "ondoyant et divers," nor Emerson's American Scholar or "man thinking," but some sort of joyless, dehydrated western man in canonicals.

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THE ATLANTIC Bookshelf

THE *Peripatetic Reviewer*

BY

EDWARD WEEKS

When I was an undergraduate covering Harvard for the *Boston Evening Transcript*, I used to call each morning at a basement office in University Hall where my friend **Frederick Lewis Allen** would hand out the official news about the college. That was thirty years ago, and I still defer to him as the fairest-minded interpreter of what is cooking in this country. He established his reputation as a historian with his first book, *Only Yesterday;* he extended it in those pictorial volumes which he did with Agnes Rogers, his wife: *The American Profession* and *I Remember Distinctly;* and he broadened and made precise his knowledge of our financial structure in those vivid biographical studies, *The Lords of Creation* and *The Great Pierpont Morgan.* All this has sharpened his perception and strengthened his judgment for the writing of what is clearly his best and most searching book, ***The Big Change: America Transforms Itself, 1900–1950*** (Harper, $3.50).

Mr. Allen begins by reminding us that "of all the contrasts between American life in 1900 and half a century or more later, perhaps the most significant is in the distance between rich and poor — in income, the way of living and status in the community." To point up the contrast, he tells us that in 1900 Andrew Carnegie's income from steel alone — and he had other interests — ran well over $23,000,000 *with no income taxes to pay.* On the other hand, the average annual wage for all American workers for that year was about $450. At the rate of three of our dollars for one of theirs, you can figure out this disparity. He tells us of the Vanderbilts' empire and of George W.'s estate, "Biltmore," at Asheville, North Carolina, which covered 203 square miles and which employed more men than were then in the U.S. Department of Agriculture. He writes of the influence of J. Pierpont Morgan, John D. Rockefeller, John D. Archbold, and E. H. Harriman; and he shows by what combinations Morgan became "the most powerful citizen of the United States." He speaks of our huge annual import of cheap labor; of how Ricardo's Iron Law held wages to a minimum for a ten-hour day, and of why there were ten million paupers in this country by 1904. At this rate we seemed committed to a reign of plutocracy; and by the spring of 1901 when Morgan announced the formation of the Steel Corporation, conservative citizens like President Hadley of Yale were warning of "an emperor in Washington within twenty-five years." And conservative papers like the *Boston Herald* were saying editorially that "if a limited financial group shall come to represent the capitalistic end of industry, the perils of socialism . . . may be looked upon even by intelligent people as possibly the lesser of two evils."

This brings Mr. Allen to his main thesis: how by the revolt of the American conscience; by the dynamism of invention and mass production, and by the development of our resources; how by tax laws and minimum-wage laws, subsidies and guarantees, plus labor union pressures and new management attitudes, we went to work to change things. And we changed them not by bloodshed and revolution but by a series of experimental revisions of the old system.

Mr. Allen considers the relation of these remarkable dates: in 1909 Ford went into mass production of his Model T and in 1914 announced a $5 minimum wage for an eight-hour day; in 1901 Spindletop blew in, symbolizing the new fuel for the automotive age. In 1903 the Wright Brothers were flying at Kitty Hawk and the first moving picture, *The Great Train Robbery,* was in production. In 1909 bakelite, from which the plastics grew, was first put on the market; and in 1915 David Sarnoff, assistant traffic manager of the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company, proposed "a radio music box." These dates show that by invention and by stepping up the power of the machine we have been able to repeal the Iron Law, and have actually discovered a new frontier: the purchasing power of the poor. And all this has its corollary: if you bring advantages to underprivileged people, they will rise to their opportunities and become responsible citizens.

I do not want to give the impression that *The Big Change* is undiluted optimism. Mr. Allen is acutely aware of what the Depression did to us; he sees the danger of raising taxes to the point

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where they undermine incentive; he does not gloss over inflation and what a serious menace it is to our economic health. But he does insist that we have demonstrated in World War II and thereafter that business can be more resourcefully run by private managers than by government ownership; and as he considers the improved status of the Negro, the enormous advance in medicine, the readaptation of the corporation, and the economic leveling of earning power, it is his conclusion that the United States is not evolving *towards* Socialism but *past* Socialism.

A man who loved the Army

In the spring of 1946, shortly after his novel *Brideshead Revisited* had scored a smashing success in this country, **Evelyn Waugh** contributed a brilliant piece of self-analysis to *Life* Magazine. "In my youth," he wrote, "I gadded about, and in those years and in the preposterous years of the Second World War I collected enough experience to last several lifetimes of novel writing." That was one tip-off for those of us who revered his work; who felt that in *Brideshead* he had struck a deeper vein than he had touched in any of his earlier satires, and were eager to know what was coming next.

In ***Men at Arms*** (Little, Brown, $3.50) Mr. Waugh has written a highly entertaining novel about some of the "preposterous" experiences of the Second World War, and he has found in his hero, Guy Crouchback, a man who can be laughed at and believed in. Guy was a detached thirty-five when the war called him back to England in 1939 — detached from his wife and detached from any job that mattered. His marriage had failed; so had his farming venture in Kenya. He had been living pleasantly and inconspicuously in the family villa in Italy until Britain's need of every man brought him home. The war gave him a chance to rededicate himself as a junior officer in the Royal Corps of Halberdiers, and overnight the Army became his second love.

Men at Arms has none of the ponderous detail, none of the piled-on brutality, which have made so many war books a heavy burden. Waugh's sharp wit and sure touch of satire are always at work, creating memorable characters like the ferocious one-eyed Brigadier Ritchie-Hook, a Cyclops of war, performing bloodthirsty acts in defiance of staff orders; or Apthorpe, the burly, garrulous veteran from Africa with his incredible stories and gear. The episodes are alive with suppressed laughter; the regimental dinner which degenerates into a football game, Guy's near calamity when he mistakes two fellow officers for German spies, Apthorpe's pride in his private, folding latrine which he calls "the thunder-box" — these are a few of the more unconventional aspects of Army life which I delight in. Here one is tempted to think that the author is drawing from some of his own personal experiences as a Commando and junior officer of the infantry.

Yet Lieutenant Crouchback, his hero, is not a person of mockery, but a sensitive, likable man. He is mild and good-humored, quixotic in his sense of dedication, compassionate and wondering, and at bottom deeply disturbed. The Army becomes his be-all and end-all; for it he does his best. He is obedient though never a blind follower; he earns the affection and trust of his fellow officers, most of them younger than himself, and it is impulsive kindness which in the end betrays him.

Mr. White's wonderful barn

We are indebted to **E. B. White** for a number of good things: for his "Talk of the Town," the wittiest and most thoughtful columns in *The New Yorker;* for his delightful collection of essays, *One Man's Meat;* and for the imagination and skill with which he has devised two perfect books for children — *Stuart Little* and now, this fall, his new one, ***Charlotte's Web*** (Harper, $2.50). Like most of us, Mr. White is a divided personality. He prefers to winter in the city, but as soon as the snow is gone he yearns for his salt farm on the Maine coast. *Stuart Little*, the story of an articulate citified mouse, is a winter fantasy, whereas *Charlotte's Web* originates in the fragrance and conviviality of Mr. White's barn down East.

The story begins with Fern, eight years old and a farmer's daughter who in a frenzy hangs on to her father's ax as he is about to dispatch the runt of the litter. The little pig is turned over to her; she christens him Wilbur, rears him on a bottle, and takes him for walks in her doll's carriage. All very normal. Then at the age of five weeks, when his appetite is becoming expensive, Wilbur is sold to Fern's uncle and goes to live in the manure pile in the cellar of Zuckerman's barn. Fern has the run of the place and here after school she likes to sit, watching Wilbur with parental pride and listening to the talk of the sheep, the geese, and Templeton, the rat. The brains of the barn is Charlotte, a big gray spider whose web occupies the upper part of the doorway. Wilbur, who cries easily, is dissolved when the old sheep warns him that he is certainly being fattened for Christmas; this angers the spider, who intercedes and promises to save him. She uses her web as a bulletin board, and word soon gets around that a miracle has taken place at Zuckerman's.

It is fun to see what makes this all so plausible and endearing. Mr. White reassures the senses as he describes the sounds and smells of a barn on a summer's evening — and if you have never heard a goose or a rat talk quite that way, it is probably because you were never there to listen. Fern's mother is alarmed by what Fern tells her of the conversation, but not the family doctor, nor Fern's father. The story moves with a happy certainty, guided by that wise and charming creature, Char-

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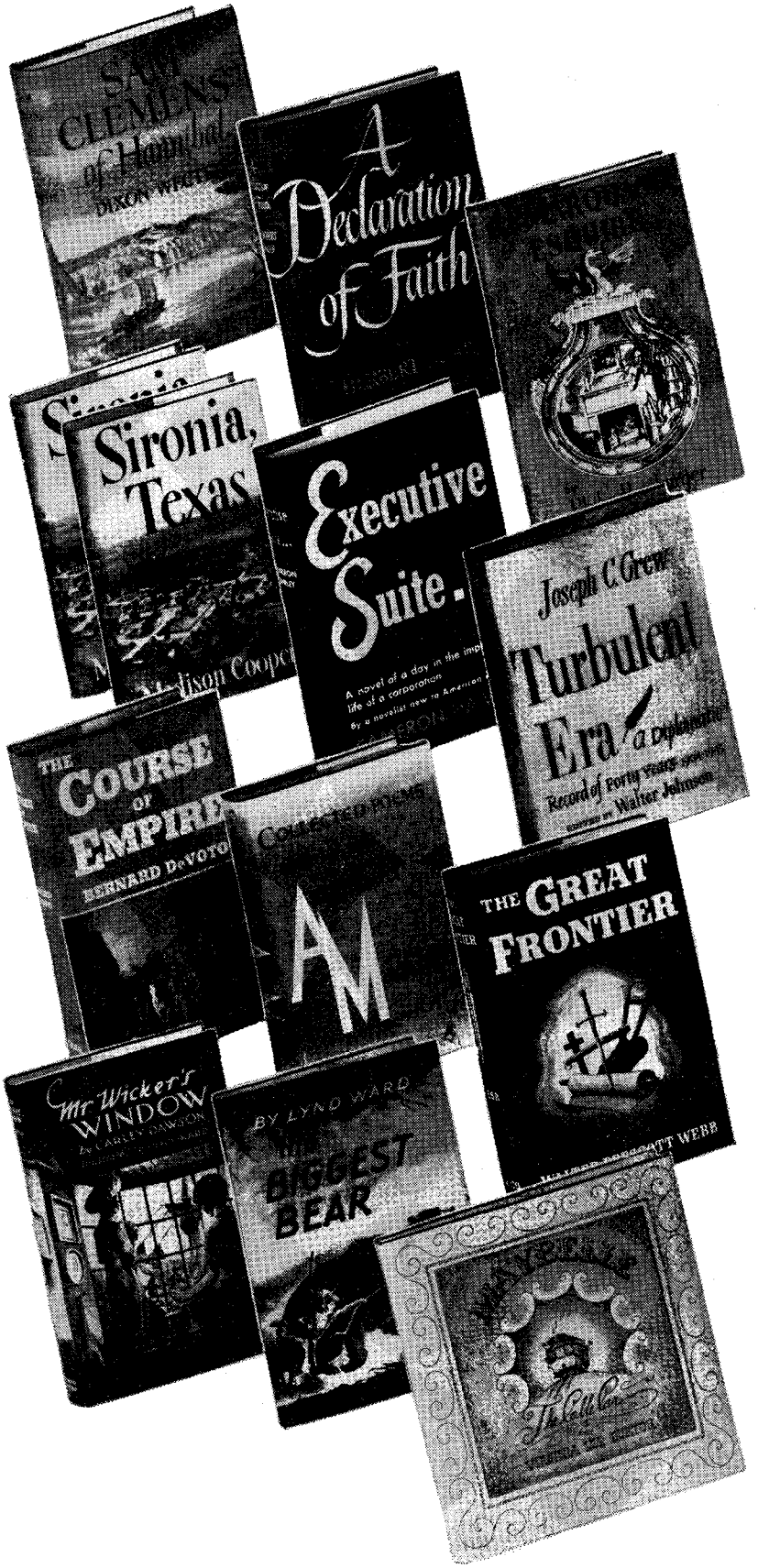
★ Notes for Christmas Lists ★



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lotte; there are plenty of laughable moments — as when Wilbur tries to spin a web, and when Templeton visits the dump and the Fair. Mr. White is quietly but firmly on the side of Fern and Wilbur and against the adult world; and when, at the book's close, Wilbur, as he thinks of Charlotte, says to himself, "It is not often that someone comes along who is a true friend and a good writer," the reader can only add, "Bravo!"

The gambler in Hollywood

For his big, engrossing novel, ***The Magic Lantern*** (Holt, $3.95), **Robert Carson** has picked up a theme which has been lying in full view these many years in Hollywood, waiting for a writer to bring to it the magnetism, the cynicism and rivalry, the gambling spirit, and the gusto which taken together have made the story of the movie industry such a bewitching, flashy picture of American enterprise. Mr. Carson has done the book which Scott Fitzgerald saw in his imagination but did not live to finish, which Bemelmans reduced to mockery, and which Budd Schulberg wrote with skill and angry impatience. But Mr. Carson is not in a hurry and he is not satirical. He sees the pioneering of Hollywood as a story of men and women, most of them gamblers, capable of infinite invention and the hardest kind of work, and he tells it in the compass of a single family, the Silversmiths.

Frank Silversmith, actor and rolling stone, got his start in the movies in the first crude experiments in Fort Lee, New Jersey; he finds a partner in Ben Malzoth and he then moves his company into the glass conservatories in Los Angeles, where the sunlight is more durable and the populace more coöperative. Frank was one of the first to build up his "stars," one of the first to gamble on a four-reeler (his colossal production of *Ivanhoe* took every penny he could borrow and in the end netted Silversmith Productions nine million). His company is ingenious and well depicted: Teddy Marvel, his star, and Brand Mathewson, his juvenile lead; Dick Shires, producer and master cutter; Larry Packer, who had taught himself to do anything with a camera; and Lily Hatfield, who could steal and improvise the scripts. The experience comes to us through the young but critical eyes of Ellie, Silversmith's only son, a good-looking youngster who has little love for his father but plenty of curiosity about what is going on. Ellie I find a little too precocious to be plausible, and his passions, Teddy and Honey, leave me cold — I find it hard to believe in their attractions. But Frank Silversmith, the elder, is a domineering character, and it is his drive and fever which give such compulsion to the book. The technical scenes at the production end have the color and ring of authenticity, and not unnaturally, for Carson has spent most of his life in Los Angeles and has written screen plays for almost every major company in Hollywood.

BOOKS
The Editors Like

Biography

BOLIVAR *by Salvador de Madariaga.* (Pellegrini & Cudahy, $10.00.) In the course of clearing away a lot of undeserved republican glamour surrounding Bolivar, Mr. de Madariaga provides a history of the whole fascinating turmoil of the establishment of South American independence.

J. P. MARQUAND, ESQUIRE *by Philip Hamburger.* (Houghton Mifflin, $2.00.) This is an amusing gag — a biography of Marquand masquerading as a parody of a Marquand novel.

THE WOMAN WITH THE WHIP: EVA PERÓN *by María Flores.* (Doubleday, $3.50.) The author has no unexpected revelations to make, but since the truth about Evita is as strange as any fiction, this book is lively reading.

Mysteries

THE TIGER IN THE SMOKE *by Margery Allingham.* (Doubleday, $2.75.) Albert Campion, assisted by a fine figure of a cop, pursues a killer through a London fog. The suspense generated more than compensates for the lack of a formal mystery.

NEVER BET YOUR LIFE *by George Harmon Coxe.* (Knopf, $2.50.) Murder in the Florida gambling set unraveled with urbanity, which is refreshing and untraditional. Plenty of blood and red herrings, however.

ELEMENT OF RISK *by Mark Derby.* (Viking, $3.00.) An actor with nerves sets out to rescue a lady in distress, and the result is a thriller of the first order, involving espionage, abduction, spirits called from the vasty deep, and a false mustache. Mr. Derby writes with wit and travels like a jet plane.

Trouble Spots

ANATOMY OF A SATELLITE *by Dana Adams Schmidt.* (Atlantic–Little, Brown, $5.00.) An author who knows Czechoslovakia gives an extraordinarily thorough, detailed account of how the Communists took over that unlucky republic, and where their hold is weakest.

HONGKONG: THE ISLAND BETWEEN *by Christopher Rand.* (Knopf, $3.00.) Anchored on the edge of Communist China, Hongkong is a listening post, a refugee center, and a unique little world. Mr. Rand, reporting on all the island's aspects, has a sharp journalist's eye and writes like an artist, a rare combination.

THE PEOPLE AND POLICIES OF SOUTH AFRICA *by Leo Marquard.* (Oxford University Press, $3.50.) This dispassionate survey of South Africa's history and present explosive condition offers no solutions and makes small concession to readers who like their facts amusingly packaged, but it covers a difficult field carefully and thoroughly.

BEYOND THE HIGH HIMALAYAS *by William O. Douglas.* (Doubleday, $5.00.) Justice Douglas includes some shrewd comments on United States foreign policy and Asian reactions to it, in a book which is more than the usual traveler's tale of Tibet and Afghanistan.

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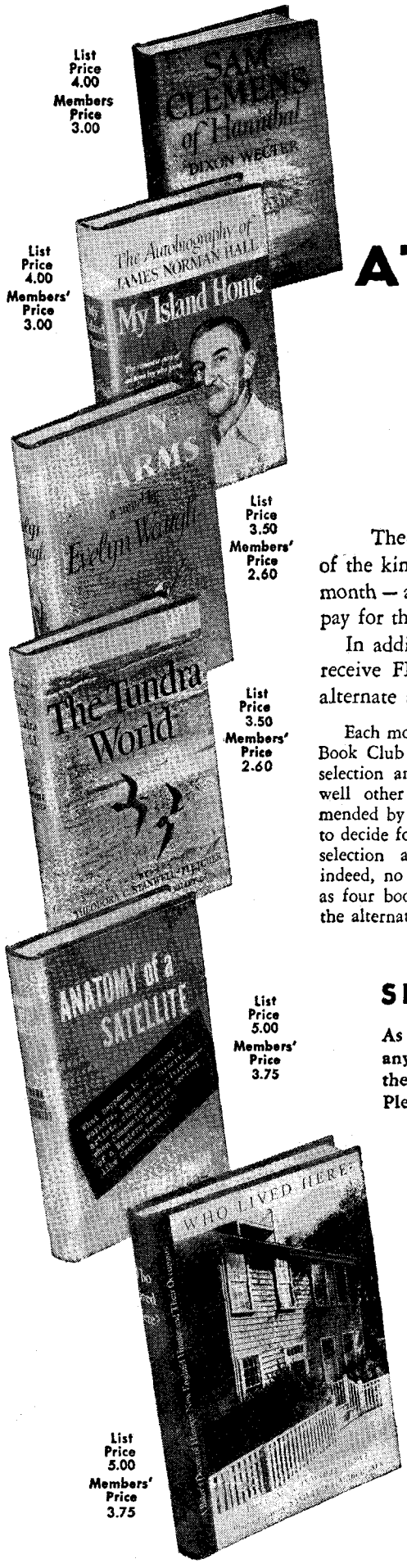

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Reader's Choice

BY

CHARLES J. ROLO

Sironia, Texas (Houghton Mifflin, 2 vols., $10.00) — a Texas businessman's contribution to gigantism in the American novel — is neither very good nor very bad: the most notable thing about it is that it is very, very long. It runs to 840,000 words, which makes it the longest American novel ever published. It is almost twice as long as *Gone with the Wind*, one and one-half times as long as *War and Peace*, and slightly longer than the Old and New Testaments combined. The author, **Madison Cooper,** took all of the correspondence courses in creative writing offered by Columbia University, and then devoted eleven years to the composition of his magnum opus.

Mr. Cooper has chronicled the happenings in a small town in Texas from 1900 to 1921. Sironia's life is closely knit but, from the social standpoint, rigidly stratified. The town is in effect ruled by the "Hill Families," the descendants of its founders. Their poor relations rank as second-string nobility. All the other whites, however substantial their professional place in the community, remain "outsiders." To the Hill Families, birth is what counts most in life. Skeletons rattle in their cupboards, scandals continue to occur, fortunes shrivel — but nothing is allowed to diminish family pride. This family pride, which forbids a Haydn, a Thaxton, or a Storrow to marry an outsider, is the central motif in most of the novel's many dramas.

The author unquestionably has an exceptionally vigorous narrative gift — his interminable story just keeps rolling busily along; and his characterizations, though not notable for depth or finesse, usually have a solid reality about them. The net result is a huge canvas of small-town life done with a great wealth of vivid observation, but not with any real literary distinction.

Those who agree fervently enough with Somerset Maugham that the modern novel has become too philosophic, too psychological, too namby-pamby in the storytelling department, may possibly find their heart's desire in *Sironia, Texas.* They will certainly find in it gobs and gobs of unadulterated narrative.

Forever Shaw

Bernard Shaw and Mrs. Patrick Campbell: Their Correspondence (Knopf, $5.00) is an intriguing, in parts brilliantly entertaining, volume. But as Shaw himself observed, the letters do not give one a very precise idea of what his "idyll" with the great actress was like; and I do not simply mean whether or not they were lovers (the evidence suggests that they were not).

This is a case in which the reader would benefit from all the supplementary information he could get, and it seems to me that the editor of the correspondence, **Alan Dent,** has done an unsatisfactory job. His preface is skimpy and coyly avoids discussing Shaw's personal relationship with Stella Campbell. His explanatory notes are annoyingly inadequate on a number of points — they do not even make it clear whether Shaw and Mrs. Campbell saw relatively little of each other or whether they spent a great deal of time together.

The bulk of the letters — they peter out in 1939, a year before Mrs. Campbell's death — date from 1912, when the actress was forty-seven and just past the crest of her career; and Shaw, at fifty-nine, was in the ascendant as a world celebrity. In September, 1912, Shaw wrote to Ellen Terry that he had gone to read *Pygmalion* to Mrs. Campbell — "and, as I am a living man, fell head over ears in love with her in thirty seconds." Many years later, Mrs. Campbell reproached him with never having loved her, and said that her tender nickname for him, "Joey," represented "the tragedy of baffled sincerity." How much of sincerity and how much of play-acting there was on Shaw's part remains an elusive puzzle.

The first letter in which Shaw speaks of adoring, ends with the ineffable remark: "I must now go and read this to Charlotte [Mrs. Shaw]. My love affairs are her unfailing amusement." There are indications that the love affair, such as it was, ran heavily to talk. Shaw begins one of his letters: "If I looked into your eyes without speaking for two minutes . . . I might see heaven," and he adds in parenthesis — "Silent for two minutes with an audience of even one! Impossible . . ." And Mrs. Campbell writes, at the most fervent period in their relationship: "Oh dear me — it's too late to do anything but *accept* you and love you — but when you were quite a little boy somebody ought to have said 'hush' just once."

The letters preceding Mrs. Campbell's second marriage in 1914 refer to her as "adoredest," "O Beautiful Illustrious," and once as "the woman I still love beyond all reason." But all in all, they are probably the most unromantic love letters ever written. It would be possible to cull from Shaw's part of the correspondence a sparkling little handbook on dramaturgy and theatrical management, but the tender sentiments expressed would hardly fill two pages.

In her latter years, Mrs. Campbell was desperately in need of money, and her letters have a great deal of pathos. Shaw's, in this period, seem

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rather unfeeling and occasionally cruel. The heart of the matter, I think, is that for Shaw intellect was his one and only *grande passion* — in the most literal sense. He was a man, one suspects, to whom no woman could be as interesting as an idea.

The fame of G.B.S. as a playwright has rather obscured the fact that in the Standard Edition of his works there are nineteen volumes of prose (exclusive of the play prefaces) as against fourteen of drama. An anthology of Shaw's prose writings has been compiled by **Diarmuid Russell — *The Selected Prose of Bernard Shaw*** (Dodd, Mead, $6.50) — and it is an eminently worth-while enterprise.

Shaw's passion for the intellect, coupled with the fact that he was a considerable artist, gives great energy and brightness to his prose, even where his ideas have lost much of their original impact. Of course, in a 1000-page collection such as this, each reader is bound to find material which seems to him less memorable than it did to the anthologist. I can't share Mr. Russell's view that Shaw's writings on Socialism still constitute a first-rate presentation of the Socialist case — Shaw's economics are both creaky and dated. The extracts from two of Shaw's five novels are of interest mainly in that they show how wooden and tiresomely preachy a novelist Shaw remained throughout the nine years he devoted to fiction writing. But in the rest of the omnibus, there is no end of lively stuff — 100 pages of autobiographical pieces; spirited and unconventional music criticism; a sizable section on the theater; and a number of Shaw's "Pen Portraits."

Lincolniana

Jay Monaghan's *Lincoln Bibliography, 1830–1939* lists 3958 books and pamphlets written about Lincoln, and the output has shown no sign of diminishing — in the past few weeks alone, five new Lincoln titles have come my way. The astounding thing is that, though many more distinguished books have been written about Lincoln than about any other American, there has been no outstanding *single-volume* biography since Lord Charnwood's, which dates back to 1917; and in the thirty-five-year interval, research has unearthed a great deal of new material.

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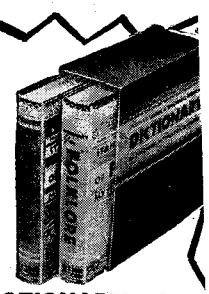

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whose compact *Abraham Lincoln* Knopf, $5.75) incorporates all the recent findings of Lincoln scholars. Mr. Thomas, formerly executive secretary of the Abraham Lincoln Association and the author of several specialized books on Lincoln, has been immersed in Lincoln studies for the past two decades. His book is authoritative — a whole posse of Lincoln specialists have glowingly endorsed it; and at the same time it is highly readable, forceful in its portraiture, and comprehensive. The author has managed to assimilate vast knowledge without letting it blunt his sense of which, among thousands of lesser details, are of the greatest interest. His handling of great and complex issues, despite the necessity for compression, is scrupulous and well-balanced.

Perhaps the greatest merit of his book is that he has by and large resisted the twin infections to which even scholars are sometimes prone when writing about national heroes — cant and hero-worship. Mr. Thomas has served the general reader so well that his book seems destined to remain the standard one-volume biography of Lincoln for quite some time to come.

Stefan Lorant's *Lincoln*, "A Picture Story of His Life" (Harper, $6.00), may well remain the definitive pictorial biography of Lincoln. Mr. Lorant is a master in this field, and his publishers have done a fine job of bookmaking. The 500 illustrations include all of the known photographs of Lincoln; photographs of his family, associates, and important contemporaries; photographs of where he lived and of a wide assortment of Lincoln documents; and magazine sketches describing events in his life. The pictures have been imaginatively grouped, and the expert combining of pictures with a substantial text results in a dynamic narrative.

Impressions of Lincoln and the Civil War (Random House, $2.75) is an unusual and entertaining addition, only recently discovered, to the eyewitness literature on Lincoln. It consists of the news-letters which the Marquis Adolphe de Chambrun, a visiting Frenchman who became an ardent partisan of the North, wrote to his wife from Washington in 1865. The other two new Lincoln items are major works of scholarship which only a specialist can properly discuss. ***Lincoln Finds a General*** (Macmillan, $7.50) — the third volume of

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Kenneth P. Williams's richly detailed study of the Civil War — turns back to the opening of the conflict and focuses on Grant's first year in the West. **J. G. Randall's *Lincoln the President,*** Vol. III: "Midstream" (Dodd, Mead, $7.50) is a close-up of a critical year in Lincoln's career, 1863, and devotes special attention to his foreign policy.

Gide's "Secret Drama"

André Gide's *Madeleine* (Knopf, $3.00) — originally entitled *Et Nunc Manet in Te* and not released to the French public until after Gide's death — illuminates the one area of his life about which he was reticent: his relationship with his wife, Madeleine Rondeaux, referred to in the *Journals* as "Em." This small book, translated by Justin O'Brien, consists of an essay written shortly after Madame Gide's death and of passages concerning her which Gide withheld from the published editions of the *Journals.* In his most vibrant prose and with an eloquent directness, Gide unfolds a strange and tragic story.

Though knowing himself to be homosexual, the young Gide married his cousin, for whom he had long felt an ethereal love, naïvely imagining that their union would be all the more beautiful for being divorced from the flesh. It was some time before he fully understood how cruelly he had warped her life; she herself never once mentioned his anomaly. The extraordinary thing is that between Gide and his wife — Gide who never stopped explaining himself to the world — there was "never the slightest explanation."

The sexual question is but one facet of the drama of Gide's relationship with his wife, who, it now becomes clear, stood at the center of his life and work in a way that was fraught with terrible ironies. The girl Gide married flawlessly personified those qualities which he felt compelled to break with in order to be true to his "real" self: she was self-effacing, puritanical, orthodox in her piety, and profoundly respectful of convention. Gide was aware — though she made no complaints or reproaches — that every step in his development wounded her deeply. He could not alter his course; and, persisting in it, he could not even try to convince her that he loved her with the same intensity. With anguish he saw her, little by little, detaching herself from the interests they had ardently shared until finally she detached herself from him completely and withdrew into aloof religiosity.

As one reads these poignant pages, at once self-accusing and self-excusing, it becomes easier to understand Gide's tormenting love for his wife and her importance to him. The singularity of this great nonconformist was that, while preaching revolt and self-assertion, he remained immensely attracted to the idea of self-loss and submission to authority. Madeleine represented the voice in the Gidian dialogue which censures the "immoralist"-hero and warns that untrammeled freedom breeds defeat; she represented to Gide, in an idealized form, a part of himself. When, in November, 1918, she burned all of his letters to her, what grieved Gide so terribly was the thought: "It is the best of me that disappears; and it will no longer counterbalance the worst." As Justin O'Brien says in his Introduction: "Throughout his life his wife appeared to Gide as his refuge, his anchor to windward, his link with tradition, his protection against everything in himself that he feared. . . ."

The state of dialogue in which Gide lived is also curiously illustrated in ***The Correspondence of André Gide and Paul Claudel*** (Pantheon, $4.00), extracts from which appear in this month's *Atlantic.* The correspondence (translated by John Russell) stretches from 1899 to 1926. A good deal of it deals with literary matters, but Claudel's efforts to bring Gide into the Catholic Church form a sustained *leitmotif.*

It is clear from several tart entries in Gide's *Journals,* which contrast with the effusiveness of his letters, that there was much in Claudel's personality that Gide found repellent. What attracted Gide and had a powerful impact on him was the fervor and intransigence of Claudel's faith. The restless Protestant and the rigid Catholic had a common obsession: that it was an absolute duty to seek virtue.

Robert Mallet's Introduction, though an elegant and informative one, overplays slightly the issue of conversion in Gide's life. During the years in which this issue periodically recurred, Gide was, one must remember, continuously venturing further afield into audacious nonconformity — traveling away from everything that Claudel stood for. Unquestionably, Gide was at times greatly stirred

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by Claudel, but his unshakable conviction that each man must seek virtue according to his own lights always kept him at a certain distance from Catholicism. In fact, there was almost certainly an element which might be called *coquetterie* in Gide's relations with Claudel: one suspects that he rather enjoyed having so formidable a missionary battling for his soul.

The artist as critic

The distance which separates André Gide from **Katherine Anne Porter** may seem prodigious, but Miss Porter's new book, ***The Days Before*** (Harcourt, Brace, $4.00) — a collection of her articles written during the past thirty years — reveals an artistic credo which, on certain points, has striking similarities to Gide's. In the Foreword, Miss Porter says she hopes the reader will find in these diversified articles the "connective tissue of a continuous central . . . preoccupation." This central preoccupation appears to be "the passion for individual expression without hypocrisy." The artist, she indicates, should reach for the inner truth that is personal and particular to him — that is embedded in reality as he knows it. Her glowing tribute to her model artist, Virginia Woolf, concludes: "She was what the true believers have always called a heretic. . . . She lived in the naturalness of her vocation."

True art, Miss Porter remarks in her essay on Willa Cather, is "provincial" in the most literal sense in that it must have a province, a time and a place. And for that reason, she admires artists who have a strong sense of the importance of place; it keeps them closer to personal reality. "All the things I write of," she says, "I have known and they are real to me."

I have put last things first and have spoken of the "central preoccupation," because with this "connective tissue" one sees consistency and design in what might seem to be a potpourri, but actually comes close to being a self-portrait.

In the first section, there are twelve critical essays in which Miss Porter reveals herself obliquely in her evaluations. The article on Ezra Pound, while it brings out his aberrations, shows that to Miss Porter the crucial fact is his artistic perfectionism; she views him with sympathy because he was "a God-sent disturber of the peace in the arts, the one department

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of human life where peace is fatal." The first two books of Gertrude Stein elicit a favorable essay because they seem fresh, personal, and (to use Miss Stein's phrase) "everybody is a real one." Years later, Miss Porter writes a long, elegantly gossipy article, which says with infinite wit that Miss Stein, wishing to play the Genius, has deluded herself into monstrous self-indulgence. Without a trace of violence, it does to Miss Stein's literary pretensions what the executioner's crowbar did to the victim broken on the wheel. There are also pieces on Henry James, Eudora Welty, Katherine Mansfield, and others.

In the second section — "Personal and Particular" — Miss Porter speaks to us directly. This panel includes Three Statements About Writing; a "Portrait of the Old South" from which she hails, and other articles on places; and two discussions of the heaven and hell of marriage.

In the final section, "Mexican," Miss Porter writes about a people whose feeling for art she finds "cosanguine with my own," and whose struggles for freedom have stirred her.

It is common knowledge that Miss Porter is a beautiful writer, but in the intervals between her books, one is apt to forget what an extraordinarily fine artist she is. In these articles, there is an intelligence that races along; there is sanity, charm, and a love of the world. I have read much of the book twice, and I expect to reread much of it again.

All our yesterdays

Edmund Wilson's *The Shores of Light* (Farrar, Straus & Young, $6.50) differs somewhat in intent from *Classics and Commercials*, which reproduced the best of his literary articles of the forties. His aim, now, is to present "a kind of panorama of the books and the ideas, the movements and the literary life, of a period that was very much livelier . . . than . . . the forties." To this end, he has reprinted youthful stuff whose interest is that it is representative of its time, and he has included dialogues, satires, short sketches, personal letters and articles that do not deal with writing. The resulting collection of around one hundred pieces — though it is the kind of book one is apt to pick and choose from rather than march straight through — is of broader interest, and covers more exciting ground, than *Classics and Commercials*.

The one element which by and large does not, I feel, stand up too well is the humorous material, possibly because humor of the highbrow sort is so intimately bound up with the *Zeitgeist*. The nonliterary items are about such varied matters as Houdini; the Burlesque shows at the National Winter Garden; a rowdy week-end with the Scott Fitzgeralds; or the need "to take Communism away from the Communists" — for a time Wilson was a highly unorthodox revolutionary who wanted American liberals to salvage the Communist ideal from the contamination of Marxist doctrine and Stalinist strategy.

The hard core of the book is, of course, the literary criticism; and it is remarkable how consistently well Wilson called his shots. He recognized instantly the talent of an unknown apprentice called Hemingway. He judiciously defended *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, discovered André Malraux; forcefully defined the strength and weakness of Fitzgerald, O'Neill, and Dos Passos. As an epilogue, he signs off with the very fine memoir he wrote of Edna St. Vincent Millay after her death.

Mr. Wilson's criticism through three decades has now been re-exposed in book form, and it brings home the fact that today he occupies a unique position in the literary scene. There are critics more imposing than Wilson, but I know of no other who for thirty years has *continuously* turned out criticism that is *both* informed by the authority of a wide culture and at the same time is lucid and readable. Wilson's work, moreover, projects an exhilarating sense that he really *cares*, disinterestedly, about literature; and he seizes every opportunity to hit out at literary hucksterism. His favorite term of praise is one that he himself has surely earned — "honorably independent."

Potpourri

THE AMERICAN TWENTIES: A LITERARY PANORAMA *edited by John K. Hutchens*. Lippincott, $5.00.

Mr. Hutchens's introduction shows how vital a stimulus a masterly introduction can be. He evokes, with the most telling allusions, with just the proper soupçon of nostalgia, the exciting literary climate of the twenties — "that mordant, light-hearted, serious-minded, complex and seminal time"; and his appraisal of its works is full of sense and sensibility.

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of The Atlantic Monthly
published Monthly *at* Concord, N. H.
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excerpts from novels, poetry and light verse, letters, profiles, criticism, and humorous journalism. Mr. Hutchens has assembled samples of the period's most enduring work and samples of lesser writings which gave the twenties their characteristic flavor. He has been right, I think, in not trying to avoid material that is extremely well known and still in circulation. For what is most familiar in these pages is either distinguished or delightful, and it is a gain to have so many of these items brought together within the covers of a single volume. To those born late enough for its contents to appear newly excavated antiques, Mr. Hutchens's anthology should be a revelation of how much livelier the literary scene was in their parents' youth.

A STRANGER CAME TO THE FARM *by Mika Waltari.* Putnam, $3.00.

This first novel of Mika Waltari's — published in Europe in 1937 — is as different from the gaudy historical confections which have made him so popular as is, say, one of Ibsen's lesser dramas from *Forever Amber*. The setting is a lonely Finnish farm; and the protagonists are the mistress of the farm, her demented, alcoholic husband, and an anonymous fugitive from the city who becomes their hired hand. There is much about the novel that seems a second-rate version of something else — the plot situation is bad Ibsen; the relationship between the woman and the stranger is bad D. H. Lawrence; and the climate of inexorable doom is bad Thomas Hardy. In spite of this, the story has a somber magnetism; and in some of the descriptive passages, the Finnish landscape comes alive as in the music of Sibelius.

ROSE AND CROWN *by Sean O'Casey.* Macmillan, $4.75.

This is the fifth volume of an autobiography written in prose that is a continual enchantment in all of its keys — tender, caustic, sly, whimsical, passionate, lyrical, or savagely combative. O'Casey is probably without equal as a virtuoso of rhetoric. Certainly there is no voice in the least like his, with its Irish cadence, its Elizabethan *brio*, and its old-fashioned, idealistic proletarian fervor. This son of the slums may still cherish illusions about "the red star," but what matters a great deal more is that the values he cherishes are those which the red star would extinguish.

The present volume brings him to London in the twenties, where the sponsor of his new play shows off the "slum dramatist" to the elite. O'Casey writes about his marriage, his battle with the Abbey Theatre over *The Silver Tassie;* his conflicts with religious censorship in Ireland. There is a priceless encounter with Baldwin, a game of croquet with Yeats. And the story ends with a visit to the United States when *Within the Gates* was done on Broadway.

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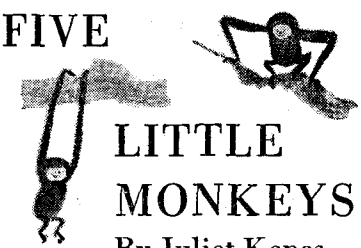

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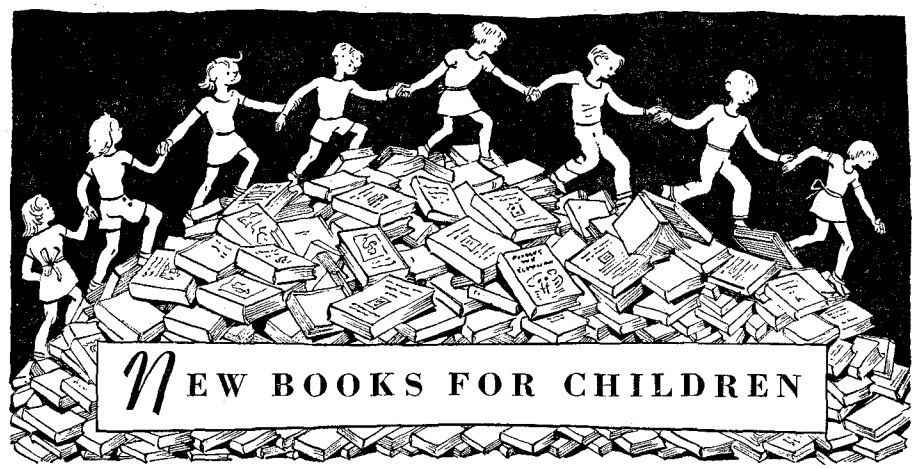

NEW BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

by MARGARET FORD KIERAN

MARGARET FORD KIERAN *was Children's Page Editor of the Boston* Herald *for twenty-three years. She is the author of a juvenile entitled* David and the Magic Powder.

IT WAS lovely in Nantucket last summer. Not a sound could be heard but the call of bobwhites on the moors, the distant pounding of waves at Madaket, and the dull thud on our porch as the postman delivered still another bundle of children's books to us.

When each new package arrived I looked forward, as usual, to a leisurely reading time, confident that my judgment would be sharpened and steadied by help from my young friend, Ronnie, who had assisted me so magnificently last year. After a week had passed and there was no word of him I was puzzled. At this time in July of 1951 he had appeared regularly at my door offering unscaled fish, aging dead frogs, and other such treasures as tokens of friendship. Now I was frankly concerned since books were engulfing me: they were covering the guestroom beds, and soon guests themselves were supposed to be doing that.

I began to agree with our cook, who went around muttering "It's a turrible house for books," as if they were termites or worse. I needed a helper immediately, and Ronnie was the one for the job — but, alas, he was not even "on island." Encamped he was instead, somewhere in the Maine woods.

Resigned to my Ronnie-less plight, I started taking the wrappings from dozens and dozens of gaily jacketed juveniles. Though the first one I will mention could hardly be classified as a book for boys and girls — rather it is a book about them — I single it out because, to me, it contains the quintessence of childlike impressions.

A Hole Is to Dig it's called, and one cannot read it without marveling at the easy way young people strip a definition of everything but the essentials. What is a lap, for instance? "Why, a lap is so that you won't get crumbs on the floor." And the sun? What is that? "The sun is so that you can have every day." In just as fine an economy of phrase I learned that "cats are so you can have kittens" and that "buttons are to keep people warm." All these findings are noted in a tiny volume compiled by **Ruth Krauss,** with impish illustrations by Maurice Sendak (Harper).

Reading it catapulted me into the world of children in such a pleasant fashion that I was in a perfect mood to appreciate several books for young readers that I will present you now. (Let's think of boys and girls from four to seven, roughly, when we talk about "younger readers.")

The Magic Currant Bun by **John Symonds** (Lippincott) appealed to me first of all because of the illustrations by André François. Though I know this sounds reactionary, I do not insist on the streamlined simplicity of some of the modern picture books. I love to curl up with a story like this and really spend a little time untangling an illustration like the one facing page 28. Here, in rich detail, is depicted the interior of the Paris Opera House complete with orchestra, balconies, and boxes. The leading lady, in an attitude of reckless nonchalance, is shown balancing herself on a tricycle with one foot while the other foot is completing a pair of knit socks. One arm is busy as *anything* sawing a leg from a small desk and the other is frying a snack of bacon and eggs over a small alcohol lamp. Such activity! My admiration for her is obviously shared by a gentleman in the left stage box who is shown tossing his gold watch to her.

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I presume she caught it between her teeth but I shall never know, since the watch is pictured in mid-air. The text matches the illustrations in this outrageous tale, and Lippincott is to be congratulated on the alliance.

Another book which follows this intricate design type of illustration is ***New World for Nellie*** by the famous *Punch* artist, **Rowland Emett** (Harcourt, Brace). Children and grown-ups, too, will chortle over these frothy, frivolous pictures and over the story.

For still another with top-notch illustrations, look at ***The Best House in the World*** by **Laura Bannon** (Houghton Mifflin), and at ***Percy, Polly, and Pete*** by **Clare Turlay Newberry** (Harper). As usual, Mrs. Newberry takes over the whole production and, as usual, her cats and kittens are the most purring, most pattable pets you have ever seen.

From kittens to mice is a natural transition, so I now consider ***Mouse Manor*** by **Edward Eager** (Ariel). I found the Victorian illustrations captivating; they are pretty and neat and show an infinite amount of research on the part of the artist, Beryl Bailey-Jones. But I think ***The Adventures of Ambrose*** by **Rosemary Anne Sisson** (Dutton) will have much wider appeal as far as a mouse story goes, even though my illustration vote goes to *Mouse Manor*.

Charlotte's Web by **E. B. White** (Harper) is a must on your fall list. If there is such a thing as a realistic fantasy, here it is, and though I am not usually attracted by stories that personify animals, this one is absolutely delicious. I warn you it may be wise to have two copies in the house — one for the children and one for their parents.

Still more animal books came along — the last one, ***Little White Foot*** by **Berta and Elmer Hader** (Macmillan). Of course, like all their stories it is charmingly illustrated, so it would be a hardhearted human indeed who could turn a deer mouse out into the cold after reading of this creature's adventures on Willow Hill. And I say that as one who is a conventional shrieker-at-mice.

A book that tickled some "under fives" on whom I tried it out was ***Ape in a Cape*** by **Fritz Eichenberg** (Harcourt, Brace). As far as I can judge, it should be guaranteed to make learning the alphabet a swift and joyful experience.

Remember *Pocahontas* and *Benjamin Franklin?* Well, **Ingri and Edgar Parin d'Aulaire,** who were responsible for those extremely handsome editions, have just come out with another, ***Buffalo Bill*** (Doubleday). Excitingly illustrated in the best cowboy-and-Indian tradition.

Once in a while a book comes along that parents clutch to their bosoms because of its sugar-coated pill quality. This year ***The Chocolate Touch*** by **Patrick Skene Catling** (Morrow) does a pretty devastating job on a boy named John Midas who found that everything he touched turned to chocolate. Oh very fine it was in the beginning when the water bubbler gushed chocolate and when John's pencil turned to chocolate and when his toothpaste tasted like fudge. But there comes a time. . . . Yes, the tummy-ache interlude and all the rest.

My next-door neighbor in New York, who is Tommy Wilcox, aged five, helped me out on some of the other books for younger readers.

He liked ***Gerald McBoing Boing*** (Simon & Schuster with pictures adapted by Mel Crawford) because "I can say it over and over again and it makes people laugh when I do." And he approved of most of the new Golden Books, too. Then he seemed to get a lot of pleasure and profit from ***A Garden We Planted Together*** (Whittlesey House), which is an excellent presentation of the plan and aims of the United Nations in the simplest terms possible.

Standing way out front among this year's crop, in my opinion, is a really unusual book called ***Follow the Sunset*** (Doubleday). Written by **Herman and Nina Schneider,** with pictures by Lucille Corcos, it is first of all a novel idea. As the story moves from page to page the whole world is shown at the close of day. It is a natural introduction to different peoples with their dress, their music, and their customs. If I were to choose one book in the elementary group, I think this would be it.

Now when it comes to making a selection for boys and girls between seven and eleven or thereabouts one must be extremely painstaking. A book like ***The Mixed-Up Twins*** by **Carolyn Haywood** (Morrow), which I thoroughly enjoyed, was far too young for Tommy Wilcox's brother Gordon, who is nine and a half.

Gordon was politely tolerant of it, but for an unreserved recommendation (and I agreed) he selected ***Stephen Foster, His Life*** by **Cath-**

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erine Peare (Holt); ***Little Dude*** by **Idena McFadin Clark** (Ariel); ***The Boy Who Stole the Elephant*** by **Julilly Kohler** (Knopf); and ***The Black Bear Twins*** by **Jane Tompkins** (Lippincott). Asked to gold-star a mystery story in his age group, he gave his approval to ***The Secret of Bucky Moran*** by **Margaret Leighton** (Ariel). It was a neat book, he pointed out, to start reading and to go right on reading all the way through and not even eat lunch.

He went along with me, too, when it came to ***Magic*** by **Alexander Van Rensselaer** (Knopf). Given a little time and a lot of patience, any young person could master the tricks described here, and the number of birthday parties which would be enlivened by their performance could easily reach fantastic proportions. There are not too many "props" which require a kitchen raid, either, which is always something to be considered by housekeeping mothers.

And thus, with vanishing toothpicks and pennies appearing in unlikely places, I move along to some titles which will interest older boys and girls.

Two biographies, ***Coleridge*** by **Laura Benét** and ***Alexander Hamilton's Wife*** by **Alice Curtis Desmond** (both Dodd, Mead), have my unqualified endorsement. They are painstakingly documented and colorfully written — so well done, in fact, that there seems to be no reason for limiting them to a juvenile reading list.

Another about which this could be said is ***A Fair World for All*** by **Dorothy Canfield Fisher** with a foreword by Eleanor Roosevelt (Whittlesey House). This is a warm interpretation of the UN's Declaration of Human Rights which will be a valuable handbook for school and living-room discussion.

Then an unusual story for this older reader group is ***The Valley of Song*** by **Elizabeth Goudge,** illustrated by Richard Floethe (Coward-McCann). In any of Miss Goudge's many tales, one can be sure that fantasy is handled as delicately as it must be and that good writing will prevail. This, her latest, has a Maeterlinck "Bluebird" quality. Into the valley she describes, go young people and old; and since it is a timeless place, there is an opportunity for something youthful and hopeful and courageous in each of them to come alive and blossom there.

Though the book impressed me, I have an idea that its appeal will be rather limited, with the average teenager turning enthusiastically instead to a story like ***The Black Stallion's Filly*** by **Walter Farley** (Random House). The atmosphere of the paddock is so vividly re-created here that I found myself adding sugar lumps to my grocery list against the chance that I might run across a stray horse or two before the day was out. Mr. Farley knows his field well and he tells a good, swift story.

A set of books in which I am interested but which at this writing has not come to my desk is that of Grosset and Dunlap titled simply ***Signature Books.*** Edited by **Enid LaMonte Meadowcroft,** they retell the lives of famous figures like Washington, Franklin, Grant, and Pasteur. The idea of presenting them in this complete form deserves your investigation, it seems to me.

Advance notices of ***Rocket Jockey*** by **Philip St. John** (Winston) also attracted me, but once again I cannot report on this book because it had not reached my desk in time for these reviews.

In this older group as in the younger, I cannot help selecting one favorite — at least in the fiction field. It is ***Summer for Two*** by **Laura Cooper Rendina** (Little, Brown). Though at first glance it might seem to be simply another modern, sparkling love story with a background repeated in many homes, actually the fine sense of values it portrays takes it well above the commonplace. This is the kind of book I should like to give to young people throughout the land, and I feel sure that if it were read by them thoughtfully, that bugaboo of teacher, parent, and judge — the teen-age problem — would diminish substantially.

There is no more room to describe the others I enjoyed, and that saddens me. There is only room to tell you *why* one boy liked the book he did. I saw him reading it on the steps of the old Nantucket Athenaeum where, years ago, whaling captains had dropped by to swap whispered yarns.

This child was so obviously engrossed in the brightly jacketed volume that I was curious. "Why do you like *that* one?" I wanted to know. And his answer could be shared by me whenever I open the packages that form mounds on my desk.

Simply he said, "Because it smells so new."

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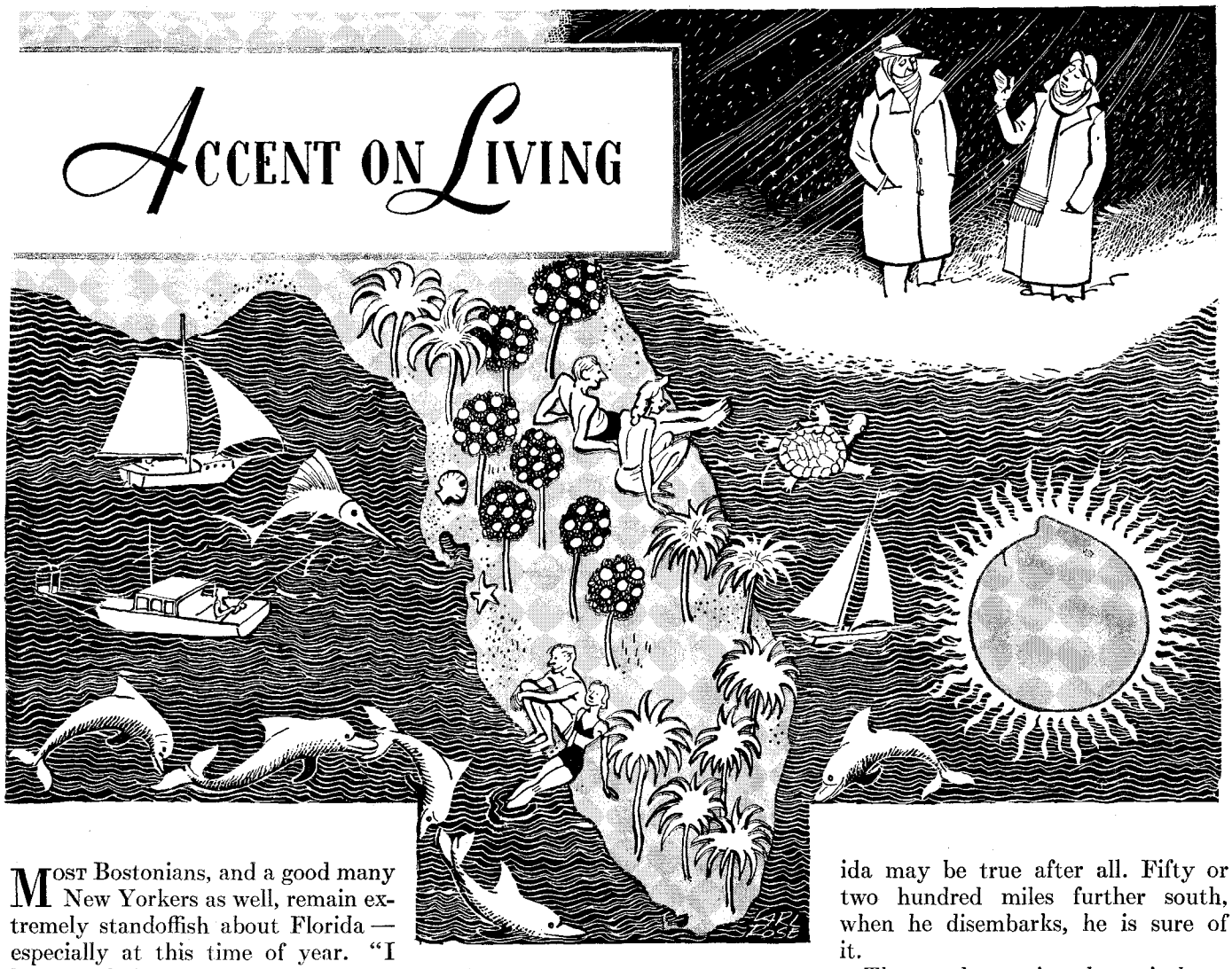

MOST Bostonians, and a good many New Yorkers as well, remain extremely standoffish about Florida — especially at this time of year. "I have no desire to go there," says the Bostonian. "Wouldn't be caught dead there," says the New Yorker. These are broad opinions, applying to Florida life in general, and held most firmly by those who have never been to Florida at all — an outpost, they tell you, a plague spot. Not even the weather is acknowledged by the skeptics, who are full of warnings about killing frosts, hot-water bottles, and pneumonia. "It's not as if we did not have the ocean," the Bostonian explains as he plods through the slush, snug in his galoshes and ulster, "to temper our winter; but in Florida they have no protection against cold weather — so I am told."

The traveler setting out from New England for Florida may thus feel that he might just as well be headed for Montreal. (If he is a real Yankee he probably *will* go to Montreal instead, because it's much cheaper to get there.) In a few more days the latest snowfall will have been cleared from at least the main streets here at home, he reasons. January will be mild, according to the almanac; that is, temperatures won't fall below zero, and it's only a few months until spring. So why go to Florida only to freeze? (Why go even to Montreal?) He feels misguided and a shade mournful as he departs for the South. He wears his heaviest coat and tweeds. He wonders whether he shouldn't have taken the galoshes. The murk of Penn Station and the sleet beating against the train windows throughout the afternoon do nothing to cheer him.

The train traveler's first great shock comes the next morning at Jacksonville, when he steps out on the station platform for a breather on his way to the dining car. The winter sunrise is still vast and magnificent above the mists of morning, but the day is already summer itself. It feels like exceptionally promising July weather along Cape Cod or Long Island. None of the loungers — railroad employees in Florida manage to seem like loungers even while loading ice on the train — is wearing a coat, and the traveler is aware suddenly that Florida may be true after all. Fifty or two hundred miles further south, when he disembarks, he is sure of it.

The people meeting the train have that unmistakable air of holiday makers. Cotton dresses, sports shirts, blue jeans, sneakers, and all sorts of backless-strapless variations confront the Northerner on the platform. The tops are down on the convertibles. Not an overcoat in sight. Even more startling is his realization that the whole crowd has obviously been carrying on like this all along. It's just an ordinary winter morning on the Florida coast — sunny, breezy, and with a hint of a damp, ultra-mild quality rarely felt in the North, even on a hot day.

The traveler is about to liken the summery effect to that of East Quisquid, his favorite warm-weather locality in Maine, but the differences are too many and too extreme. The palms, however frayed, are convincingly palms, and there are far too many new automobiles, too wide an assortment of license plates, for East Quisquid. He catches a glimpse of a filling station across the way — green stucco with brick trim in bright yellow and heliotrope, and a massive tile

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roof of chocolate brown. The whole town is absolutely flat — flat and square, no twists, no curves. A sign announces that along the twenty-two miles of adjacent beach are 25,000 motel units. (One of the motels, the Northerner finds later, offers 1000 units "for rent by the day, week, month or year.") It is not like Maine, not like New Jersey, not like anywhere else. It's Florida, and it's a genuinely hot day.

The consistency of Florida sunshine in the days that follow will drive even the most reluctant visitor to admit it. There isn't any way of denying it. The other circumstance that confounds the doubters is the motel; and surely the easiest — and the cheapest — way to experiment in a Florida winter vacation is to try out a few motels. If isolation is the goal — and isolation does not seem quite the boon in Florida that it often does in the North — there are motels miles from anywhere, on the great reaches of the small coastal roads that parallel the main routes. There are also motels situated shoulder to shoulder along the seaside in the beach communities, and life in one of the latter is extraordinarily comfortable and effortless.

The motels have much more lurid color schemes than the filling stations. Thirty or forty of them in a row have a staggering effect, and a man feels self-conscious about even entering one. It would be like living, he feels, in a fun-house in an amusement park. Yet, for around $50 a week per person at the peak of the season, a good motel offers accommodations bearing little resemblance to what is included under the word "Cabins" in the North. A sample: —

Living-room-bedroom about seventeen by seventeen, with a large picture window looking directly out to sea and another large window in an adjacent wall; two beds, a double and a single. A crank-operated system of shutters in one wall and the entrance door afford abundant ventilation. There is a small dressing room and closet, a dazzling lavatory and shower, and a kitchenette with china and utensils, a gas stove, and a refrigerator. The furnishings are unexpectedly attractive — durable, modern pieces — and so is the *décor*. The floor is tiled and the whole effect is thoroughly agreeable. On the terrace just outside are windbreaks and long chairs. A team of maids maintains the apartment each morning and even washes dishes (!) without being asked to. Within five minutes' walk is every convenience of housekeeping — markets, laundry service, restaurants, shops. If you have a car, it is parked at the entrance. Oh yes, there's a gas heater in the unit if anyone wants it. All that, with the sunshine thrown in. . . .

CHARLES W. MORTON

JUST PICK THE LOCK

by HANNAH SMITH

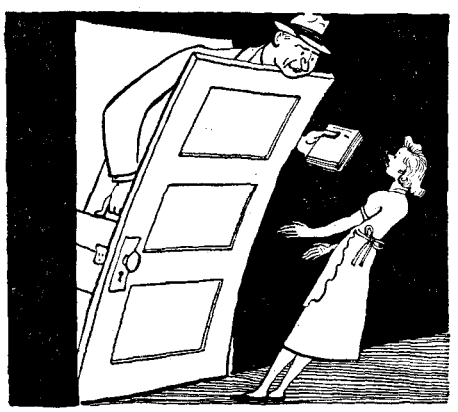
HANNAH SMITH, *who was brought up in the Middle West, now lives in Arcadia, California. She is the author of an amusing autobiography,* For Heaven's Sake (*Atlantic–Little, Brown*).

ALL the doodles on my stenographic notebook looked like cupcakes, and I once drew a pattern for a tea cozy on the back of a letter to the Digglesworth Brass Foundry. Even though I was working in an office from nine to five, I was just a homebody at heart, I kept telling myself; and even though I stayed with MacFerguson, Obermeyer & Cartright for eight years, I kept myself alive by dreaming about the blissful time when I'd say good-by to the company and stay home.

When the day finally came, I did tap dance steps on the way home, looked lovingly in appliance store windows, and planned to make salt-rising bread and soup stock every day for the rest of my life. I was even going to iron Joe's socks.

"Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home," I sang in a fine, clear soprano and ran up my front steps and right into the Housewife's Major Problem, although I didn't know it then.

Somebody had beat me to the front porch. Tall, shy, and Jimmy Stewart-ish, he leaned awkwardly against the mailbox and explained bashfully that he only needed to sell three more subscriptions to enable him to take flying lessons. My heart throbbed in pity for this landlocked birdman and I flung open my handbag. When he had taken his freckles and blushes away, I found that I'd just subscribed



for ten years for a six-page journal, printed on gray paper toweling, called *The Diesel Digest.*

Even then, I had no inkling of the problem facing me, the creeping, insidious plague that was going to keep my floors unwaxed and dim, Joe's socks unironed — and even unwashed — that would put the early gray in my hair and wear the two-foot track across the living-room rug to the front hall.

Perhaps it was more than a week later before the truth in all its dread, chilling proportions confronted me, when I realized that I was spending most of my day with a dripping egg beater in my hand, waving the front door open and shut like a fan at a Fourth of July picnic.

Why, I asked myself bitterly, had no one told me the truth about the Great Front Door Plague? Why had no one hinted that more domestic work-hours were lost in trips from kitchen to front door than were sacrificed to childbearing or the common cold?

At first the bell-ringing squad were all alike to me — I couldn't even distinguish them by their touch on the doorbell; but after a long, weary while I got to the point where I could tell, almost before I opened the door, to which category my new caller belonged.

A staid, gentle tinkle of the bell usually signaled the Refined Gentlewoman. The first time one of her species appeared on the doorstep, in hat, white gloves, and genteel, fluttering smile, I stood there trying to decide whether she was a local clubwoman, a new neighbor, or a forgotten aunt. Before I had made up my mind, she slipped

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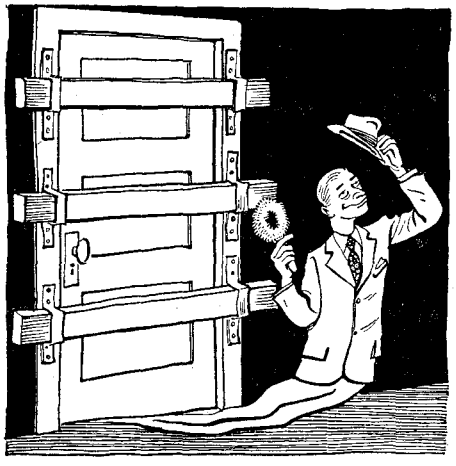
like a well-bred wraith into my living room, opened her sober handbag, and drew out sixteen pamphlets on "Skin Care After Forty." Before I'd got the front door closed, she had sized up my complexion and whipped out a large, economy-size jar of Alligator Lubricating Oil and had landed a quick dab behind my left ear.

The Cagney Type, or Gashouse Gus, was easy to identify from the first. By keeping close watch from the living-room window, I could usually pick him out far down the street, exchanging loud insults with one of my neighbors. Ordinarily Gus traveled in gangs, I had learned, and the sight of two or three dark-jowled gentlemen in double-breasted suits stalking my avenue gave me enough warning so that I could push a table against the front door while I ran to look up the Better Business Bureau in the telephone book.

No matter what the Gashouse Gang was selling, I had learned that the Customer was always wrong. If I refused to subscribe for the magazine Gus was peddling, he sneeringly inferred that I probably couldn't read anyway. Most of the visits made to our street by the Cagney Type were followed shortly after by a police squad car, summoned by some irate woman who'd finally got a little too much front-hall salesmanship.

In time I got to be an unwilling expert on the classification of peddlers, agents, and professional beggars. I could spot at sight the Santa Claus



Salesman, who was going to give me all for free, because I'd been selected as an outstanding citizen of the community, a twenty-pound dictionary. Santa Claus had such a forgiving, jolly soul that he only smiled charitably when I suggested that everyone else along the street had coincidentally been selected as outstanding, too.

I could pick out the Oliver Twist Type at twenty paces. He usually approached fairly briskly but on mounting my front steps seemed to come down with an incipient attack of pellagra. By the time I'd opened the front door, he'd aged ten years and his hands trembled.

"Lady," he'd whimper, "I am an unemployed veteran of the French and Indian War, with three grandmothers and a crippled Great Dane to support. I wonder if you'd buy one of these crocheted fly-swatters, please, please, Lady?"

I got a No Peddlers and Agents sign. It didn't help. The day after I nailed it up, a Cagney Type tried to sell me some brass polish to keep the sign in better trim.

I kept a shawl in the front hall and, draping it over my shoulders for local color, tried insisting, with gestures, that I no spik Angleesh. Next day the Oliver Twist type brought one of his grandmothers along for an interpreter.

Finally I decided on the Icy Silence technique. I got up a routine. *Open the door, glare coldly, say not a word, point with a dramatic, sweeping flourish to the No Peddlers sign. Close the door. Exit peddler.*

When the doorbell rang the next morning, I ran through my routine quickly and made for the door. The man outside, carrying an official-looking clipboard, waited politely while I drew myself up, sniffed, glared, and pointed.

Then he shook his head impatiently. "No, no!" he said. "I'm taking the *census!*"

I turned a bright, all-pervading red and slunk against the door jamb. "Oh. Oh, yes," I muttered, wrapping one leg around the other. "Well, go ahead."

"Name? Address? Age? Husband's income? Any trouble with faulty breathing? Bad debts? Last visit to the opera?"

He scribbled busily while I unbuttoned my blouse collar and ran my fingers nervously through my hair. Undoubtedly he was going to report me to Washington on his way back to the office.

He looked up. "What kind of soap do you use?"

"S-s-soap?"

He whipped a couple of bars out of his pocket. "Show me where you wash dishes," he said sternly, and I stepped aside.

I left the door open behind him. Might as well make it handy for the other boys and girls working the street.

The Camera Eye

by NEWMAN LEVY

A native New Yorker, Newman Levy *is a lawyer, a versifier, and the author of much lively writing about opera, movies, and the theater.*

We were seated in the lobby of the hotel as she walked swiftly by us, turned a corner sharply, and was gone.

"That's an uncommonly good-looking girl," I said to my wife, who was deep in a crossword puzzle.

"Do you mean the one in that imitation blue taffeta dress with the green and red flowered design?"

"The girl that just walked by."

"Yes," said my wife, "with that dowdy rayon dress on. It's a copy of one I saw at Hattie Carnegie's, and a poor copy at that. You'd think, though, that she'd have better taste than to wear a chartreuse hat with it, especially with her bleached hair."

"Bleached? I didn't notice her hair was bleached."

"Good heavens, you could almost smell the peroxide. I don't mind a bit of make-up provided it looks fairly natural. But you could scrape that rouge off with a knife. They ought to add a course in make-up to the curriculum at Smith."

"Smith? Why Smith?"

"From her class pin, of course. You must have noticed it hanging from her charm bracelet."

"I wasn't looking at her wrist."

"I'll bet you weren't. Nor at those fat legs of hers, either. A woman with legs like that shouldn't wear high-heeled patent-leather shoes."

"I thought she was a very pretty girl," I said apologetically.

"Well, you may be right," said my wife. "I was busy with my puzzle and I didn't notice her particularly. What's the name of a President of the United States in six letters, beginning with T?"

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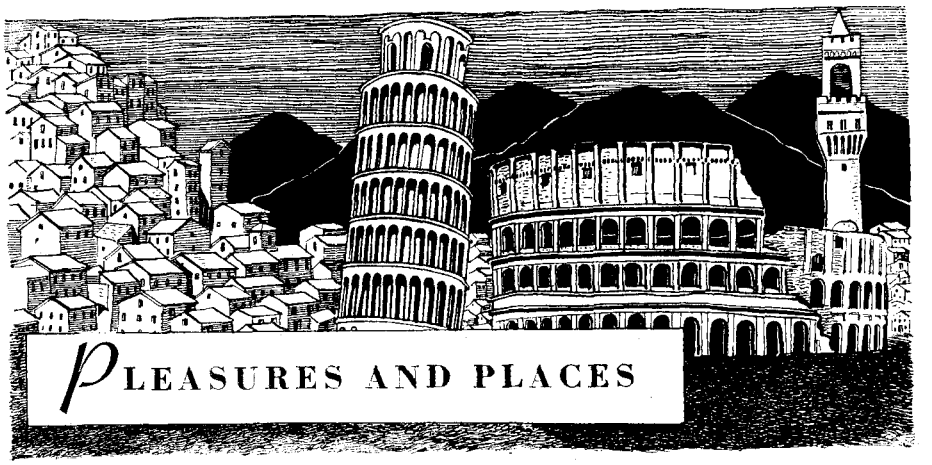

WINTER IN ITALY

by JOSEPH WECHSBERG

JOSEPH WECHSBERG *is at home almost anywhere on the continent of Europe, and* Atlantic *readers will recall his earlier articles, "Father Prokop's Dilemma" and "Provence Without Garlic." But in winter he settles down in Italy to enjoy the off season.*

I THINK it was Metternich who once said that Italy is not a country but a geographical expression. Metternich may have been resentful of the Italians, who caused him a lot of trouble, or perhaps he was merely trying to be witty; at any rate, he was wrong. Italy is a country. It may be a polychrome of regional contradictions, of divergent local customs, of variegated traditions and dialects, but the unifying spiritual, historic, and artistic elements are all there. In Italy, contrasts are fused into the harmony of true beauty. More than in any other European country, there is a perfect blend of landscape, climate, people, and of the works of art they have produced.

True, Italians have never made a fetish of ultranationalism, having learned a lesson or two from their history; and they have never been enthusiastic about waging war except when their nation's freedom has been at stake. Their sense of values is universal rather than national. But Italians can get wildly nationalistic after the *stretta* in Verdi's *Trovatore*, or over a dish of *ravioli*. For every inscription on the walls saying AMERICANS GO HOME, there are three inscriptions saying EVVIVA (Long live) COPPI! Coppi is not a politician. He is his country's most beloved bicyclist.

Italy offers much to the two main groups of travelers: the ones who go abroad to become convinced of the superiority of their domestic institutions, and others traveling mainly to tell the less fortunate folks back home how much they've missed. There is plenty wrong in Italy in terms of window screens, plumbing, ice water, cellophane-wrapped breath, telephone operators, dry cleaning, and dry Martinis. But there is much more to make the people back home wish that they had gone with you.

There are no seasons in Italy. The worst months to see it are July and August, when most people go there. Autumn and spring are delightful all over the country. In winter and early spring two regions offer a special pleasure: in the north, the Alps and Dolomites, with the lovely Italian lakes and the Ligurian Riviera; in the south, for sun worshipers, the blue skies and color riots of Amalfi, Sorrento, Capri, and Sicily.

The ideal approach to Italy is by helicopter, on a moonlit summer night, landing in the middle of Venice's St. Mark's Square — or, for that matter, in the middle of the Grand Canal. The colorful curses of the gondoliers will immediately create a thoroughly Italian atmosphere — the Italy of Mazzini and Garibaldi rather than that of Titian and Tintoretto.

The second best approach is from the north. Northern Man, forced to spend part of his life amidst snow, sleet, and slush, never ceases to marvel when he crosses an Alpine pass on a dreary winter day and finds himself, abruptly and magically, transposed into the brilliant color scheme and the sweet scents of the southern landscape. The contrast is overwhelming in certain spots: at the Brenner Pass between Austria and Italy, or the Mont Cenis, the St. Gotthard. Frequent southbound trips through the Gotthard have never dulled my sensation at entering the 9¼-mile tunnel under the bleak skies of Göschenen and emerging, a few minutes later, into the sun-drenched air of Airolo, which may be Swiss geographically but is Italian in spirit.

The approach by sea is best made via Naples and Genoa. I've never adhered to the See-Naples-and-Die school; the ugly, crowded back streets of old Naples hold no beauty for me. But coming from the sea into the blue bay with the silhouette of Vesuvius and the silver-gray rocks of Capri is exactly what you expected in your dreams. So is the arrival, on a clear day, in Genoa, known among the Italians as *La Superba*, a magnificent city of ancient grandeur and modern vitality.

The worst approach to Italy is by air. Two friends of mine, who had waited for years to see the Eternal City, recently arrived at Rome's Campino Airport. They had to wait for an hour to go through the formalities; then they were taken by bus through seedy suburban districts, past silly billboards and dirty back yards. They have not yet recovered from their initial disappointment.

Time was when prices were low and customers were rare in winter and spring, but now there is a growing number of wise explorers who travel in the after-summer months when rooms are cleaner and waiters are friendlier. To offset this pleasant state of affairs, many resorts have introduced higher winter "peak season" rates.

There are no bargains in Italy, which is one of Europe's more expensive countries. (Everything depends on the traveler's choice of accommodation; even in France, Belgium, Switzerland, Germany — the Continent's expensive countries — there are inexpensive hotels and cheap meals; and in Spain and Austria, supposedly "cheap" countries, it is easy to spend a lot of money.) Hotels and restaurants in Italy cost about one third less than in France, reflecting the countries' currency relation to the dollar. A meal that might cost 1500 francs ($4) in Paris would be 1500 lire ($2.50) in Rome.

All hotels in Italy are officially divided into five categories, ranging from *lusso* — luxury hotels where, as always, the sky is the limit — to fourth-category hotels, which are cheaper (but also much less comfortable) than small motels in America. Prices are always published and generally adhered to, but they are ficti-

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tious. They do not include central heating; a fixed service charge which is supposed to (but doesn't) take the

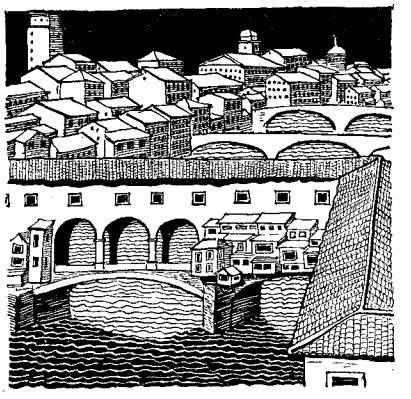
place of all tips, and amounts to 18 per cent in Rome, 20 per cent in Palermo, and 15 per cent elsewhere; a sojourn tax; and a general income tax. There is a special tax of 8 per cent in luxury hotels and 6 per cent in first-category hotels on all food and drink ordered in a bar. (If you order drinks from a bar to your room, there may be a bar-plus-room special extra surtax.) By the time all taxes and extra items have been added to the bill, the officially quoted figure may have been doubled.

This winter, if you go to the Dolomites, between the Adige and Piave rivers, you will find the most picturesque mountains in Europe, an unending variation of bizarre gray, green, and red rock formations, nature-built Gothic cathedrals and Byzantine domes, which create unique lighting effects at various hours of the day. Early in spring the high-lying meadows are covered with a color symphony of Alpine flowers. Italy's mountain-climbing veterans of the Monte Bianco and Cervino — better known on their French and Swiss sides as Mont Blanc and the Matterhorn — consider the Dolomites the toughest Alpinist problems of all. The great charm of the Dolomites is the blending of northern skylines and cool lakes with southern skies and Italian vegetation. There are resorts for skiers and bridge players, for people who hike and people whose exercise is to sit briskly in a comfortable chair, from fashionable Cortina d'Ampezzo, Madonna di Campiglio, San Martino di Castrozza, Lago di Carezza (aren't the names alone sheer Italian music?) to quiet, quaint Pieve di Cadore, birthplace of Titian.

Less known but worthy of discovery is the Valley of Aosta with its castles, mountain guides, and French-speaking villagers. In the great Adige Valley, the immemorial highway from Teutonic to Latin culture, are Trento, Bolzano, and Merano, points of departure for magnificent mountain tours. The most beautiful of all is Merano, an oasis of vineyards, palm trees, and sunshine at the end of a large valley, which is surrounded on three sides by snow-covered peaks and opens only toward the south, where scents of blossom and fruit hover over the plain of Bolzano. In the days of the Hapsburg Empire, Meran, as it was called then, was fashionable among members of the Court; present-day Italians know it as the scene of *Lotteria Ippica*, the Italian sweepstakes. It is also the home of the Merano Grape Cure, the most pleasant, least significant medical discovery of the century. Briefly, it says that a long walk and a kilo of grapes a day keep the doctor away.

Variety of scenery, as on a revolving stage, is a blessing of the Italian landscape. From South Tyrol it's only a few hours by train or bus to the Italian lakes. (Greyhound-like buses, hereabouts called "Pullman," still run on schedule, though the Fascist schedule-makers are gone.) It is not wise to participate in local, often acrimonious debates as to which one of the Italian lakes is the most beautiful. Lake Como has a special, out-of-this-world charm, particularly at Cadenabbia, Tremezzo, Cernobbio, while Villa d'Este is popular with Those Smart People that only last week were on the Lido, at the Eden Roc in Antibes, or the "21." Lake Garda is large, Mediterranean, very Italian. Catullus had a retreat at Sermione; Gasparo Bartolotti created the first violin in Salò; Gabriele d'Annunzio lived in Gardone.

Personally, I prefer Lago Maggiore, which has the most beautiful bay, the deepest colors, the finest views, and the charming Borromean Islands in the middle of the lake. But when the arguments start, I stay out by comparing the lakes to French wines. Como is like the bouquet of a delicate Bordeaux; Garda is a rich, heady Côtes du Rhône wine; Maggiore aromatic and deep-colored like Bur-



gundy. And who could claim that any one is the best?

The Italian lakes, contrary to the travel agency legends, are not always sunny, but a day's ride takes you to the Ligurian Riviera, which is *almost* always sunny. Along this blessed stretch of coastline, less known than the French Riviera, is something for everybody: Bordighera for the retiring ones, San Remo and Alassio for people in search of gambling and fun, Portofino for the discriminating, Santa Margherita for the calm-seekers.

The cities of northern Italy, no two of them faintly alike, are within easy reach: Bergamo, built on two levels; Verona, picturesque and art-loving; Cremona, home of fine violins and fine cheeses; Pavia, an elegant fusion of Lombardy and Venice; and all the others. Music in the air,

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friendly people, and sunny squares with café terraces under large umbrellas where the *espresso* is strong and you will find out what goes on in town if you sit there for a while.

And if, God forbid, it should rain even there, take the *rapido*, fastest of the fast Italian trains — slower trains are deceivingly called *direttissimo* and *diretto* — and go down to the cliff villages and the craggy coast of Amalfi, Ravello, Sorrento; to Capri, land of Bikini bathing suits and blasé heiresses; to the island of Ischia with its extinct volcano and hot springs; the wild east coast of Calabria; or the floral wealth of Taormina where an ancient monastery has been turned into a beautiful hotel.

Italian cooking will be enjoyed by those who are devotees of *pasta*, twice a day. Italy's poor people are very poor; making a virtue of necessity, they turned their imagination toward *pasta*, the only Italian dish that reflects regionalism. *Pasta* comes in wiry *spaghetti* and stringlike *maccheroni* (Naples), in rectangular, flat *fettucini* (Rome), in ribbonlike *tagliatelli* and *lasagne* (Bologna), in large *trenette* (Genoa), ball-formed *gnocchi*, rolled *cannelloni*, thin *vermicelli* (literally, "little worms"), large *pappardelle* and *recchietta*, dark-colored *bigoli*, baked *strascinati*, hatlike *cappelletti;* and, above all, *ravioli*, invented in Genoa, tiny, meat-filled dough-envelopes that are so good that they ought to be marked "Registered." These dishes will take care of your first course.

The rest is less interesting. The different *minestrone* and fish soups (*brodetto*, *burida*, *cacciucco*, *cessola*) are mere variations on the same theme. There are good things in Italy: uncooked ham, fine fruit, and *scampi*, the best seafood this side of Maine lobster; cheeses — Gorgonzola, Parmigiano, Bel Paese, Provoloni, Stracchino, to name only a few — that are among the best anywhere. But there is no genuine regional cooking and the joy of "discovering" a fine country inn or a small village restaurant is nonexistent. Meats are served in worried, thin slices, and sauces are long on condiments and short on ideas. Too many Italian sauces, like too many Italian citizens, play various shades of red.

Italy never placed its wine industry under the government's protective custody the way the French did, doing away with dishonest wines. In Italy a fancy label is no guarantee of quality, but rather a ticket for a lottery in which few people win. I can think of nothing more pleasant than to drink a bottle of ordinary Chianti on a flower-bordered Italian terrace on a sunny day, while a junior-Caruso *cassata* vender sings "Santa Lucia," and the neighboring tables are occupied by dark-haired, dark-eyed distant relatives of Lucrezia Borgia; but try the same Chianti on a cool day in an unheated Italian hotel room!

The three most popular kinds of wine are the Chianti of Tuscany, the Orvieto of Umbria, and the Barolo, Barbera, Barbaresco, Bardolino of Piedmont. But there is a large selection of everything from dry reds (Carema, Carmignano, Corvo, Dolcetto, Friulano, Gattinara, Grumello, Oliena, Rabosa, Sangiovese, Valpolicella) to white sweet (Albana, Cinque Terre, which contains 18 per cent alcohol, Greco, Nasco, Ogliastra, Passolato, Sorriso d'Ischia), from the lightest Moscato to the heaviest Primitivo.

I am fond of Barolo, a light red wine, pleasant to drink, pleasant to spill. I know. One night last summer I dined in a small *trattoria* in the oldest part of Rome which is frequented mostly by enthusiastic Romans. My waiter was the tenor type and threw his arms around like Radamès in the Nile scene of *Aïda*. The inevitable happened: he spilled a whole liter bottle of Barolo over my brand-new, light gray suit.

It would have been a major catastrophe in any country; but this was Italy. Radamès led me to the small kitchen, where two sturdy ladies helped me to get out of my wine-drenched suit. The proprietor draped a large tablecloth around me and guided me back to my table. A new bottle of Barolo was opened. The other diners in the room, descendants of generations of toga-clad Romans, took no notice of my anachronistic costume. I went on with my meal while the sturdy ladies threw buckets of water on my suit, rubbed it vigorously with discarded napkins, and hung it up near the stove. By the time I had finished my Gorgonzola and the wine, the suit was dry. There was no charge for the spilled wine. No stains remained on my suit.

DRAGONS

by ALJEAN MELTSIR

Dragon with an ivory heart, cobra yellowed and old,
Knight whose horse was green and limbs enchanted,
Archer with bow of ice and arrow of gold,
  Their presence challenged me,
  And I defeated each, with chivalry,
  When I was young.

At dawn the grass was wet where Caesar's legions camped,
By noon a jungle grew, and lions rustled through it.
Out of the fog came pirates, just as they lit the lamps.
  Battles the short day left
  Unfought, I fought at night, before I slept,
  When I was young.

Last week I found no gold where termites chewed the floor.
I had no time to look; no time to spare for dreams.
But I've got gold in the bank, ivory on the door.
  At night, when I can't sleep,
  I drink warm milk, or I count sheep,
  Or lie there bored.

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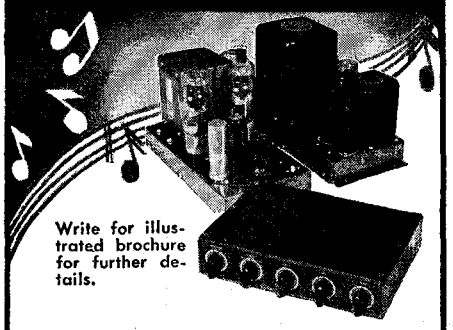

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by JOHN M. CONLY

CHRISTMAS is icumen in, and records are icumen out, in such profusion as to make systematic reviewing impossible. Herewith are some brief, highly subjective shopping suggestions.

Perhaps the safest all-round gift record of the season is Vanguard's *20 Country Dances* of Mozart, a true masterpiece of gaiety irresistibly set forth by Franz Litschauer, the Vienna State Opera Orchestra, and some inspired engineers. Next we would rate a swoon-inducing job by London: Anthony Collins and the New Symphony Orchestra in Vaughan Williams's *Fantasia on a Theme of Thomas Tallis* and *Fantasia on Greensleeves*, backed by Elgar's *Introduction and Allegro* and *Serenade for Strings*.

Westminster gets double rating, with Bach's *Brandenburg Concerti Nos. 2 and 4*, played with ancient instruments by Karl Haas and the London Baroque Ensemble, and with delightful duplicate performances by Paul Badura-Skoda of Mozart's *Sonata in F Major* and *Fantasy and Fugue in C Major*, one on a 1785 Anton Walter piano, the other on a modern instrument (two separate records). Consider also Decca's wonderful *Andrés Segovia Guitar Concert* (DL 9638; there are more than one). And *any* of the Haydn Society's magnificent Schneider Quartet playings of the Haydn *Quartets* (our first choice: Opus 17, Nos. 1 and 2). And Capitol's crystalline *Serenade for Strings*, by Suk, paired with a selection of Smetana's *Bohemian Dances*, performed in (quote) Full Dimensional Sound by Harold Byrns and his fine chamber orchestra.

For more ambitious buyers, there are two tremendous two-LP versions of the Beethoven *Ninth Symphony*, one by Toscanini and the NBC Symphony, on Victor, and one by Scherchen and the Vienna State Opera Orchestra, on Westminster, each with a fine chorus and soloists. Scherchen has the finer sound, Toscanini the greater musical excitement. Each offers, on the fourth LP side, Beethoven's *First*, wherein Scherchen's gay verve gives him the advantage. And Atlantic Records, an erstwhile jazz outfit, suddenly and unaccountably has launched what it calls a *Living Shakespeare Series* with a fine two-LP performance of *Romeo and Juliet* by Eva Le Gallienne, Dennis King, Richard Waring, and the Margaret Webster players.

For people interested chiefly in recorded fidelity, there are three new Mercury Olympian Series disks: Antal Dorati and the Minneapolis Symphony playing Rimsky-Korsakov's *Scheherazade;* Stravinsky's *Firebird* and Borodin's *Second Symphony;* and orchestral short works by Ravel, Berlioz, and Debussy. There is an imposingly rich Tchaikowsky *Pathétique* by Ormandy and the Philadelphians, on Columbia. There is Westminster's aurally overpowering three-LP album of *Les Troyens à Carthage*, an operatic poem by Berlioz, magnificent in its ornate Victorian neuroticism, gorgeously put over by Hermann Scherchen and various French performers.

In the so-called "standard repertoire" department, there is the Columbia Primrose-Beecham playing of Berlioz's *Harold in Italy*, for which everyone has been waiting. There is also a London version, by van Beinum and the Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra (with Margaret Ritchie, soprano), of Mahler's most songful symphony, his *Fourth*.

For song fanciers, Decca has reprinted, on two separate LPs, the melting beauty of the late Heinrich Schlusnus's baritone, in songs of Schubert, Wolf, Brahms, and Richard Strauss; seldom since has such tenderness been voiced.

In the field of chamber music, there are rich pickings. First must be rated Westminster's first venture into American recording, a performance by the Curtis String Quartet of the Brahms *Quartets, Opus 51, No. 2, and Opus 67*. Quite probably, this is the best quartet sound yet recorded and embodies the longest (in minutes) musical performance on one LP record. Apart

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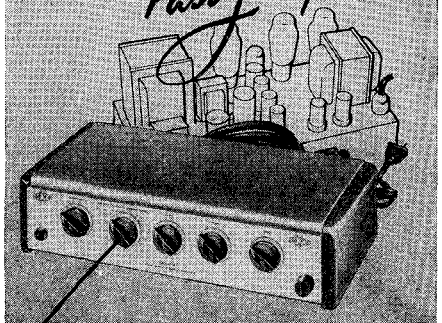

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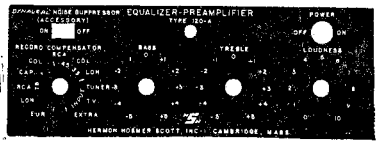

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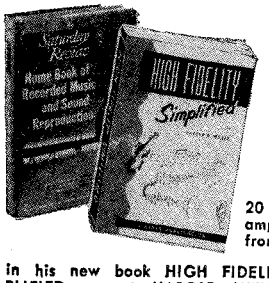

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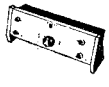
from this, it presents, very tastefully, some wonderfully sunny autumnal music. From London comes a companion piece, the Brahms *Opus 51, No. 1*, by the highly polished Vegh Quartet. For Westminster, the Vienna Konzerthaus Quartet has made the Beethoven *Opus 74*, "*The Harp*," and, more impressively, the Brahms *Clarinet Quintet, Opus 115*, with Leopold Wlach, clarinet. The latter is a marvel, almost symphonic in its richness, literally enchanting in its tonal impact.

Also on Westminster is the major keyboard offering of the season, Paul Badura-Skoda's inimitably Viennese two-disk performance of the Schubert *Sonata in A Major* and *Impromptus, Opus 90 and Opus 142*, a heart-warming wonder. (*All* are so good it seems a sin not to say more about them, but space does not permit.)

For the eclectics — and only eclectics (see Webster) read this column with attention — there is an excellent variety of recordings hardly subject to pigeonholing. For Capitol, Franz André and the INR Symphony of Brussels have made a superbly sonorous record of Liszt's corny but compelling *Les Préludes*, backed by Strauss's *Rosenkavalier Waltzes*. On HMV LP, Sir John Barbirolli and the Hallé Orchestra have recorded the Sibelius *Seventh Symphony*, admirably exposing its affinity to the late Beethoven quartets, and backing it up with the forthright modern British *Symphony No. 5* of Edmund Rubbra, which somehow evokes thoughts of Housman. In the same vein, Walter Goehr, who is not English, has produced for Concert Hall Society a very English performance of Elgar's *Enigma Variations*, backed by the same composer's *Serenade for Strings* (see above: Collins).

For the modernists, Columbia's redoubtable Goddard Lieberson has produced Alban Berg's opera *Lulu* on three spectacularly engineered LPs, with Herbert Häfner conducting the Vienna Symphony and members of the Vienna State Opera (this time with complete libretto).

Finally, for other tastes, there is some fine new sound on "pops" records. Try Columbia's *Mitch Miller with Horns*, which includes the fabulous *Tzena-Tzena-Tzena*, and RCA Victor's new arranger-composer-conductor team, Sauter and Finnegan, with their wonderful *Doodletown Fifers* and four additional 45 rpm releases, not combined as yet in an album.



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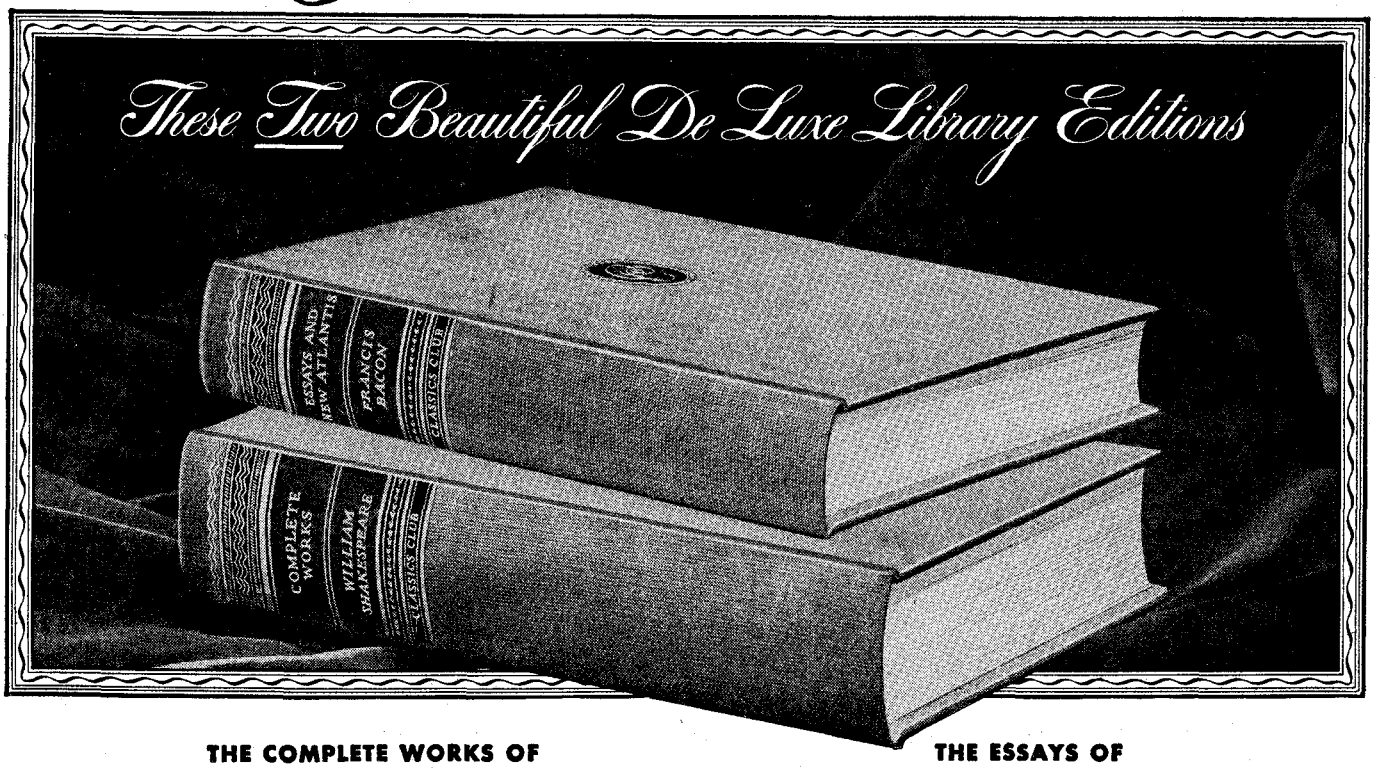

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